April 7, 1973

THE NEW YORKER

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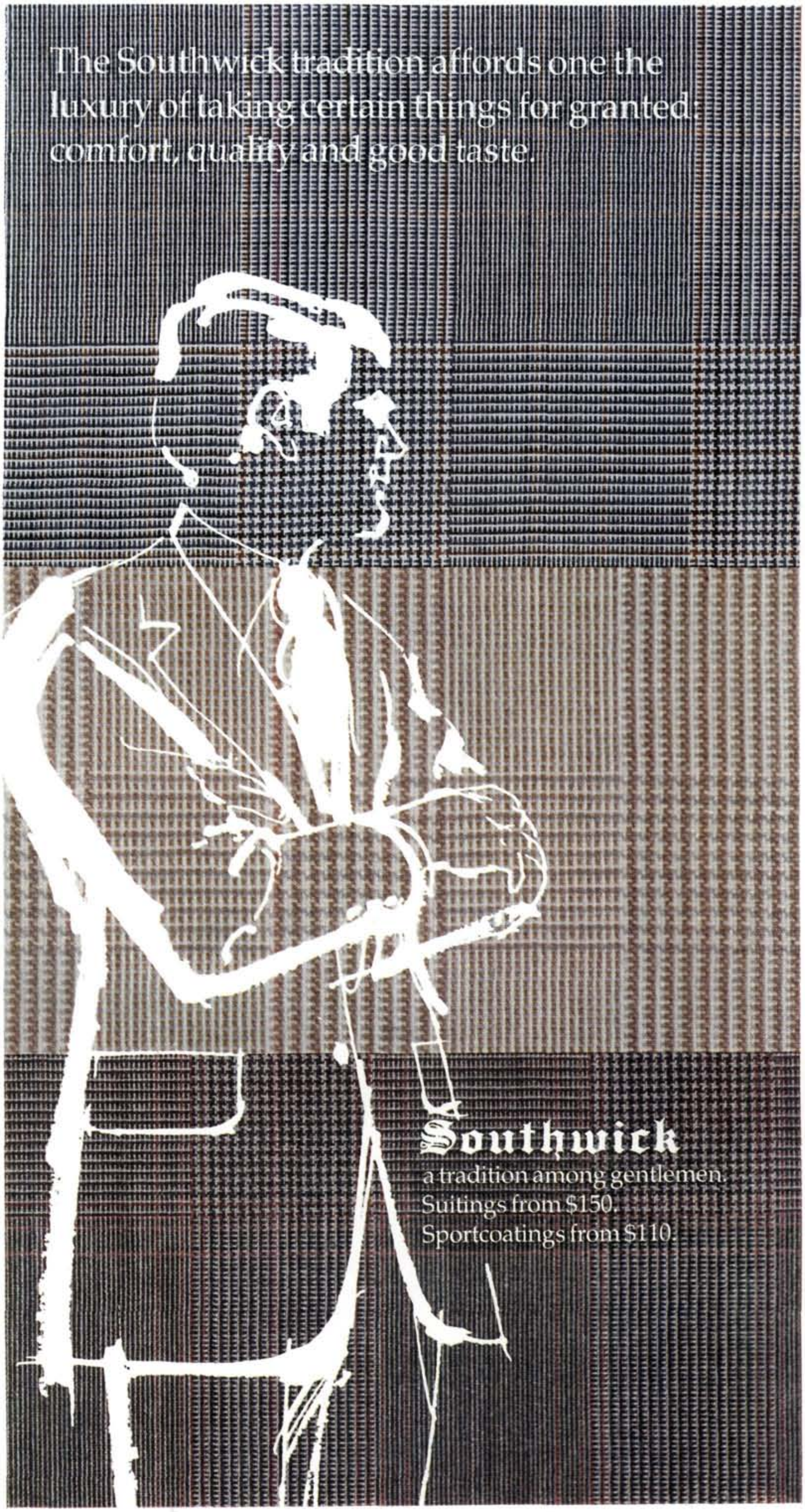
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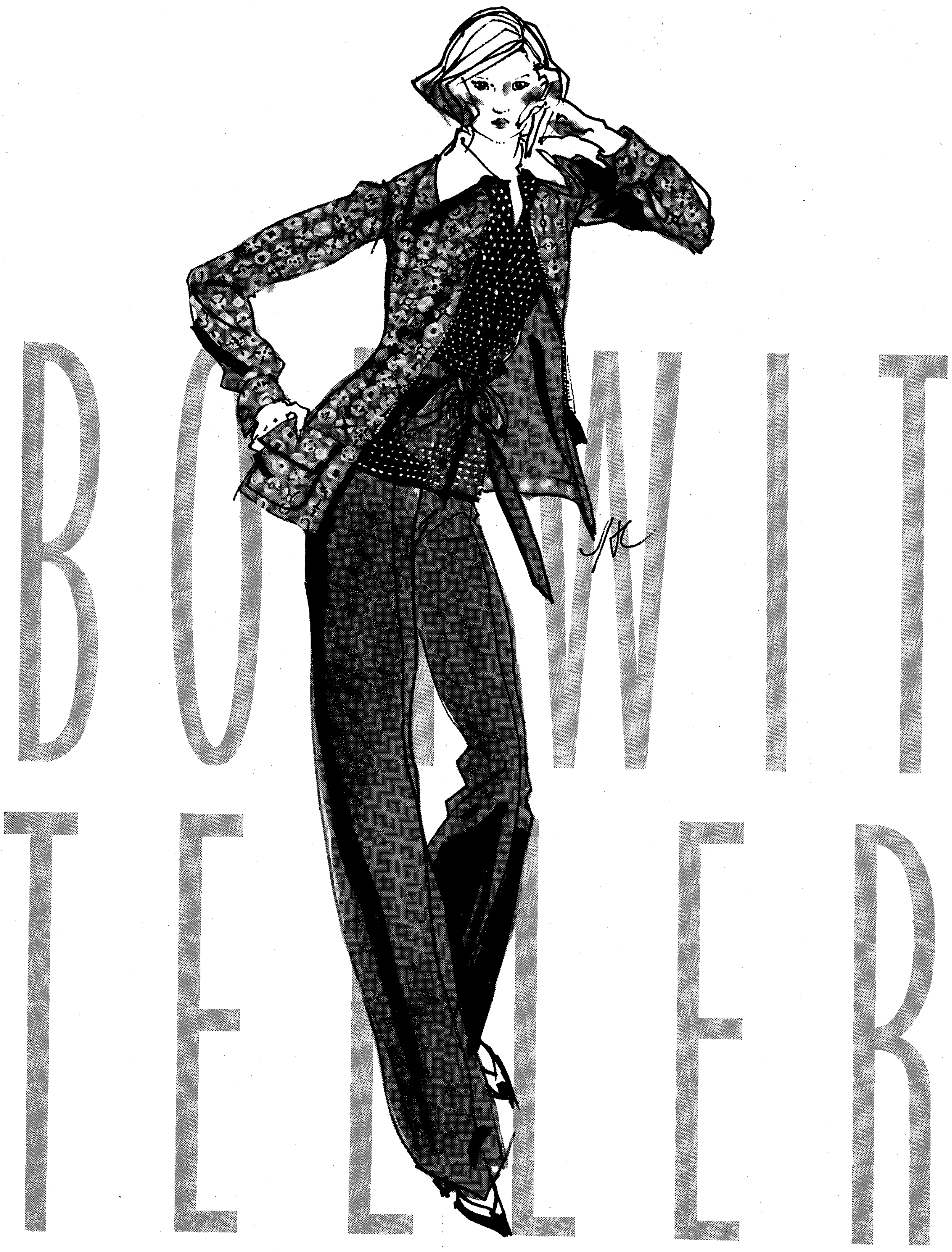

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Alice in Wonderland and **Endgame**—Two plays by André Gregory's Manhattan Project. "Alice" reopens Thursday, April 5, at 8, and thereafter will be given Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8. The Beckett play is performed Saturdays and Sundays at 6:30 and 9:15. (N.Y.U. Theatre, fifth floor, 111 Second Ave., between 6th and 7th Sts. 228-7160.)

The Changing Room—How it is with Rugby in the North of England. Despite the skill of the playwright, David Storey, this is a bleak play, whose large cast has been ably directed by Michael Rudman. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Emperor Henry IV—Pirandello's paradoxes have begun to date, but Rex Harrison does a star turn as a sad Italian nobleman pretending to be a mad king. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Equity Library Theatre—William Inge's **Summer Brave**, a revised version of his "Picnic," will be the seventh in this season's series of eight productions. Opens Thursday, April 5, and will run through Sunday, April 15. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Finishing Touches—A *very* domestic comedy by Jean Kerr, who writes marvellous lines but who lets her characters go no farther than to flirt with the promises of life before they wistfully repudiate them. With Barbara Bel Geddes, Robert Lansing, Gene Rupert, and Pamela Bellwood. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Fly Chelsea to Brooklyn—A series of four shows. The second one, "The Naming," is a workshop by the Iowa Theatre Lab. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Tuesdays at 7:30; Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Wednesday, April 18.)

Ghosts—Beatrice Straight and Wesley Addy in the Ibsen play. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

El Grande de Coca-Cola—A funny, brief lark, set in a seedy night club in Honduras, where a local family, untouched by talent, attempts to pass itself off as a troupe of international stars. The show was conceived by Ron House and Diz White, who also appear in it, and was written by *them* and the three other members of the cast—Alan Shearman, John Neville-Andrews, and Sally Willis. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8 and 10; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Here Are Ladies—Siobhan McKenna in a revival of her solo program of scenes and poems by practically everyone's favorite Irish writers of the twentieth century. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Hot l Baltimore—Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is somewhat synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. All the action takes place in the lobby, a wonder of decayed splendor by the scenic designer Ronald Radice. The actors, many of them comparatively inexperienced, perform very well, under Marshall W. Mason's direction. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Irene—A synthetic musical, borrowing from the past without having been there. Debbie Reynolds and the rest of the cast redeem the falseness with hard work and high spirits. (Minskoff, 45th St., W. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Little Night Music—Love in 3/4 time in 1973—it sounds improbable, but Stephen Sondheim, with his music and lyrics, and the director, Harold Prince, with his brio, bring it off. The cast includes Glynis Johns, Len Cariou, and Hermione Gingold. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Karl Marx Play—A play by Rochelle Owens, with music by Galt MacDermot. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 7:30; Thursdays at 6:15; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, April 14.)

National Lampoon's Lemmings—The second half of this revue is a very funny, dead-shot parody of the Woodstock Rock Festival, with satiric impersonations of Joan Baez, Bob Dylan, and Joe Cocker, among others. The first half of this revue is terrible. The rock score is by Paul Jacobs and Christopher Guest; the lyrics are by Sean Kelly and Tony Hendra; and the rest of the words are by various members of the staff of the *National Lampoon*. John Belushi and Alice Playten head a bright nimble young cast. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5612. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:45; and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

No Hard Feelings—Eddie Albert and Nanette Fabray in a comedy by Sam Bobrick and Ron Clark. Abe Burrows directed. Previews through Saturday, April 7. Opens officially on

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They're all dressed up with all summer to go.

A boy and a girl in special outfits for special occasions. She's in a full-length frock and matching bonnet from Fischél, with little flowers and a delicate yellow sash. Her dashing companion has an Eton suit, an Imp Original, with suave brass buttons. Both from Tiny Finery, the Young People's Floor, at Marshall Field & Company, Chicago.

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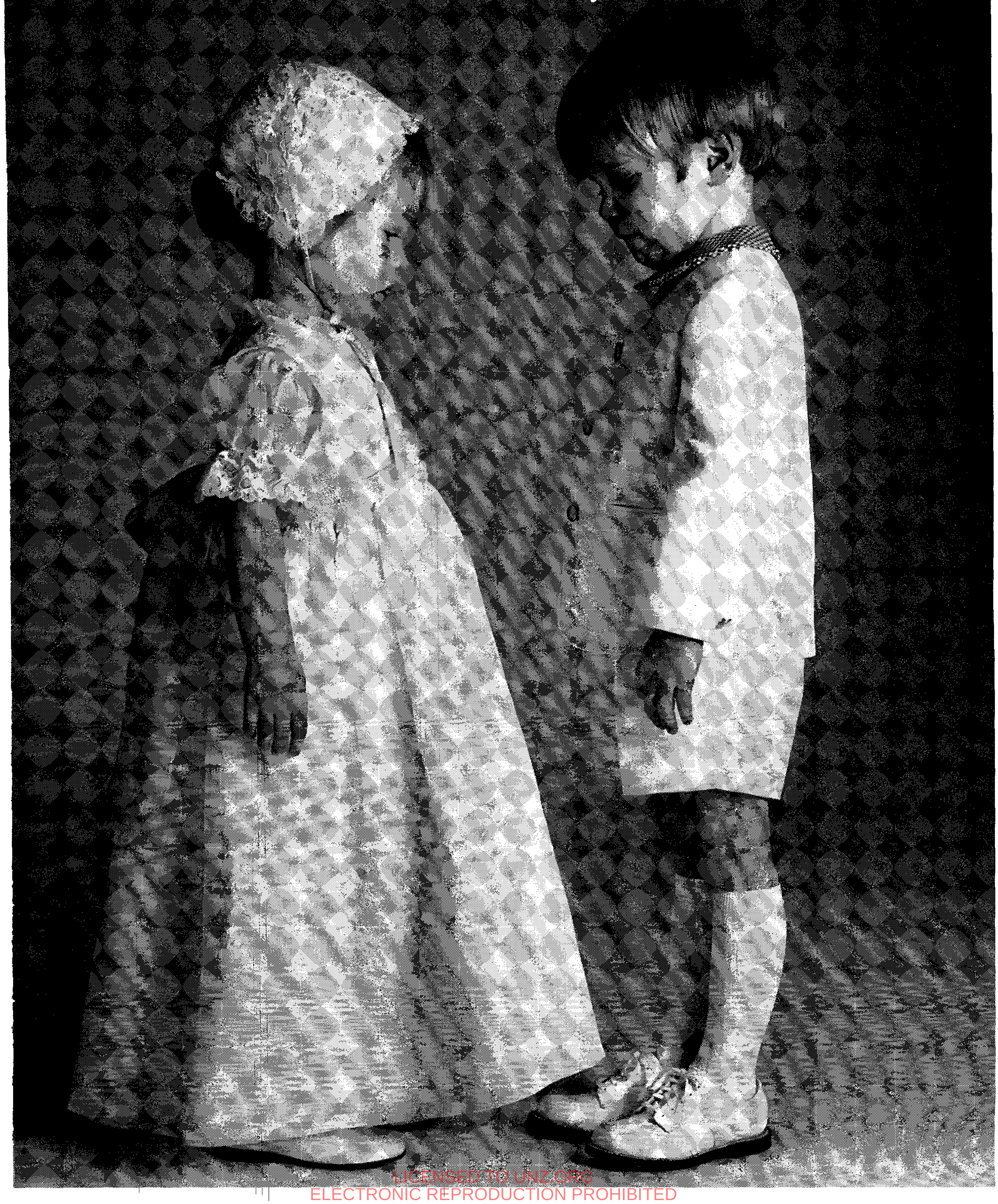


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sunday, April 8. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Oh Coward!—For almost fifty years, Noël Coward's songs have been delighting theatre audiences, and they sound as witty and tuneful as ever in the hands of Roderick Cook, Barbara Cason, and Jamie Ross. The cabaret-style performance, while competent, lacks the essential glamour, youth, and magnetism, but Coward carries the day. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Pippin—A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and John Rubinstein play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Shakespeare's **THE MERCHANT OF VENICE**, directed by Ellis Rabb, with Rosemary Harris. The third in this season's series of four plays. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, April 7.)

The River Niger—Joseph A. Walker's bountiful, satisfying play about a family in Harlem and the crises that beset it is very well performed by the Negro Ensemble Company. With Douglas Turner Ward (who also directed), Roxie Roker, Frances Foster, and Graham Brown, among others. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Seesaw—Michele Lee and Ken Howard make charming, incompatible lovers in this musical version of the Gibson play, "Two for the Seesaw." A flawed but lively production. (Uris, 51st St., W. 586-6510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

6 Rms Riv Vu—Jerry Orbach and Jane Alexander meet, flirt, make love, and part, all in the course of some twenty-four hours in a vacant apartment on Riverside Drive. Bob Randall wrote the play, such as it is. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

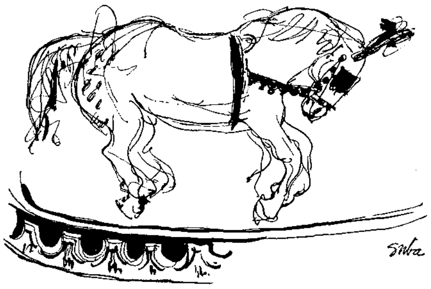
Smile, Smile, Smile—A musical by Hugo Peretti, Luigi Creatore, and George David Weiss. Opens Wednesday, April 4. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Sunshine Boys—Jack Albertson and Sam Levene as a pair of acerbic old clowns are sufficient reasons to view this characteristic Neil Simon comedy. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Thoughts—A light, ironic little musical about a black boy in Alabama who becomes a black man in this city. Lamar Alford wrote the lively jazz-and-rock score and most of the words, and his songs are very well sung by a gifted company of assorted colors. Howard Porter is splendid as the young hero, and he is well supported by, among others, Barbara Montgomery and Mary Alice. Michael Schultz directed, and Ken Billington designed the excellent lighting. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Tooth of the Crime—This new satire by the erratic, highly gifted young dramatist Sam Shepard is here given an "environmental" production, under Richard Schechner's direction. Much coöperation and agility is called for from the spectators, as they literally track the action all over the playing area and up and down ladders. Some scenes and lines are effective, but many are scattered and get lost. The acting is quite good. Reopens Wednesday, April 11. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 5.)

Try It! You'll Like It!—A Yiddish musical.



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(Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 8, and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

The Two Noble Kinsmen—The play by William Shakespeare (maybe) and John Fletcher (absolutely) in a silly, amateurish production. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE:** A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,382 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR:** The New Testament taking its now usual drubbing at the hands of the young, who plainly believe they are making it "relevant." The music is pleasing, and so are the performers. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE:** Neil Simon writes very funny lines, and they are being delivered by Hector Elizondo and Barbara Barrie in the leading roles. Directed by Mike Nichols. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE REAL INSPECTOR HOUND** and **AFTER MAGRITTE:** Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)... **SLEUTH:** Patrick Macnee and Jordan Christopher in a mystery by Anthony Shaffer. Starting Tuesday, April 10, George Rose will fill in for Mr. Macnee for six weeks. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SUGAR:** A musical-comedy adaptation of the celebrated movie "Some Like It Hot," with Robert Morse, Tony Roberts, and Cyril Ritchard. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON:** This well-written comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA:** Joe Papp's delightful musical version of a silly Shakespeare play. Book by Mel Shapiro and John Guare, who also wrote the lyrics that accompany Galt MacDermot's attractive music. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

National Dance Company of Senegal—A troupe of thirty-seven singers, dancers, musicians, acrobats, and stilt-walkers. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, April 4, at 12:30 and 7:30; Thursday and Friday, April 5-6, at 7:30; Saturday, April 7, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, April 8, at 2 and 5:30.)

Jamaica National Dance Theatre Company—Tuesday, April 10, at 7:30; Wednesday, April 11, at 8; and Friday, April 13, at 8: "Celebrations," "Desperate Silences," "Pocomania," "The King Must Die," "Dialogue for Three," and "Kumina."... ¶ Wednesday, April 11, at 1, and Thursday, April 12, at 8: "Married Story," "Desperate Silences," "Kas Kas/Jamaican Promenade," "Misa Criola," "Dialogue for Three," and "Kumina."... ¶ Saturday, April 14, at 8, and Sunday, April 15, at 7: "Celebrations," "Desperate Silences," "Pocomania," "Married Story," "Dialogue for Three," and "Kumina." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

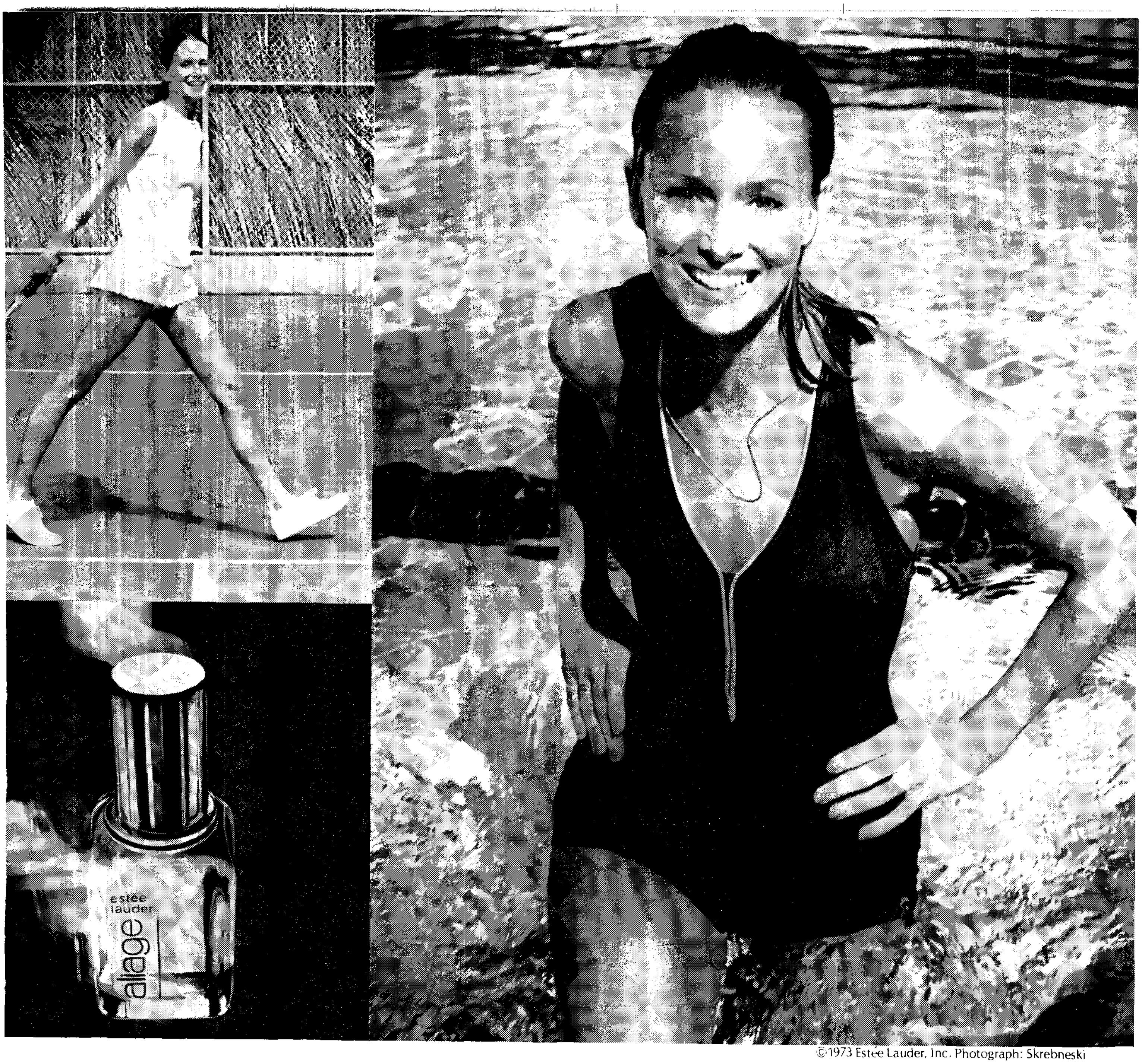
Indrani—With her company of Indian dancers and musicians, in the second of two performances. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, April 4, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Springtime on Eighth Avenue. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 1 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; Sundays at 1:15 and 5:30; and Mondays at 12:30. Because of basketball and hockey playoffs, the afternoon and evening performances on Saturday, April 7, and the five-thirty performance on Sunday, April 8, will be cancelled. The one-fifteen performance on Sunday, April 8, *may* be cancelled, and so may the evening performances on Thursday and Friday, April 12-13. Closes Monday, May 28. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around the menagerie.)

Negro Ensemble Company Dance and Music Festival—A series of eight events. Wednesday through Friday, April 4-6: Alpha-Omega 1-7 Dance Company.... ¶ Saturday and Sunday, April 7-8: Chuck Davis Dance Company.... ¶ Tuesday through Friday, April 10-13: Jimmy Justice and Jack Landron, contemporary singers.... ¶ Saturday and Sunday, April 14-15: Neal Tate, guitarist. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:40; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Bunraku—A two-week engagement by the almost life-size puppets of the National Puppet Theatre of Japan. Through Sunday, April 8: "The Priest in Exile" and "The Double Suicide at Sonezaki."... ¶ Tuesday, April 10: "The Exploits of the Tycoon" and "The



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Triangular Love."... ¶ Wednesday matinée, April 11 (a performance primarily for children): "The Priest in Exile" and "Fishing for Wives."... ¶ Wednesday evening through Sunday, April 11-15: "The Exploits of the Tycoon" and "The Triangular Love." Simultaneous-translation sets may be rented. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, April 11, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—An informal sort of bar, with beer kegs hanging from the ceiling and people hanging around listening to jazz—some of it familiar, some futuristic—created by a trio under the leadership of pianist John Foster. Thursday through Saturday, April 5-7, George Coleman will sit in on tenor sax. Music Thursdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dining.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—On Mondays, between nine-fifteen and one, the Grove Street Stompers go to town on "Sunset Café Stomp" and similar selections. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to three, pianist Mabel Godwin conjures up other styles, other seasons. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Vocalist Claudia Lennear departs after Monday, April 9. Coffee, tea, and water are the drinks. Tuesdays are devoted to visiting performers.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A soul-food restaurant with *savoir-cuire* and hospitality. Wednesday, April 4, bassist Sam Jones will lead a trio. Thursday through Sunday, April 5-8, tenor-saxophonist Clifford Jordan will be in charge of a quartet. Thursday, April 12, pianist Junior Mance will come in with a couple of colleagues. Entertainment nightly from nine to two. Closed Mondays.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Equal parts of dining, talking, and relaxing, along with a certain amount of looking at paintings. Mike Longo (Dizzy Gillespie's regular pianist) will work with a bassist through Saturday, April 7. Pianist Richie Beirach and bassist Frank Tusa arrive Monday, April 9. Music from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Sundays, another very capable pianist, Bill Rubenstein, performs between nine and one.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Bobby Short is here, sitting at the piano and singing songs that in an earlier age would have been compared to Burgundy wine—or possibly New York State champagne. His sidemen are Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, and the music commences at nine-forty-five. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Mary Lou Williams, a major figure in the history of jazz (incredible as it seems, she has been performing professionally since 1925), is at the piano, working with bassist Milton Suggs six nights a week. Sundays, Dick Hyman brings his chock-full-o'-notes approach to the keyboard. Music from eight until one. Saturdays and Sundays, between three and seven, pianist Roland Hanna does some solid things. Dining.

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Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—A long bar and a barnlike back room in which a series of singers and instrumentalists—not necessarily folk (and not necessarily first-rate, either)—entertain. Bob Callendar will be singing through Saturday, April 7. Another singer, Mirabai, takes over on Tuesday, April 10. Sounds from nine. Closed Mondays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub, graced by the fully guaranteed jazz piano of Ellis Larkins, who performs with bassist Al Hall Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, April 8, from five until eight—before their regular session—the pair will do an all-Leonard Bernstein program. Mondays, another jazz duo plays. Snacks.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—In its new, slick midtown home, this club seems to be doing well with a policy that offers two high-level jazz outfits each night. Sonny Rollins, an extraordinary tenor saxophonist, is here with his quartet, sharing the stage with the Newport Ensemble, which is led by pianist (and jazz-festival impresario) George Wein. Music from nine-thirty until three or four every night but Sunday, when Dick Cone and Leo Ball lead a nineteen-piece band between nine and two.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Popcorn and darts. Lance Hayward gets some impressive sounds out of the piano every night but Wednesday, when Jimmy Young takes his place. Fridays and Saturdays, bassist Lyn Christie participates. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three. Sundays, from four to seven, the Quantzy Major Trio (violin, oboe, bassoon) plays music of the baroque era.

Jazzboat, 101 Ave. A, at 6th St. (677-9721)—Another new jazz club, this one being a long, narrow bar-and-back-room with seashells and other marine devices on the walls. Through Sunday, April 8, pianist Barry Miles will direct a threesome. Singer Irene Reid will come in with a backup trio on Tuesday, April 10. Mondays, Joe Lee Wilson sings with a quartet headed by sax man Frank Foster. Music from nine to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It's a long way from Bourbon Street, but the message is still clear. The bandsmen: Eddie Locke, Bobby Pratt, Major Holley, Joe Muranyi, Chuck Folds, and Roy Eldridge. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—A new, large restaurant (once a Toots Shor establishment) with a ceiling as high as a mastodon's eye. In the circular bar, pianist Barry Harris and bassist Larry Davis are turning out some well-planned, well-executed jazz Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight until one. Mondays, singer-pianist Dottie Stallworth leads a trio. A comprehensive menu. Closed Sundays.

Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—A bar with one of the largest pairs of antlers in New York, and a back room that is faintly nautical. The New York Dolls—for whom androgeny appears to be the best policy—will remain through Sunday, April 8. Folk singer Jesse Colin Young opens Tuesday, April 10. Shows beginning at nine-thirty Tuesdays through Sundays. Mondays are turned over to an assortment of aspiring musicians and jesters. Snacks.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A Kansas City woodshed in about 1880, to judge by the furnishings, and a place of pilgrimage that is considered de rigueur for those who thrive on folk, blues, country, etc. If, a British rock group, will be here through Thursday, April 5. Folk singer Tim Buckley will perform Friday through Sunday, April 6-8. The folkish team of Fraser and DeBolt will share the bill with all these people. An outfit called Little Feat will turn up, along with singer Bonnie Raitt, on Wednesday, April 11. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Two shows other nights. On Mondays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Dining downstairs. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the music is. Closed Tuesday, April 10.

Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—In the **blue room cabaret,** on the second floor of this theatre complex, a variety of eager young performers do some urgent playing and singing at ten and midnight each night.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—Wood panelling and a portrait of Henry VIII. Also a complete menu and some satisfying sounds. Pianist Ray Bryant and bassist Hal Dodson turn out some very professional stuff Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Mondays, from nine until midnight, a Dixieland band performs. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

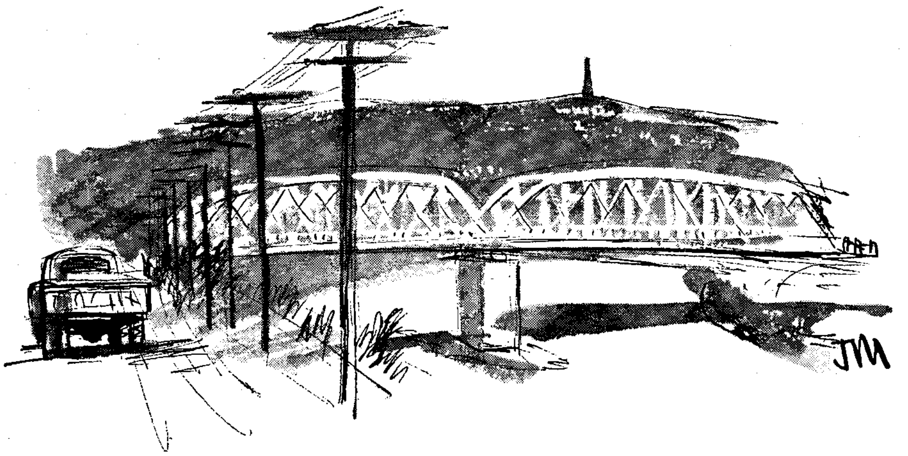
Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper-West Side gathering place with a softly lighted main room and a glassed-in sidewalk gallery, both of which have tables for drinking and dining. Thursday through Saturday, April 5-7, drummer Freddie Waits will pilot a trio. Thursday through Saturday, April 12-14, pianist Horace Silver will be here with his quintet. Music from ten until three. No live entertainment Sundays through Wednesdays.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366)—In the Paradise Room—a roofed-over courtyard—New York's supper-club tradition is being kept alive in the following manner: Pianist Sammy Benskin is present from seven to one. Singer-host Jimmie Daniels, along with other entertainers, does shows at nine and eleven Tuesdays and Wednesdays, and at nine-fifteen and eleven-forty-five Thursdays through Saturdays. Singer Betty Rhodes will be part of these proceedings through Saturday, April 7. Christine Spencer will replace her beginning Tuesday, April 10. Starting Monday, April 9, the club will add cocktail concerts between five-forty-five and seven-thirty: Mondays through Wednesdays, the Vieuxtemps String Quartet will play classical music, and Thursdays through Saturdays, singer-composer Kathe Green will accompany herself at the piano. Monday nights are showcases for burgeoning entertainers. Dining. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel Mercer, who knows how things were when the world was young, sits and charms her followers with songs—more recited than sung these days—that offer a distillation of wisdom through well-considered experience. Jimmy Lyon is her accompanist. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—Two rooms above a Greek-French restaurant, with some crystal chandeliers and other remembrances of things past. Guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli and vocalist Karen Akers perform in an at-home atmosphere from nine-thirty to one every night except Sunday and Monday.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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(874-8754)—A small and attractive bar (dig the ceiling lights) in which some good musicians have to cope with a less than ideal pianoforte. Fridays and Saturdays, April 6-7 and 13-14, bassist Jimmy Garrison will lead a trio. No music the rest of the week. Ten to three-thirty are the hours. Snacks.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Pianist Ahmad Jamal, who is apt to get fancy, is leading a threesome. On Wednesdays, a trio led by harpist Daphne Hellman is also in evidence. Closed Mondays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A basement *boîte* where history is sometimes made. Through Sunday, April 8, tenor-saxophonist Eddie Harris will conduct a quartet. Mondays, the large and well-schooled Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band takes over. The entertainment begins at nine-thirty, supposedly.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The location—somewhere over the rainspout—shouldn't deter you if walking through dark streets is not a problem. Stained glass, Southern cooking, and amiable waitresses. Satisfying jazz on piano and bass by Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays and by Kenny Brawner and a partner Mondays through Wednesdays. Eight until two.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Rodney Dangerfield's home base. His non-pattern (and sometimes nonpareil) patter is rough and ready, and it happens to be really funny. Nourishment at all hours. Closed Sundays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Let Yourself Go," a portmanteau revue, is on view Mondays through Thursdays at ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty. In addition, singer John C. Attle appears at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—Tryouts for new wits and singers in an establishment that is nothing if not informal. Closed Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A Bavarian Brauerei, thinly disguised as an operetta: merry villagers, dancers, singers, brass-bandsmen, on permanent and powerful duty from seven to one. The provender is garnished with red cabbage and draft beer. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the **ROYAL BOX**, Bobby Hackett is heading a dance band that involves Vic Dickenson, Hank Jones, Remo Palmier, Jackie Williams, and George Mraz. Seven-thirty to two, every night but Sunday, is their schedule. Tuesdays through Saturdays, the George Cort trio plays for listening from five-thirty to seven-thirty, and then alternates with the Hacketts; Mondays, the Roger Steele trio takes turns with the Hacketts. Sundays, the Steele trio is the sole entertainment.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Los Chavales de España must be Iberia's largest standing and singing army. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the adjoining **FLAMENCO SUITE**, a minute theatre-in-the-round, there occur (well along in the evening) outbursts of Andalusian foot-and-mouth exercises by a fivesome operating barely inches from one's face. Closed Mondays.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Wednesday, April 11, is the final night for comedian Don Rickles and singer Pete Lemongello. Next evening brings on a brace of singers—Dick Jensen and Cathy Carlson. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, one can still evoke the illusion that he is in typical, tropical, topical Las Vegas. The music begins at ten. Closed Mondays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In **LA FORÊT**, dance music issues from the Horace Diaz orchestra and a soft-rock group called Boogie. Seven-thirty to two. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ The **CAFÉ** has a seven-day week, with Phil Wayne's dance crew calling the tunes through Saturday, April 7, and Herb Winner's threesome Sunday through Saturday, April 8-14.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **PERSIAN ROOM**, the Dick Lewis orchestra and the Barry Levitt trio are putting forth dance tunes Mondays through Thursdays from seven-thirty to one-thirty and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two. Caroller Ethel Ennis makes an appearance at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT**, violin-and-piano music susurrates from four-thirty to six-thirty every day, and from eight until midnight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine until one Fridays and Saturdays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—On the rooftops of Manhattan, the Sy Oliver orchestra is sharing the stage with singer Carolyn Daye at dinner and supper. Dancing to music provided by a tape measure, from eight o'clock on. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **MAISONETTE**, that venerable aristocrat, is setting forth, at dinner and supper, the music of the Count Basie orchestra. Anthony Terini's orchestra and trio are in charge of the customers' footwork. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA BOITE RUSSE**, the across-the-way peace haven, simmers ever so quietly to the violin of Jani Sarkozi during dinner and supper every night but Monday. The menu is Russian.

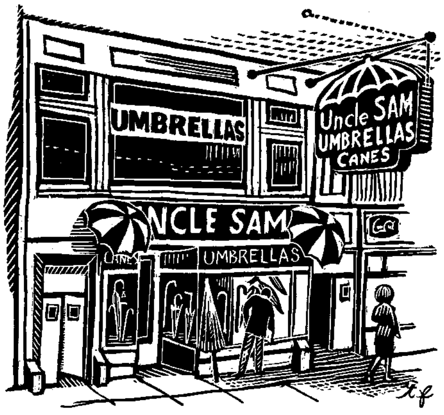
Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Nilotic and pleasantly sybaritic, but given to live entertainment of a sort that might please some playboy of some polyvinyl Western world. Three times nightly, there is a spangly floor show. Between sets—and earlier, beginning at five—people dance to discs. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Sergio Franchi's voice rings out loud and clear in the **EMPIRE ROOM** during dinner and supper. Dance music by the Charles Turecamo orchestra. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

DUNCAN'S, 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): Leisurely evenings, during which Bill Halsey's high-level pianistics can soothe or scintillate, depending on the jazz, blues, or show tunes he is embellishing. With Leonard Gaskin on bass, he plays Mondays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. . . . **DIONYSOS**, 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Athenian cuisine, Athenian song, Athenian dance music, Athenian glee, and a dollop of American rock. Closed Sundays. . . . **ADONIS**, 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): A terraced villa up in the hills around Athens (in Kifisia, say). The music, sometimes larded with song, goes from eight-thirty until four. In addition, singer-guitarist Robert Miano entertains at ten-thirty and midnight, every night but Sunday. . . . **CHEZ VITO**, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The tune is carried by the perpetual fiddlers three, as well as by the foursome of choristers (Leyna Gabriele, prop., included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like a good old one. From dinner until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): There's piano Tuesdays through Saturdays from cocktails until whenever. (After nine-thirty, it's by Charlie La Torella.). . . **MYKONOS**, 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): The celebrated Aegean island, kept vibrant during the evening by a foursome that cannot be long out of Athens. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The visitor who arrives unaware soon discovers that the restaurant is really a *schola cantorum*, operatic division, for every man jack of the staff. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who lives in, perches herself on top of a baby grand in the middle of the dinner and supper hours and chirrups the Bal Tabarin songs she's so fond of. Mild dance music starts rustling at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **FRANK'S PLACE**, 41 E. 58th St. (838-0364): For cocktails and early dining, Norman Kubrin sings with *élan* and plays a spinet with finesse. He is present Mondays through Fridays from five-thirty to eight-thirty. No music Saturdays. Closed Sundays.



SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song by Gino Toscano. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128): On a lower deck of Iperbole, and one that is distinctly not steerage, the Three Romans, a dance trio, inhabit a pleasurable Roman grotto from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): George Cardini plies a violin Tuesday through Saturday, and the fine-arts piano of Herman Arminski follows him wherever he goes. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always *piano*. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old reliable. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The bar-restaurant is unarguably on the ground floor, but the echelon is unarguably upper. Robert Poitevin, whose piano once sent Piaf's songs on their wistful way, is in evidence from five to one every night but Sunday and Monday. . . . **CAMEL DRIVER**, 72 E. 56th St. (355-8989): Candlelight and memorable melodies. The piano is manned by Marty Berns from seven to two. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **THE GRIFFIN**, 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): A most mannerly household, whose evening hours are filled by the piano of Richard Wilkins from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE**, 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5444): A hospice at the top of the stairs that leads from far-below First Avenue, and therefore a scenic delight. Tables, a bar, a casual way of life, and (on piano) Norman Rollings, a casual librarian. Eight to one during the week, nine to two on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **JACK DELANEY**, 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Gration Oullette does piano, eight to two, Wednesdays through Sundays. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAUANT**, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley's piano has a new-wine-in-new-bottles effervescence. Four-thirty to ten-thirty, except for Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Sort of a Roman den of propinquity, with a fair amount of table-hopping by both guests and a set of prowling instrumentalists. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): George Feyer, last of the Hapsburgs, gives his piano (and occasional lyrics) the flavor that has always been a secret ingredient of Vienna. Another pianist, Tony Gorody, will fill in for Mr. F. on Friday, April 13. No

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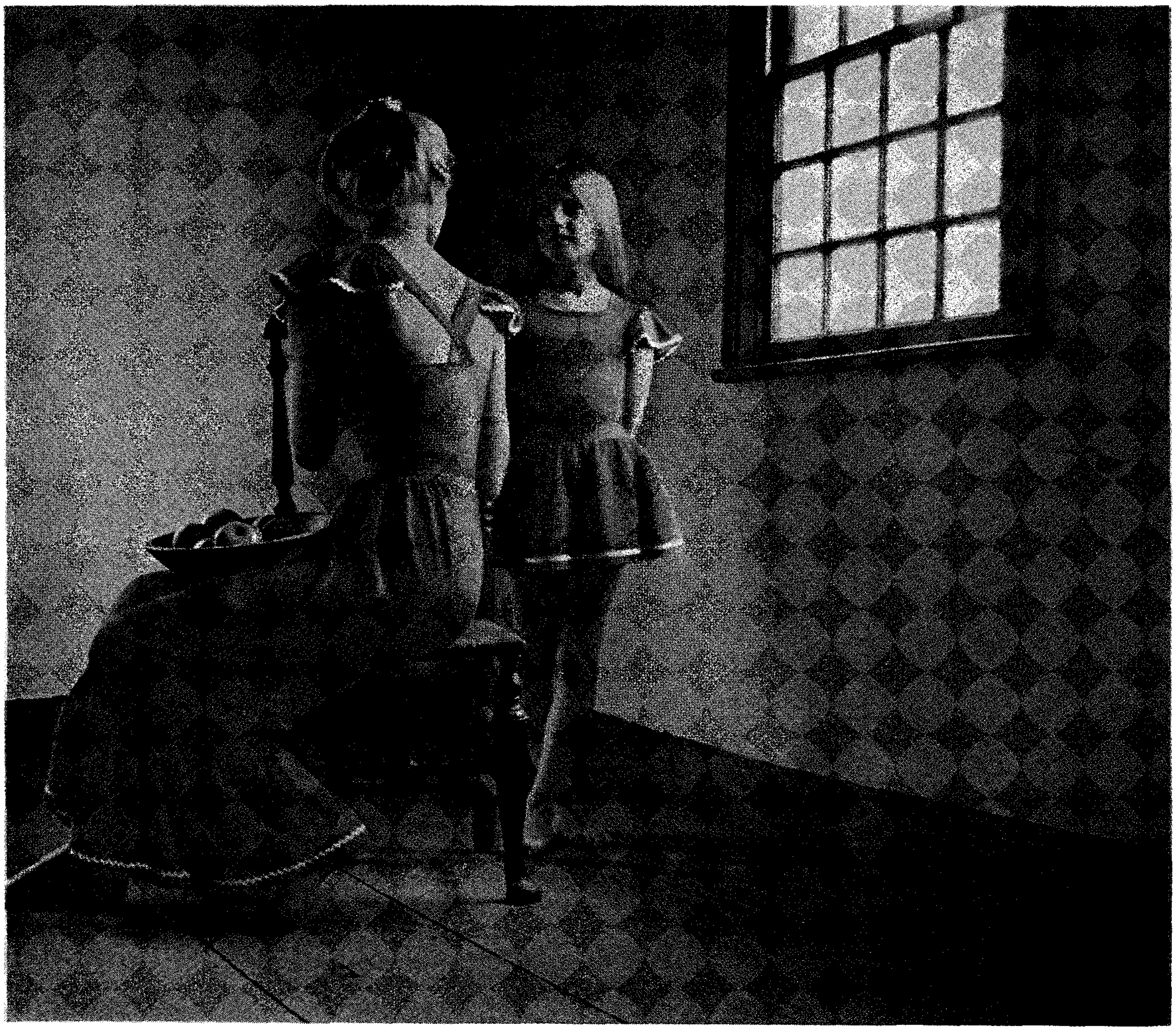

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sound on Sundays or Mondays. . . . **LAIR,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (472-0163): A medieval resting place in which Larry Oleno charms the figures out of their niches Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine until midnight. . . . **NIRVANA,** penthouse of 30 Central Park S. (288-9097): The view alone approximates Nirvana, but there is more: the sitar of Arooj Lazewal, the drums and tabla of Badal Roy, and Bangladesh cuisine. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL,** 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): A brace of Lester Lanin's boys go plink-plink on the Barclay Terrace during the cocktail session, in the King's Inn from seven to nine, and in the Gold Room from nine to eleven. Monday through Friday is the extent of this pleasant idea.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

LEE ADLER—Paintings inspired by machine parts; through April 19. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

BARBARA ADRIAN—Realistically painted figures in landscapes and looking out of buildings; starting Tuesday, April 10. (Kuhlik, 23 E. 67th St.)

MILTON AVERY (1893-1965)—Crayon landscapes by this influential American colorist; through April 26. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

MIKE BAKATY—Light-catching forms in plastic; through April 18. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

ROMARE BEARDEN—Bright-colored combinations of collage and painting; through April 28. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

PETER BRADLEY—Sprayed-paint abstractions; starting Saturday, April 7. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

WARREN BRANDT—Still-lifes by a veteran colorist; through Thursday, April 12. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID BUDD—Monochromatic paintings; through April 28. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

REG BUTLER—Four life-size figures in bronze and fifteen drawings by a leading British artist; through Saturday, April 14. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JON CARSMAN—Paintings of New York cityscapes; through April 20. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

NEKE CARSON / ALLAN HACKLIN—Portraits of persons, some well known, and video tapes of the artist at work. / Abstract paintings by an artist who lives in California. (LoGiudice, 59 Wooster St. Starts Saturday, April 7. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

RUSSELL COWLES—Landscapes from the late thirties to the present; through Saturday, April 14. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

LOUIS MICHEL EILSHEMIUS (1864-1941)—Fifty paintings by this American Romantic; through April 28. (Danenberg, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.). . . ¶ Drawings and watercolors from the artist's sketchbooks; through April 28. (Lewison, 30 E. 60th St. Closed Mondays; closes Saturdays at 4:30.)

OYVIND FAHLSTRÖM—Paintings that include games with movable parts, plus commentary; through April 28. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

MARY FRANK—Figurative stoneware sculptures and monoprints by a leading young New Yorker; through April 28. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

CRISTOS GIANAKOS—Cast sculptures in colored polyester; through April 21. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

LIONEL GILBERT—Abstract and semi-abstract oils of still-lifes, landscapes, and interiors, some with suggestions of the human figure; through Saturday, April 14. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

FRANCES GODOWSKY—Abstract paintings and collages; through Saturday, April 14. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

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SIDNEY GOODMAN—Paintings, watercolors, pastels, and drawings of figures, frequently with ominous overtones; through Saturday, April 14. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT GOODNOUGH—Large-scale paintings by a well-known New York experimentalist; through April 25. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

BALCOMB GREENE—Semi-abstract figure paintings and seascapes; starting Saturday, April 7. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD GREEVES—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by a Westerner documenting the life of the American Indian; through April 28. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

SUSAN HALL / CARLOS VILLA—Representational paintings, mostly landscapes. / Paintings in dark earth colors, with beads and feathers. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Through Wednesday, April 11. Closed Mondays.)

DALE HENRY—One large four-part painting that reflects light; through April 18. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

AL HIRSCHFELD—Fifty years of drawings, lithographs, and etchings by the theatrical caricaturist of the *Times;* through April 28. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

WILL INSLEY—Fragments of walls, drawings, models, and photographs of buildings; starting Saturday, April 7. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. and 489 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL JENKINS—Watercolors in this artist's free-flowing rich colors; through April 21. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

HARRIET KLINE—Painting-constructions using Plexiglas; through Saturday, April 14. (Selected Artists, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

JOYCE KOZLOFF—Color paintings, plus drawings and lithographs, with a feeling of landscape; starting Saturday, April 7. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

FRANCES KUEHN / MICHAEL JOHNSON—Realistic portraits. / Color-area paintings. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Starts Saturday, April 7. Closed Mondays.)

LEROY LAMIS—Cubic constructions in clear and colored plastic; through Saturday, April 14. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

BARRY LEVA—One sculpture of circular metal elements and connecting rods; through April 17. (Bykert, 484 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

HENRIETTA LIEBOWITZ—Paintings and drawings of shapes based on rhythmically interwoven flower forms; starting Saturday, April 7. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ETHEL MAGAFAN—Paintings based on studies done in the mountains of the Far West; through April 28. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JAN MCEVOY—Paintings and collages of abstract landscapes; through Saturday, April 14. (Gallery 84, 1046 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.)

ARMANDO MORALES—Paintings of nudes, pears, and apples, by a Nicaraguan; through April 21. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

ED MOSES—Paintings built up in several layers of paper; through April 18. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

LOWELL NESBITT—Romantic paintings, based on photographs and postcards, with the theme of water; through Saturday, April 7. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

COSTANTINO NIVOLA—Terra-cotta plaques and figures, including a series with a seaside motif; through Saturday, April 14. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

CLAES OLDENBURG—Lithographs, silk-screens, and photo-offsets of notebook sketches; through April 21. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

MICHAEL PRICE—Sculptures and reliefs based on the human figure; through April 21. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

SOPHY REGENSBURG—Still-lifes in high-keyed colors, some using collage; through April 25. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

LARRY RIVERS—Large paintings, some with cutouts; through Saturday, April 14. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID ROTH—Painted strings arranged according to mathematical schemes; starting Saturday, April 7. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

PETER SAUL—Two very large paintings in brilliant Day-Glo colors by this specialist in violent historical themes; starting Tuesday, April 10. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

TIM SCOTT—Sculptures of steel tubing and acrylic sheets by a British artist; starting Saturday, April 7. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

KURT SELIGMANN (1900-62)—A comprehensive exhibition of the graphic work by this well-known Surrealist; through Saturday, April 14. (La Boetie, 9 E. 82nd St. Closed Mondays.)

RUTH VOLLMER—Mathematical interpretations of seashells, done in Plexiglas; through April 21. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN WALKER—A large wall drawing to be executed at the gallery, plus five small paintings, by a Briton; starting Saturday, April 7. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

H.C. WESTERMANN—Sculptures in several mediums, and drawings and lithographs, by a constructor of fantasies; through Saturday, April 7. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

ULFERT WILKE—Calligraphic paintings in color and black-and-white; through Saturday, April 7. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

JANE WILSON—Still-lifes by this painter also known for her landscapes; through April 28. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

ISAAC WITKIN—Five large steel sculptures for the outdoors; through Saturday, April 7. (Elkon, 141 Prince St.)

AMERICAN WATERCOLOR SOCIETY—The hundred-and-sixth annual of watercolors, gouaches, and pastels by artists from all parts of the United States; starting Thursday, April 5. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ARRAS,** 29 W. 57th St.: Sculptures and wall hangings by Enrico Baj, Peter Collingwood, Lee Krasner, Miró, Bernard Pfriem, Vasarely, and others; through Saturday, April 7. . . . **AUSTRIAN INSTITUTE,** 11 E. 52nd St.: Watercolors, drawings, and graphics by Hundertwasser and other members of the "Vienna School of Fantastic Realism;" through April 30. (Closed Saturdays.). . . **CHINESE CULTURAL CENTER,** 159 Lexington Ave., at 30th St.: Examples of contemporary calligraphy from the Republic of China; through Sunday, April 8. (Daily, 10 to 6.). . . **FEIGEN,** 27 E. 79th St.: Newly acquired paintings by Picasso, Matisse, Mondrian, Braque, and others; through April 30. . . . **FORUM,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Sculptures by Archipenko, Arp, Lipchitz, Maillol, Nadelman, and others; through Friday, April 6. . . . **O.K. HARRIS,** 465 West Broadway: Abstract paintings on paper by Manny Farber, realist paintings by Martin Hoffmann, and slide projections by two other artists; through April 21. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PRATT GRAPHICS CENTER,** 831 Broadway, at 13th St.: Black-and-white photographs, color slides, and rubbings of plaster casts of folk art on gravestones in the United States; through Saturday, April 14. (Closed Saturday mornings.). . . **RAYDON,** 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Approximately a hundred watercolors by artists of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries—Hassam, Heade, Homer, Pascin, Prendergast, Walkowitz, and others; through May 19. (Closed Mondays.). . . **SHEPHERD,** 21 E. 84th St.: Thirty-six works on paper (drawings, pastels, and watercolors) by

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

nineteenth-century Continental and British artists, among them Turner, Corot, Lawrence, Millet, Lear, Cruikshank, Bonheur, Cabanel, Gros, and Sickert; through April 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **VISUAL ARTS**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Sculptures by David Smith, Lipton, Bourgeois, Ferber, Hare, Noguchi, and Lassaw; through Friday, April 13. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5 and 6:30 to 10; Fridays, 10 to 4.)... **WESTBETH**, 155 Bank St.: Paintings and sculptures by six artists, one of them Jan Doubrava (1911-72); through April 29. (Thursdays and Fridays, 4 to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 8.)... **DORIS WIENER**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Eighty-six miniature paintings from India representing various regional styles from the sixteenth century through the beginning of the nineteenth; starting Saturday, April 7.... **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit exhibit of more than sixty-five flower paintings by masters of the seventeenth through the twentieth centuries, among them van Gogh, Monet, Picasso, Redon, Prendergast, and Demuth; starting Thursday, April 5.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—Over a hundred and fifty gowns designed by Cristobal Balenciaga (1895-1972), plus Spanish paintings, tapestries, and prints from the Museum's collection; through July 1.... ¶ Thirty-six paintings, mostly of Greek and Roman subjects, by Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema; through April 29.... ¶ A retrospective of the photographs of Paul Strand, dating from 1915 to 1968; through April 15. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—An expanded exhibit, in newly remodelled galleries, of paintings and sculptures from the Museum's collection.... ¶ Sixty-five prints of Edvard Munch (1863-1944), some of them devoted to the relationship of man and woman; through April 29.... ¶ Eighty twentieth-century collages, watercolors, and drawings, representing major artists and movements in twentieth-century art, by Boccioni, Léger, Sheeler, Oldenburg, and others; through May 28.... ¶ Two hundred and twenty-eight examples of news photography; through April 29. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—First museum exhibit in America by Ferdinand Hodler (1853-1918), a Swiss. It consists of approximately a hundred and ten Symbolist and Art Nouveau paintings and drawings. Through Sunday, April 8.... ¶ Forty-five paintings from the Museum's permanent collection, done since 1952; through April 15. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Two hundred paintings, watercolors, wood engravings, and etchings by Winslow Homer (1836-1910), one of America's leading painters and illustrators; through June 3.... ¶ A hundred and seventeen pieces—sculptures, drawings, films, video tapes, holograms, and environments—by the West Coast avant-gardist Bruce Nauman, who has been labelled in such categories as anti-form, process, conceptual, and body art; through May 13.... ¶ Seven large purple Abstract Expressionist canvases by Robert Reed; through Sunday, April 8. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.... ¶ Music at the Museum: Gil Evans and his orchestra, Wednesday, April 4, at 8:30. Terry Riley, Thursday, April 5, at 8:30.)

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BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—More than a hundred sculptures in wood, iron, brass, copper, and terra-cotta representing cultural life of the Dogon people of Africa; also photographs, slides, and films by Eliot Elisofon, plus costumes, textiles, and music. Through May 20.... ¶ Seventy-nine etchings by artists of Paris (Cassatt, Corot, Daubigny, Degas, Monet, and others); through April 15. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"And Then There Were None," a continuous slide-showing of extinct and endangered animal species. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Works submitted for Institute awards by thirty-five painters and sculptors; through April 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—Ceramics from tenth- to twelfth-century Manchuria and North China; through May 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—Eighty-four etchings by Salvator Rosa (1615-73), done between 1651 and 1663; through April 25.... ¶ Paintings, collages, sculptures, drawings, graphics, musical scores, and books in which poetry and visual art are combined, done in Italy since 1912; through April 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

GROLIER CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—Rare English and American books, manuscripts, historical documents, and original drawings for book illustrations; through Wednesday, April 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Manuscripts and first and fine editions of Greek and Latin classics; through May 2.... ¶ A series of illuminations from an early twelfth-century English manuscript; through May 2.... ¶ Major acquisitions of the last two years; through May 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—Eighteenth- and twentieth-century altars used for witchcraft rituals, plus dolls and other items employed in voodoo, Pennsylvania hexerei, and other aspects of the occult; through April 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Eighty works from Africa, Oceania, and the Americas showing varieties of form, stylization, and scale in representations of the human face; through Sept. 30. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A multi-medium exhibit about East Harlem, with paintings by artists from the community (notably Carl Vicars), along with paintings and photographs done by East Harlem children and adults in five community workshops; through Sept. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—Works in soft materials by Oldenburg, Serra, Robert Morris, Rauschenberg, and others; through May 6.... ¶ A scholarly selection of a hundred and fifty-seven French master drawings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in North American collections, including items by little-known artists; starting Thursday, April 5.... ¶ Landscapes, animals, and birds by Chu Ta, a seventeenth-century Chinese; through April 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Four hundred and thirty-three Audubon watercolors: the collection acquired by the Society from his widow in 1863 and now being shown for the first time in its entirety. Through May 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

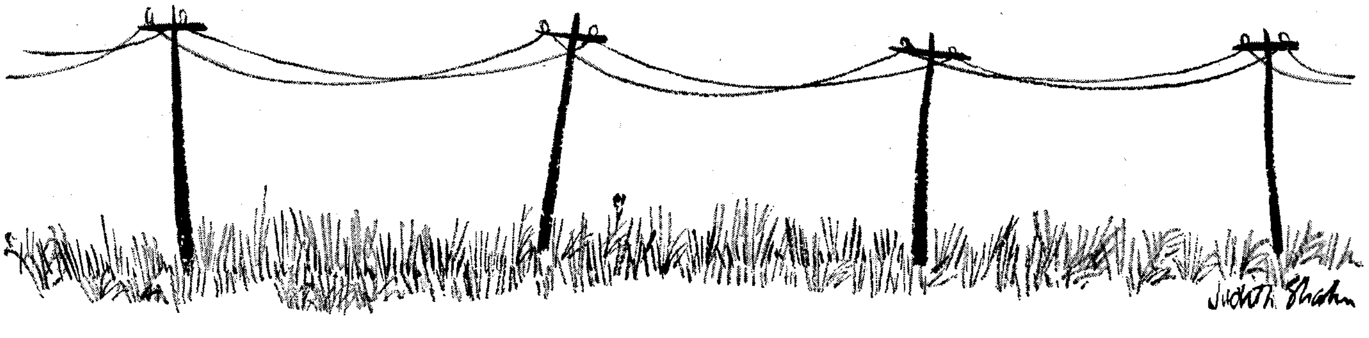
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Documents: Famous & Infamous," an exhibition of letters of historical importance and literary forgeries of great cunning; through May 31.... ¶ Prints by women, from Diana Ghisi (1535-87) to Lee Bontecou; through May 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 6.)

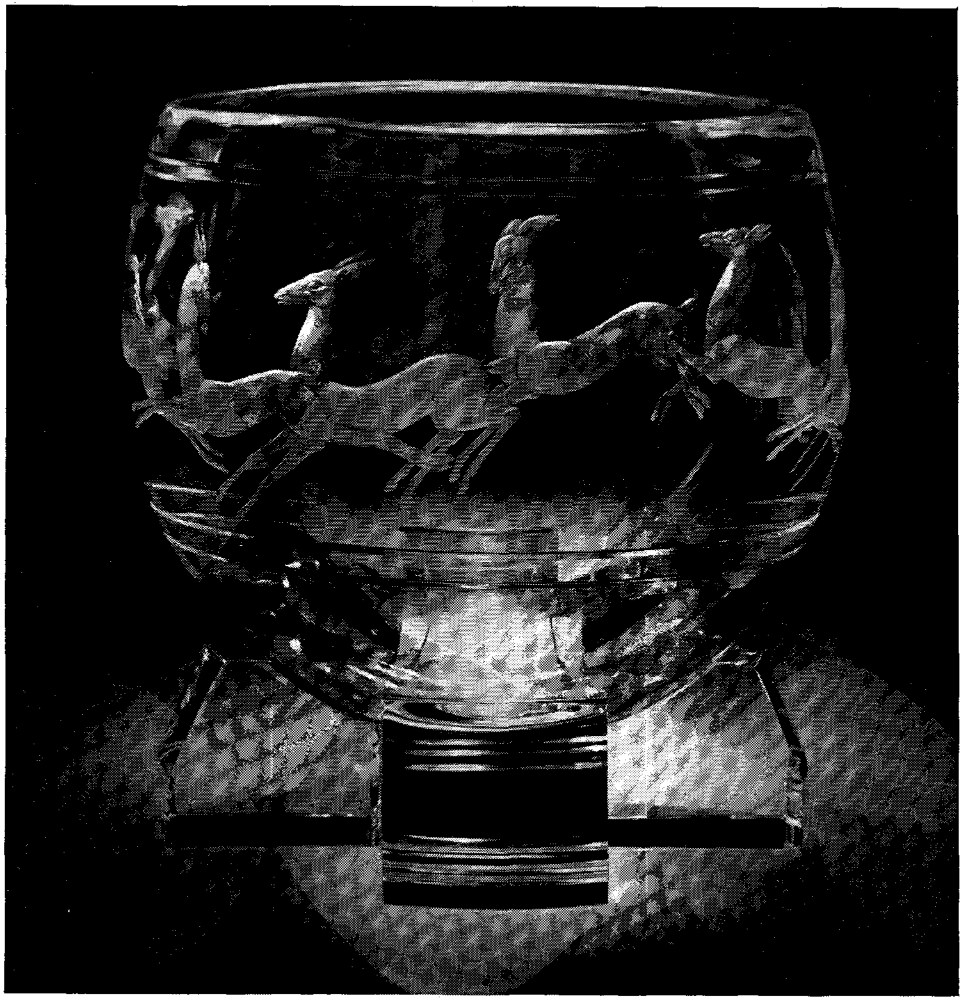
MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday evening, April 4: "Roméo et Juliette," with Colette Boky, Judith Forst, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Dominic Cossa, John Macurdy, and Clifford Harvuot; conducted by Alain Lombard.... ¶ Thursday evening, April 5: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Leonie Rysanek, Judith Blegen, Yvonne Minton, Marcia Baldwin, Walter Berry, John Alexander, and Morley Meredith; Christoph von Dohnanyi.... ¶ Friday evening, April 6: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Renata Scotto, Sándor Kónya, Mario Sereni, and Paul Plishka; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli.... ¶ Saturday matinée, April 7: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Marilyn Horne, Franco Bonisolli, Hermann Prey, Fernando Corena, and Giorgio Tozzi; James Levine.... ¶ Saturday evening, April 7: "Tosca," with Martina Arroyo, Franco Corelli, Tito Gobbi, and Fernando Corena; Carlo Felice Cillario. (A non-subscription performance.)... ¶ Monday evening, April 9: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Leonie Rysanek, Judith Blegen, Yvonne Minton, Marcia Baldwin, Walter Berry, John Alexander, and Morley Meredith; Christoph von Dohnanyi.... ¶ Tuesday evening, April 10: "Roméo et Juliette," with Colette Boky, Judith Forst, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Dominic Cossa, John Macurdy, and Clifford Harvuot; Alain Lombard.... ¶ Wednesday evening, April 11: "Il Trovatore," with Montserrat Caballé, Viorica Cortez, Placido Domingo, Robert Merrill, and Paul Plishka; Carlo Felice Cillario.... ¶ Thursday evening, April 12: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Renata Scotto, Sándor Kónya, Mario Sereni, and Paul Plishka; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli.... ¶ Friday evening, April 13: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Marilyn Horne, Jean Kraft, Franco Bonisolli, Hermann Prey, Fernando Corena, and Cesare Siepi; James Levine.... ¶ Saturday, matinée, April 14: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Leonie Rysanek, Judith Blegen, Yvonne Minton, Marcia Baldwin, Walter Berry, John Alexander, and Morley Meredith; Christoph von Dohnanyi.... ¶ Saturday evening, April 14: "Tosca," with Martina Arroyo, Franco Corelli, Tito Gobbi, and





Diameter 6½ inches • Height 6¾ inches

GAZELLE BOWL

Designed by Sidney Waugh in 1935 and first engraved by Joseph Libisch, the *Gazelle Bowl* has since been commissioned forty-six times. The one pictured above was engraved by Roger Keagle, who completed it August 19, 1972.

In addition to those in private collections, *Gazelle Bowls* are now in a number of museums including the Toledo Museum of Art, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the Smithsonian Institution.

STEUBEN GLASS

FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10022 • (212) 752-1441
CORNING GLASS CENTER, CORNING, NEW YORK 14830 • (607) 962-1060

Fernando Corena; Carlo Felice Cillario. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, April 4, at 8: "Mefistofele," with Carol Neblett, Beverly Evans, Harry Theyard, and Michael Devlin; conducted by Giuseppe Morelli.... ¶ Thursday, April 5, at 8: "The Young Lord" (in English), with Patricia Wise, Ruth Welting, Richard Fredricks, Kenneth Riegel, and Sir Rudolf Bing; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Friday, April 6, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Beverly Sills, Hilda Harris, André Turp, and William Chapman; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Saturday, April 7, at 2: "Tosca," with Eileen Schauler, José Carreras, Richard Fredricks, and Jerold Siena; Christopher Keene.... ¶ Saturday, April 7, at 8: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Beverly Evans, Kenneth Riegel, and Dominic Cossa; Giuseppe Morelli.... ¶ Sunday, April 8, at 1: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Johanna Meier, Ruth Welting, André Turp, and Michael Devlin; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Sunday, April 8, at 7: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Maralin Niska, Gwenlynn Little, Spiro Malas, and David Hall; Christopher Keene.... ¶ Tuesday, April 10, at 8: "Tosca," with Maralin Niska, José Carreras, Vasile Martinoiu, and Jerold Siena; Christopher Keene.... ¶ Wednesday, April 11, at 8: "Manon," with Beverly Sills, John Alexander, and Richard T. Gill; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Thursday, April 12, at 8: "The Young Lord" (in English), with Patricia Wise, Betty Allen, Kenneth Riegel, and Thomas Jamerson; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Friday, April 13, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Ruth Welting, Beverly Evans, Herman Malamood, and Richard Fredricks; Chris Nance.... ¶ Saturday, April 14, at 2: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Doris Jung, Bianca Sauler, Spiro Malas, and David Clatworthy; Christopher Keene.... ¶ Saturday, April 14, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Marisa Galvany, Muriel Greenspon, Franco Marini, and John Darrenkamp; and "Pagliacci," with Carol Bayard, Herman Malamood, Vasile Martinoiu, and Bernard Fitch; Giuseppe Morelli. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 29.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Aldo Ceccato conducting—Thursday, April 5, at 8:30; Friday, April 6, at 2; and Tuesday, April 10, at 7:30 (all with Rafael Druian, violin); and Thursday, April 12, at 8:30; Friday, April 13, at 2; Saturday, April 14, at 8:30; and Tuesday, April 17, at 7:30 (all with Martha Argerich, piano; Mr. Druian; Lorne Munroe, cello; Harold Gomberg, oboe; and Manuel Zegler, bassoon).

London Symphony Orchestra—André Previn conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 10, at 8, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano; Wednesday, April 11, at 8, with Misha Dichter, piano; and Thursday, April 12, at 8, with Yong Uck Kim, violin.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting an all-Mozart program, with Gina Bachauer, piano. The final concert of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, April 4, at 8.)

Symphony of the New World—Coleridge-Taylor Perkinson conducting, with Ruggiero Ricci, violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, April 8, at 3.)

Cornell University Orchestra, Chorus, and Glee Club—Thomas A. Sokol directing. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 14, at 8.)

Our Mozart Concert—Henry Schuman conducting an orchestra and playing the oboe in an all-Mozart program, with Mary Burgess, mezzo-soprano; Charles Russo, clarinet; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 14, at midnight.)

Carnegie-Mellon University Kiltie Symphony Band—Richard Strange conducting, with Paul Draper, dancer. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 8, at 8. Free tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

National Chorale—Martin Josman directing a program of American music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 4, at 8.)

St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing a performance of Handel's oratorio "Israel in Egypt," with Bonita Glenn and Susan von Reichenbach, sopranos; Sophia Steffan, mezzo-soprano; Melvin Brown, tenor; and John Anthony and Gene Hollman, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 7, at 8:30.)

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Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing a choir in an a-cappella program of sacred music. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. 838-2022. Monday and Tuesday, April 9-10, at 8.)

Berlin Concert Choir and Orchestra—Fritz Weisse directing a performance of Bach's B-Minor Mass by this group appearing here for the first time. With Lois Marshall, soprano; Raymond Michalski, bass; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 13, at 8.)

Newark Boys Chorus—James McCarthy directing, with a men's chorus and an orchestra. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 14, at 8.)

Fordham University Glee Club—James Kurtz directing. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, April 14, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Gary Graffman—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 4, at 8.)

Amadeus String Quartet—In the first two in a series of three concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, April 5, and Thursday, April 12, both at 8.)

New York Camerata—Paula Hatcher, flute; Charles Forbes, cello; and Glenn Jacobson, piano, with Jeannette Walters, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 5, at 8:30.)

Isaac Stern—Violin, with Jules Eskin, cello; Nobuko Imai, viola; Jaime Laredo and Alexander Schneider, also violin; and Ruth Laredo and Alexander Zakin, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 6, at 8.)

Benita Valente and Fernando Valenti—Soprano and harpsichord, in an all-Handel program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 6, at 8.)

Martha Argerich—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, April 7, at 8.)

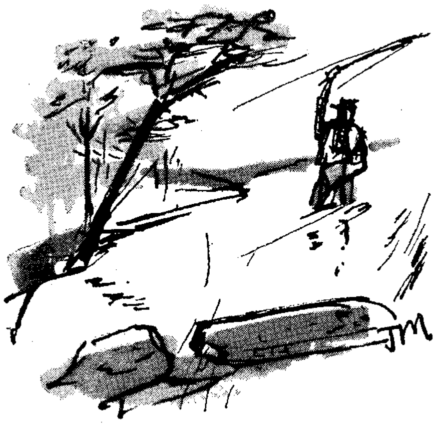
Martti Talvela—Bass. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, April 7, at 8.)

Quartetto Italiano—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 7, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Composers' Forum—The last in a series of programs, this one devoted to works by Eric Richards and Richard Trythall. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Saturday, April 7, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Music from Marlboro—The final concert of the season, with Lee Luvisi, piano; Hiroko Yajima, violin; John Graham and Jennie Hansen, viola; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, April 9, at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—The second in a series of three programs of twentieth-century music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, April 9, at 8.)



Composers String Quartet—The last in a series of concerts of modern music, this one with Gloria Agostini, harp. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, April 10, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The second of two concerts, this one with Beveridge Webster, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, April 10, at 8:30.)

Birgit Nilsson—Soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, April 11, at 8.)

Francisco Aybar—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 11, at 8.)

Voytek Matushevski—Piano. (New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. LT 1-2311. Wednesday, April 11, at 8:30.)

Jascha Silberstein and Eve Queler—Cello and piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, April 13, at 8.)

Carlos Montoya—Flamenco guitarist. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, April 13, at 8:30.)

Rudolf Firkusny—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, April 14, at 8.)

Murray Perahia—Piano, with the Guarneri Quartet, in a Mendelssohn-Schumann program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, April 14, at 8.)

Jeannine Crader—Soprano. (New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. LT 1-2311. Saturday, April 14, at 8:30.)

Note—Lynn Harrell and James Levine will give a cello-and-piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, April 22, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, April 9, in the order that written applications are received on that day or thereafter (not before). More than one request may be sent in a single envelope.

MISCELLANY

Mary Lou's Mass—Mary Lou Williams, an instrumental ensemble, and the Fordham University Chorus. (University Church, Fordham University, Bronx Campus. Thursday, April 5, at 5. No tickets necessary.)

Edgard Varèse Retrospective Concert—A program of his music, performed by Diana Hoagland, soprano; Herbert Beattie, bass; Jayn Rosenfeld, flute; Raymond DesRoches, Joel Sachs, and Harvey Sollberger, conductors; the New Jersey Percussion Ensemble; the Orpheus Chamber Ensemble; and a chamber orchestra. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, April 11, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interlude Concerts—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, April 4, at 5:45: **nikki giovanni**, poetry reading.... ¶ Wednesday, April 11, at 5:45: **ellis larkins**, jazz piano.

Miriam Makeba—With Ruby Dee and Ossie Davis, in a benefit recital. (Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. Friday, April 6, at 7. For information about tickets, call 348-0952.)

Paul Butterfield's Better Days, with Doug Sahm and His Band—Philharmonic Hall. Friday, April 6, at 8.

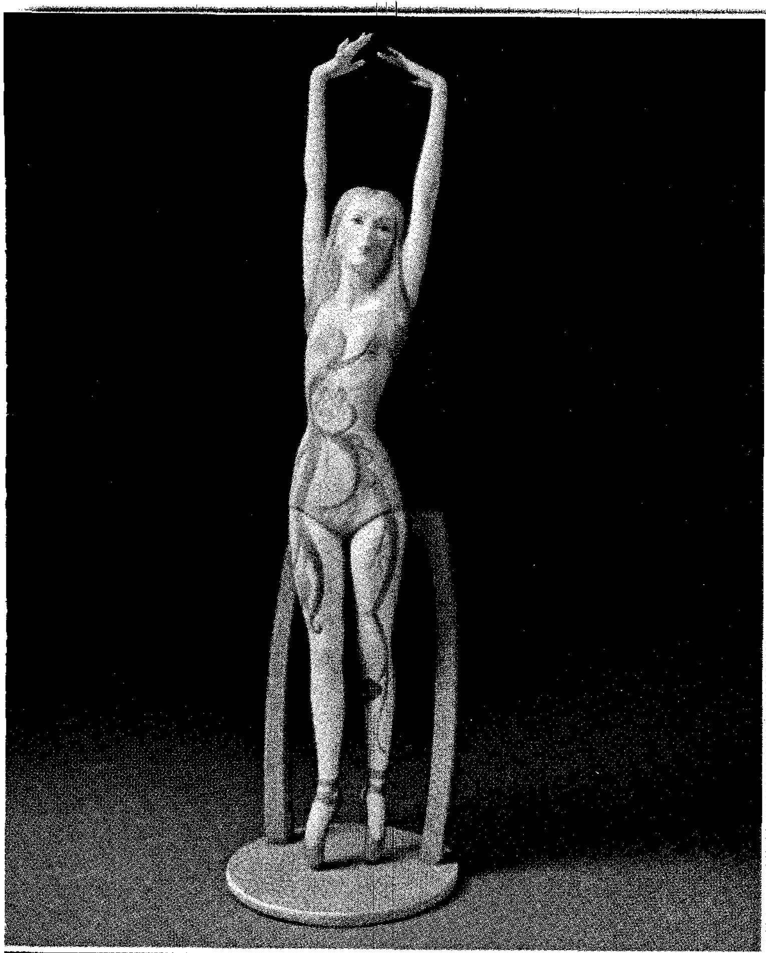
Curtis Mayfield and Taj Mahal—Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, April 7, at 8 and 11:30.

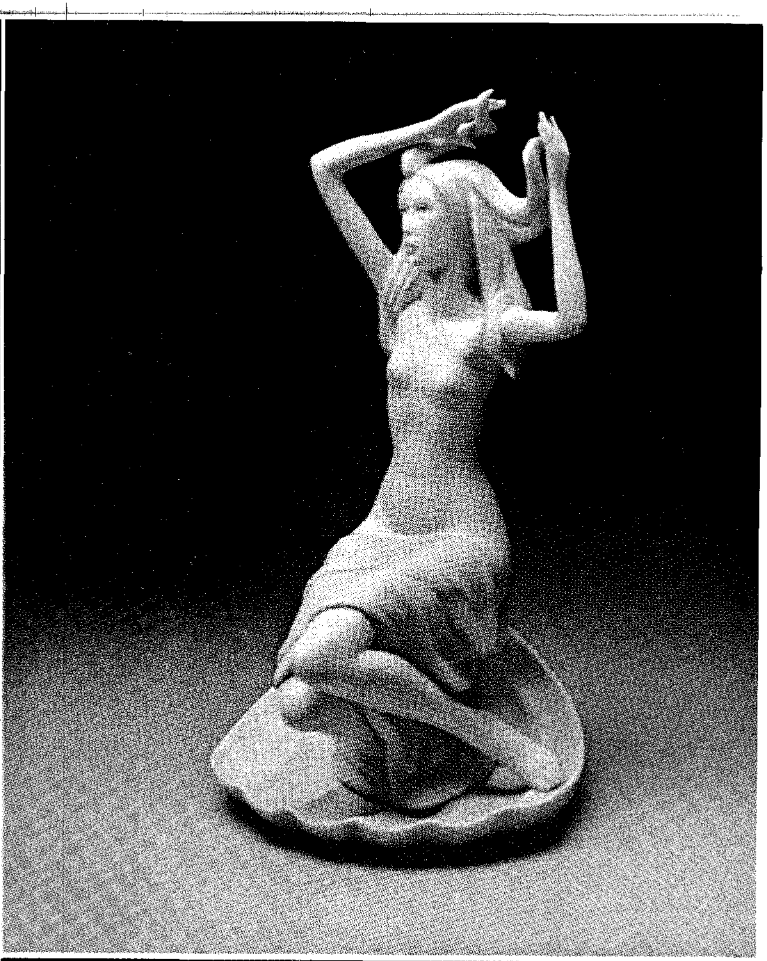
Jazz/Tap—Baby Laurence, Chuck Green, L. D. Jackson, Buster Brown, and John T. McPhee. The show that surrounds them is of lesser quality. They come on at 6. (New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Every Sunday. Admission by contribution.)

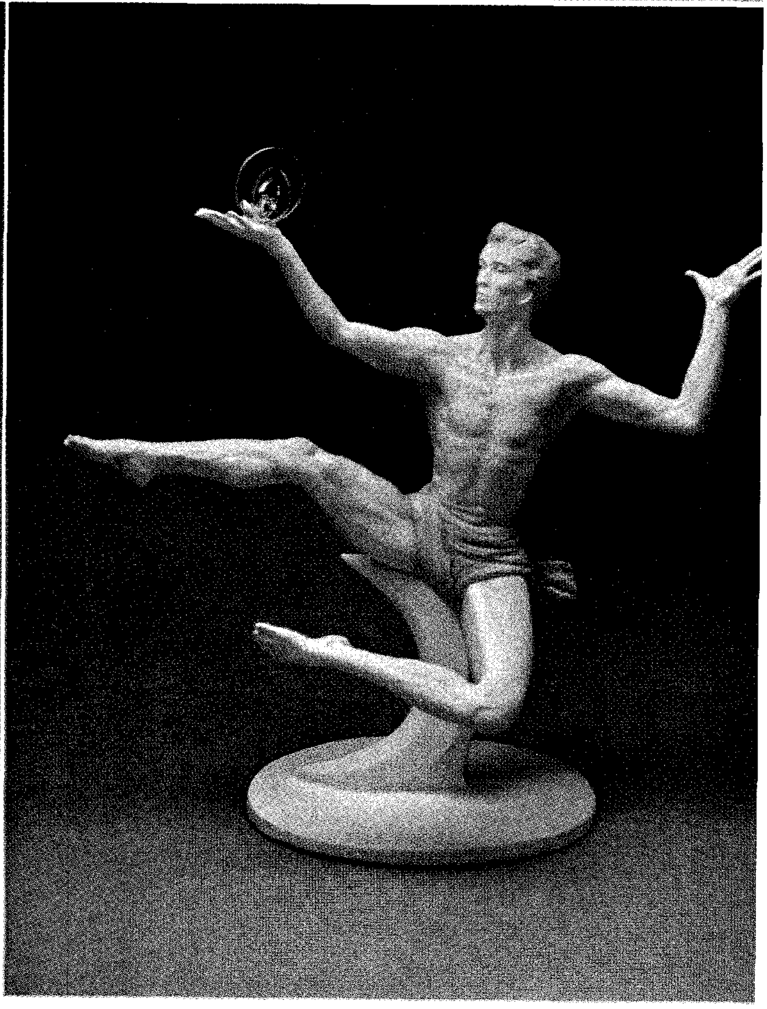
Lyrics and Lyricists—The fourth in a series of five programs in which lyricists (in this case Fred Ebb and John Kander) discuss their work, sometimes with the assistance of their professional performing friends. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, April 8, and Tuesday, April 10, at 8.)

Jazz at the Theatre de Lys—A salute to the late Charlie Yardbird Parker, with Roy Haynes, Howard McGhee, Cecil Payne, Lee Konitz, and others. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. Monday, April 9, at 8. For information about tickets, call WA 4-8782.)

Jeff Beck, Tim Bogert & Carmine Appice and Wet







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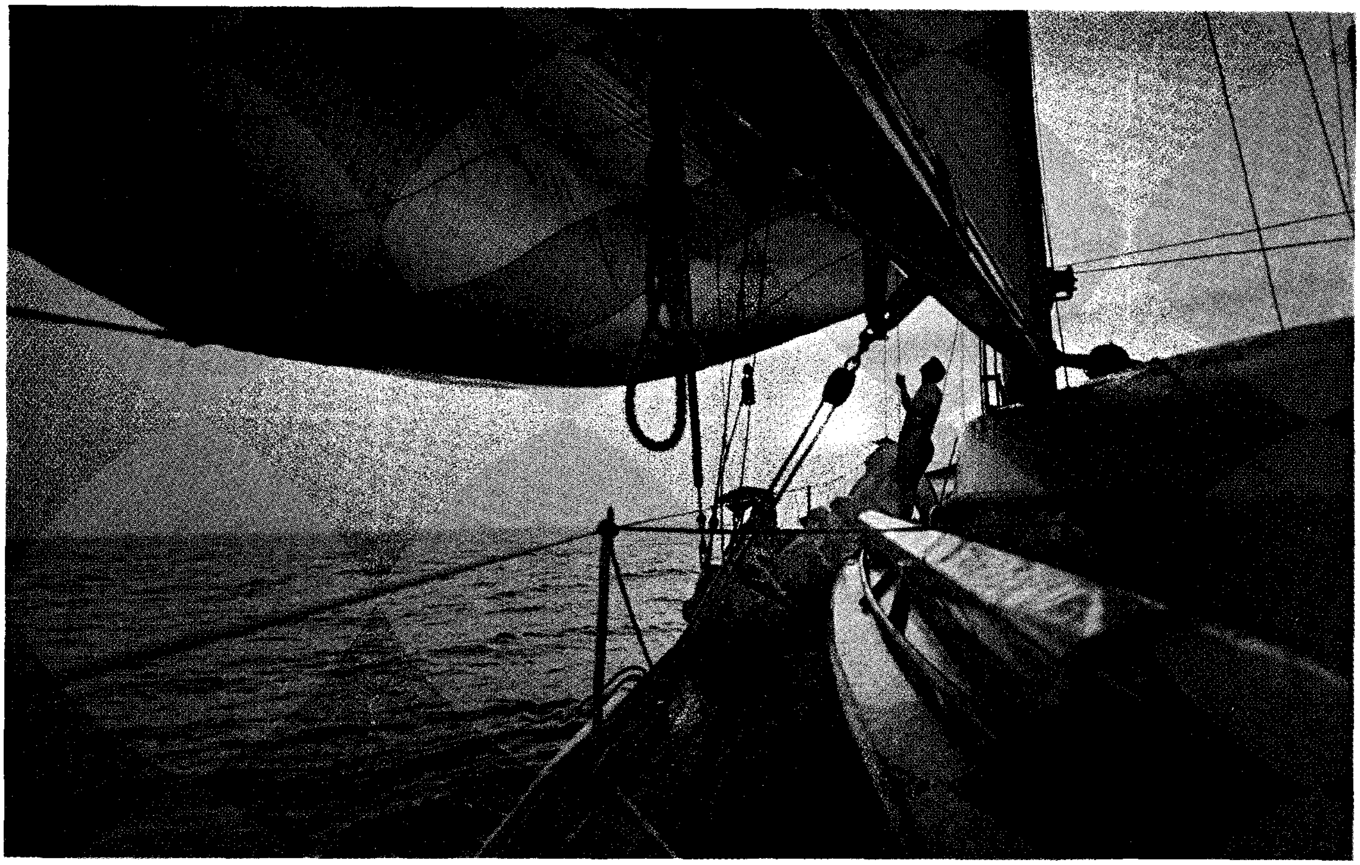

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Willie—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Monday and Tuesday, April 9-10, at 8.

Howard Johnson Quartet and Substructure—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, April 13, at 8.

Roy Buchanan—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, April 14, at 8. For tickets, call 644-4400.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Baseball—At **shea stadium:** Mets vs. Philadelphia (first National League games here), Friday, April 6, at 2:05; Saturday, April 7, at 2:15; and Sunday, April 8, at 2:05. . . . **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Cleveland (first American League games here), Monday, April 9, and Wednesday and Thursday, April 11-12, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Boston, Saturday, April 14, at 2.

Professional Basketball—National Basketball Association Eastern Division playoffs, Knicks vs. *Baltimore*. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, April 8, at 2:05, and Friday, April 13, at 8, if the tug of war is still on.) . . . ¶ American Basketball Association Eastern Division playoffs, Nets vs. Carolina. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100. Thursday, April 5, at 7:35, and, if necessary, Sunday, April 8, at 7.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup East Division quarter-final playoffs, Rangers vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, April 7, at 8:05, Sunday, April 8, at 8:35, and, if necessary, Thursday, April 12, at 8:05.)

Hunt Racing—My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. Saturday, April 14.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 12. The Gotham, Saturday, April 7, and the Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 14. . . . **garden state park,** Camden, N.J.: Weekdays, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Saturday, June 2.

Trapshooting—Amateur Championships of America at Clay Targets, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Friday through Sunday, April 13-15, at 9.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, May 24. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15, from Thursday, April 12, through Saturday, Nov. 17.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **new york philharmonic:** Michael Tilson Thomas conducting the final children's concerts of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, April 7, at 12:10 and 2:30.) . . . **light opera of manhattan:** "Patience," Saturday and Sunday, April 7-8, at 4. . . . ¶ "The Mikado," Saturday, April 14, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

Stage Shows—By the **bil baird marionettes:** "Band-Wagon." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **bunraku:** The National Puppet Theatre of Japan presenting "The Priest in Exile" and "Fishing for Wives." Simultaneous-translation sets may be rented. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday, April 11, at 2.) . . . **little theatre of the deaf:** A program of visual language, mime, and spoken word. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Sunday, April 8, at 1.) . . . **meri mini players:** "Looice." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.) . . . **paper bag players:** "To the Rescue." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday and Sunday, April 7-8, at 1 and 3.)

Junior Museum Studio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Between Sky and Earth," an exhibition of paintings and poems by children of New Zealand; through May 13. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Edge of the Universe." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)

Poetry Readings—Nicanor Parra reading from his own poems, in Spanish, with English translations read by Alexander Coleman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, April 6, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Kenneth Koch reading from his own works, plus chamber music by the West End Chamber Ensemble. (Finch College Theatre, 52 E. 78th St. 288-8450. Sunday, April 8, at 8.) . . . ¶ Jean Valentine and Paul Zweig reading from their own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, April 10, at 7:30. Admission is free.) . . . ¶ Elizabeth Bishop and James Merrill reading from their own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, April 11, at 8.)

Lecture—"Rock and the Poetic Medium," by Marshall McLuhan. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, April 9, at 8.)

Joan Crawford—In an informal interview and discussion with the audience, following a showing of film clips from some of her motion pictures. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, April 8, at 7:30.)

Saturday Nights with the Filmmakers—The third in a series of six programs, this one consisting of film clips from movies directed by Peter Bogdanovich, followed by a discussion between Richard Brown and Mr. Bogdanovich. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, April 14, at 8.)

Artists' Studios—Four artists—Chaim Gross, Stanley Boxer, Pat Lipsky, and Peter Reginato—will open their studios to the public on Saturday, April 7, from 2 to 5:30, in a benefit tour. (For information about tickets, call 874-0414.)

International Automobile Show—The latest models from England, France, Germany, Italy, Japan, Rumania, Sweden, and the Soviet Union, plus antiques, experimentals, and custom jobs from the United States. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturday, April 7, through Sunday, April 15. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 10; Saturdays, 11 to 10:30; Sundays, noon to 8.)

Flea Market—The Market Place (Eleventh Ave. at 42nd St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 11 to sundown.

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, April 4, at 2: Old Master paintings, from a number of collections. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 7, at 10:15: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Boudin, Mailloi, and Vuillard; from many owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 7, at 2: French and Continental furniture and decorations, from several sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 10, at 10:15 and 2: Books, including Americana, and a collection of early maps; from various owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, April 5. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 11, at 8: Nineteenth-century American paintings and drawings by Bierstadt, Remington, and others; from many collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, April 6.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—The final programs in a twelve-day festival of new films by new directors. April 6 at 6: "Tonight or Never" (Switzerland; Daniel Schmid). . . . ¶ April 6 at 8:30: "Daddy" (England/Switzerland; Peter Whitehead and Niki de Saint-Phalle. . . . ¶ April 7 at 6 and April 8 at 8:30: "Themroc" (France/Italy; Claude Faraldo). . . . ¶ April 7 at 8:30 and April 8 at

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

6: "John Reed (Insurgent Mexico)" (Mexico; Paul Leduc).... ¶ April 9 at 6 and April 10 at 8:30: "The Peasants of the Second Fortress" (Japan; Shinsuke Ogawa).... ¶ April 9 at 8:30 and April 10 at 6: "The Cremator" (Czechoslovakia; Juraj Herz). (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. For information about tickets, call 956-7284.)

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—April 4 at 5:30: "The Testing Block" (1920), directed by Lambert Hillyer, with William S. Hart.... ¶ April 5 at 5:30: "David Holzman's Diary" (1967), directed by Jim McBride.... ¶ April 5 at 8: "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" (1973), directed by Franco Zeffirelli.... ¶ April 6 at 2: "The Diary of a Country Priest" (1951), in French, directed by Robert Bresson, with Claude Laydu.... ¶ April 7 at noon: A program of four short films.... ¶ April 7 at 3: "*My Life to Live*" (*1962*), *in* French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina.... ¶ April 8 at 12:30 and 3: "Beau Geste" (1926); directed by Herbert Brenon, with Ronald Colman and Noah Beery.... ¶ April 9 at 2: "Kodak Ghost Poems, 1965-69," directed by Andrew Noren; no one under twenty-one will be admitted.... ¶ April 10 at 2 and April 11 at 5:30: "Proud Valley" (1940), directed by Pen Tennyson, with Paul Robeson.... ¶ April 12 at 5:30: "The Case of the Missing Clerk" (1971), in Danish, directed by Gerd Fredholm.... ¶ April 12 at 8: "The Tar Dealer" (1971), in Danish, directed by Jens Ravn. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)... **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Three programs in a series of films starring James Cagney: Through April 5: "Blonde Crazy" (1931), directed by Roy Del Ruth.... April 7-8: "Taxi" (1932), directed by Roy Del Ruth.... April 11-12: "Each Dawn I Die" (1939), directed by William Keighley.... ¶ April 6: "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" (1938), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Claudette Colbert and Gary Cooper. (Showings Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 4 and 6, and Fridays at 5 and 7:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)... **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Méliès. Ozu, Smith, Renoir, Rossellini, Snow, Riefenstahl, Vigo, Vertov, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and (except April 10 and 12) at 10. No Mondays.... **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (861-5322)—April 4: "Dreamwood," directed by James Broughton; no one under eighteen will be admitted.... ¶ April 5: "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son," directed by Ken Jacobs.... ¶ April 6-7: "Videofilms," a program of seven short films; no one under eighteen will be admitted.... ¶ April 8: "For Example," directed by Arakawa.... ¶ April 9: "Akran," directed by Richard Myers.... ¶ April 10-11: "New Directions 72-73," a program of short films.... ¶ April 12: "The Murder of Fred Hampton," directed by Mike Gray and Howard Alk. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the Museum for time schedules and ticket information.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Baseball—At **YANKEE STADIUM**: Vs. Boston, April 15 (day). Chicago, April 24-25 (d). Minnesota, April 27 (night), April 28 (d), and April 29 (day doubleheader). Kansas City, May 1-2 (n). Baltimore, May 11 (n), May 12 (d), and May 13 (day doubleheader). Detroit, May 14-15 (n).... **SHEA STADIUM**: Vs. Chicago, April 17-18 (day) and April 19 (day doubleheader). Montreal, April 21 (d) and April 22 (day doubleheader). Cincinnati, May 2-3 (night). Houston, May 4 (n) and May 5-6 (d). Atlanta, May 7-9 (n). Yankees, May 10 (benefit exhibition night game).

Basketball—The U.S.S.R. Olympic Basketball

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Team vs. a United States team. (Madison Square Garden. May 7.)

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Philadelphia. April 21.)...¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Pennsylvania and Yale. (New Haven. April 28.)... ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Syracuse, and Navy. (Annapolis. April 28.)... ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Cambridge. April 28.)... ¶ Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Annapolis. May 5.)...¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Princeton. May 5.)...¶ Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass. May 12.)

Golf—Long Island Golf Association Richardson Memorial Tournament. (Seawane Club, Hewlett Harbor. May 3-5.)

Horse Shows—Boulder Brook Club Horse Show. (Scarsdale. April 21-22.)...¶ Sugartown Horse Show. (Newtown Square, Pa. May 5-6.)

Hunt Racing—Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. April 15.)...¶ Grand *National Point-to-Point*. (Butler, Md. April 21.)...¶ Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. April 28.)...¶ Virginia Gold Cup Association. (Warrentown, Va. May 5.) ...¶ Fair Hill Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. May 9 and 12.)

Racing—At CHURCHILL DOWNS, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, May 5.... BELMONT: May 14-June 16.

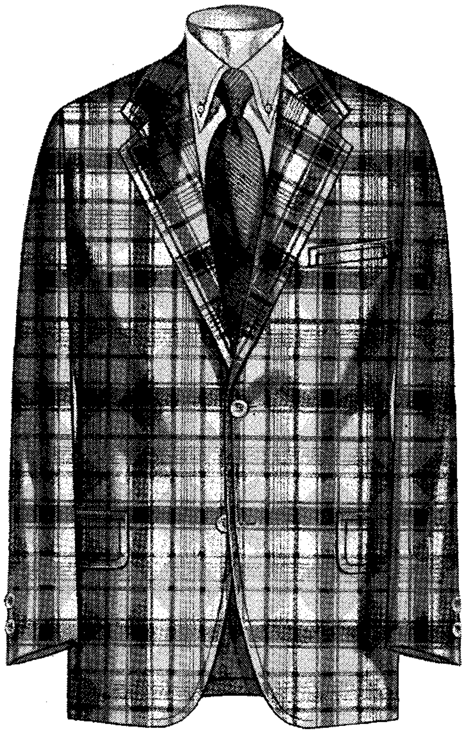
Track—Boston Marathon. (Hopkinton, Mass. April 16.)...¶ Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. April 27-28.)

Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA (799-4420): The season continues through April 21.... PHILHARMONIC HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 12....¶ National Symphony Orchestra, April 15....¶ Pro Arte Chorale and Orchestra, April 20....¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, April 23....¶ English Chamber Orchestra, April 27 and 29.... CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): Opera Theatre of New Jersey, April 15....¶ Montserrat Caballé, soprano, and Bernabé Martí, tenor, April 19....¶ Eugene Istomin, piano, April 25....¶ Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, April 27....¶ Chicago Symphony Orchestra, May 2 and 4.... ¶ Camerata Singers and Symphony Orchestra, May 3....¶ New York Choral Society, May 5....¶ Our Bach Concert, May 5.... ¶ Collegiate Chorale, May 9.... ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): Peter Serkin, piano, April 18....¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, April 20 and 22....¶ Ravi Shankar, sitar, April 22....¶ Sine Nomine Singers, April 28....¶ New and Newer Music, April 29....¶ Eleanor Steber, soprano, May 7.... GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Peter Serkin, piano, April 27.... TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Leonard Rose, cello, and Gary Graffman, piano, April 24....¶ Aeolian Chamber Players, May 1.

Ballet and Dance Programs—National Ballet of Canada, at the Metropolitan Opera House, April 24-May 13....¶ New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, May 1-July 1....¶ Martha Graham Dance Company, at the Alvin Theatre, May 1-13.... ¶ Alvin Ailey Dance Theatre, at the City Center, May 8-27.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: French pantomimist Marcel Marceau in a three-week engagement....¶ A revival of Clare Boothe Luce's comedy "The Women," with Rhonda Fleming, Kim Hunter, Lainie Kazan, Dorothy Loudon, Myrna Loy, and Alexis Smith.... ¶ The final production of the season by the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center will be a revival of Tennessee Williams' "A Streetcar Named Desire," in which Rosemary Harris and James Farentino will have the leading roles....¶ Christopher Plummer in "Cyrano," a musical version of the Rostand classic, with a book and lyrics by Anthony Burgess and music by Michael Lewis....¶ A *musical*, "Nash at Nine," by the late Ogden Nash, starring E. G. Marshall.

Other Dates—Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax returns for 1972 and estimates for 1973 are due Monday, April 16....¶ United Nations Economic and Social Council, April 17-May 18....¶ Easter Sunday is April 22....¶ April Garden Show, at the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St., April 25....¶ Daylight-saving time starts April 29.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through April 10: "César and Rosalie."
From April 11: "Love."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through April 7: "Dancing Lady" and "San Francisco."
April 8-10: "New Moon" and "The Cat and the Fiddle."
From April 11: "Swing Time" and "Shall We Dance."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through April 10: "Steelyard Blues."
From April 11: "Children of Paradise" and "Casablanca."

Orpheum, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (982-6410)
Through April 10: "I Am Curious—Yellow" and "The Queen."
From April 11: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Lady Sings the Blues."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 10: "Cabaret" and "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis."
From April 11: "The Spider's Stratagem" and "The Conformist."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"The Godfather."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through April 9: "César and Rosalie."
From April 10: "The Heartbreak Kid."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
To be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through April 9: "The Heartbreak Kid."
From April 10: "Class of '44."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Last Tango in Paris."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Sleuth."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Billy Jack."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through April 7: "Two People."
From April 8: "Slither."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through April 7: "Slither."
From April 8: "Brother Sun, Sister Moon."

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"2001: A Space Odyssey."

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Ludwig."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Lady Sings the Blues."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through April 10: "Cries and Whispers." (No evening performances on Thursday April 5.)
From April 11: "Scarecrow."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through April 10: "The Effect of Gamma Rays."
From April 11: "Cries and Whispers."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
April 4: "Phèdre."
April 5-11: "Come Have Coffee With Us."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"White Sister."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Godspell."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through April 11: "Love."
April 12: Theatre closed.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Lost Horizon."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 10: "The Ruling Class."
From April 11: "Travels with My Aunt."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Poseidon Adventure."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Godfather."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through April 10: "César and Rosalie."
From April 11: To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Cabaret."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"5 Fingers of Death."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Save the Tiger."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Black Mama, White Mama."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Vault of Horror."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"The Mack."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"The Godfather."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through April 10: "Travels with My Aunt" and "The Boy Friend."
From April 11: "Fellini's Roma" and "*Fellini Satyricon*."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through April 8: "Painters Painting."
April 9-11: "Conquest" and "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise."
From April 12: "As You Desire Me" and "Queen Christina."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
To be announced.

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through April 10: "Jeremiah Johnson" and "McCabe & Mrs. Miller"/ "The Conformist" and "Harold and Maude"/ "The Damned" and "The Devils"/ "The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean" and "The Boys in the Band."
From April 11: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through April 5: "Straw Dogs" and "The Killing of Sister George."
April 6-10: "The Fearless Vampire Killers" and "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls."
April 11-12: "Zabriskie Point" and "Brewster McCloud."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through April 10: "Black Caesar" and "Bloody Mama."
From April 11: "A Separate Peace" and "Bad Company."

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"The Sound of Music."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Sounder."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Tom Sawyer."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"I Am a Dancer."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Ten from Your Show of Shows."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Travels with My Aunt."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"I Love You Rosa."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Money, Money, Money."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through April 9: "Marjoe" and "Gimme Shelter."
From April 10: "The Heartbreak Kid."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through April 10: "César and Rosalie."
From April 11: "Ten from Your Show of Shows."

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
"Cabaret" and "There's a Girl in My Soup."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
"The Godfather."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through April 10: "The Milky Way" and "Borsalino."
From April 11: "A Separate Peace" and "Bad Company."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through April 10: "The Ruling Class" and "The Act of the Heart."
From April 11: "Fiddler on the Roof."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through April 5: "The Bride Wore Black" and "Breathless."
April 6-8: "The Clowns" and "King of Hearts."
April 9-10: "The Stranger" and "Persona."
April 11-12: "The Trojan Women" and "Phaedra."

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
"Steelyard Blues."

Riviera, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
"The Poseidon Adventure."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through April 10: "Cabaret."
From April 11 (tentative): "The Train Robbers" and "McCabe & Mrs. Miller."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

The Act of the Heart (1970)—Flaming hearts, priestly vows, and self-immolation. Geneviève Bujold doing her Peter Pan-Joan of Arc specialty in a masochistic feminine fantasy written and directed by her husband, Paul Almond. He goes for obsessions and fatalities and an elliptical style, and he's very high on portents. (Symphony; through April 10.)

As You Desire Me (1932)—Greta Garbo plays a café entertainer with amnesia in Budapest, trying to escape from the influence of a novelist played by Erich von Stroheim. Melvyn Douglas is her forgotten husband—a count, what else? The plot is taken from Pirandello and made trumpery, but there is always Garbo, though the rewards of the film are pretty inverted. (5th Ave. Cinema; starting April 12.)

Bad Company—A hip-picaresque comedy set in the Civil War period, with the lively, talented Jeff Bridges as the bumpkin Fagin of a gang of thieving orphans and runaways. There's dazzle in the script by Robert Benton and David Newman, but Benton's direction is tepid, and the yellow-brown autumnal West is getting very tired. The movie is sparked by a caricature of a big-time movie director (Joseph L. Mankiewicz, to be specific) in the character of the cynical robber chief, Big Joe (David Huddleston). (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and New Yorker; starting April 11.)

Beyond the Valley of the Dolls (1970)—The controversial Russ Meyer film, from Roger Ebert's script. (Elgin; April 6-10.)

Billy Jack (1971)—A fascinating, mixed-up movie, made by Tom Laughlin and his wife, Delores Taylor. They star in it, he as Billy Jack, a half-breed who is also half man of action, half mystic, and she as a pacifist Southwestern woman who runs an experimental "freedom school." There's a sweet, naïve feeling to the movie even when it's violent and melodramatic and atrocious, and when it's good it's good in an unorthodox, improvisatory style. The picture has a special appeal to very young audiences, in part because Billy Jack uses his mystic powers on behalf of the young. (Plaza.)

Black Caesar—With Fred Williamson, directed by Larry Cohen. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through April 10.)

Black Mama, White Mama—With Pam Grier and Margaret Markov, directed by Eddie Romero. (86th St. East.)

Bloody Mama (1970)—Shelley Winters as incestuous Ma Barker, whose monstrous moronic brood includes a killer (Don Stroud), an addict (Robert De Niro), an alcoholic (Clint Kimbrough), and a masochistic homosexual (Robert Walden). Robert Thom wrote and Roger Corman directed. With Pat Hingle, Bruce Dern, and Diane Varsi. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through April 10.)

Borsalino (1970)—Alain Delon (who looks great in evening clothes) and Jean-Paul

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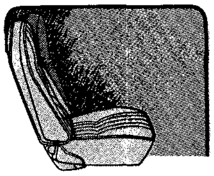
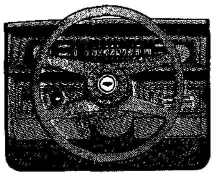
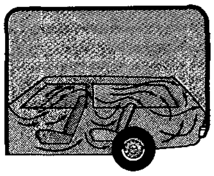
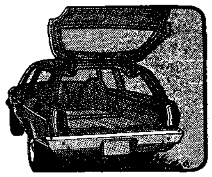
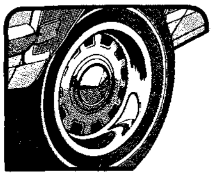
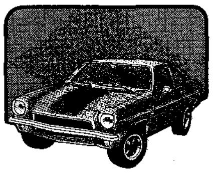

Deluxe buckets with luxury trim and a driver's seat back that adjusts to two positions.


4-spoke steering wheel; built-in assist handle on instrument panel; wood-grain vinyl accents on doors; rear ashtrays.


Power ventilation system. An ingenious way to keep outside air circulating inside even when the wagon is standing still.


Flip-up tailgate opens to a clear view of Vega's 2nd seat that folds down to 50.2 cu. ft. of storage space.


Front disc brakes. 10-inchers for smooth, fade-resistant stops.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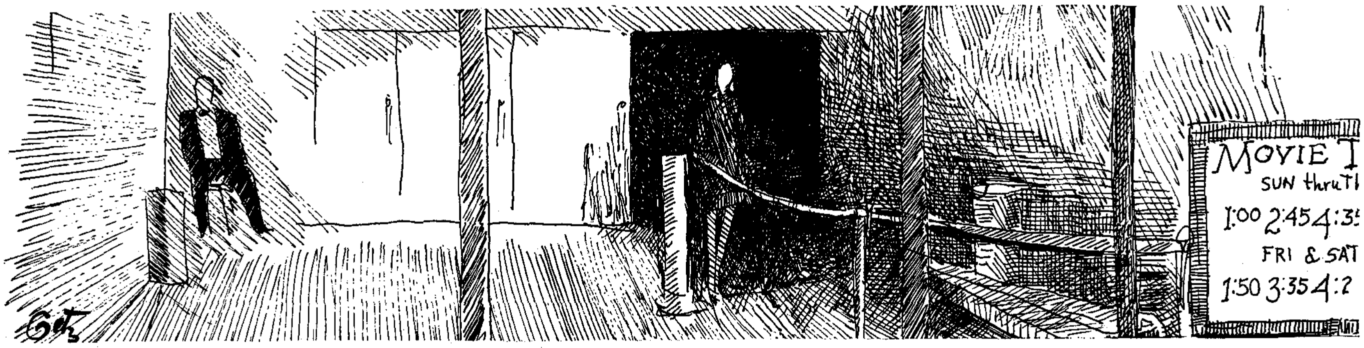
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



Belmondo as hoods in the Marseille of the thirties. A handsome production, but the spoof falters. Jacques Deray directed. In French. (New Yorker; through April 10.)

The Boy Friend (1971)—Ken Russell has turned the Sandy Wilson show into an anti-musical and destroyed most of the pleasure the audience might have had. The glittering, joyless numbers keep coming at you; you never get any relief from Russell's supposed virtuosity. Twiggy sings adequately (though not well enough for the load of singing she's asked to carry), and she dances rather better, but Russell doesn't develop her possibilities, and she remains an appealing blank. (8th St. Playhouse; through April 10.)

The Boys in the Band (1970)—A gathering of homosexuals like the gathering of bitchy ladies in "The Women," but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a hustler, one who is butch, and one who is nellie, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. (Quad Cinema; through April 10.)

Breathless (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard's first feature—a witty, romantic, innovative chase picture with Jean-Paul Belmondo as a Parisian hood and Jean Seberg as the American girl who casually lives with him and casually betrays him. In French. (Thalia; through April 5.)

Brewster McCloud (1971)—Robert Altman's film was shot in Houston. Gentle Brewster (Bud Cort), who is building wings for himself, is a boy Phantom of the Astrodome who is also an imperilled virgin—a sort of mad, murderous Rima the Bird Boy. Sally Kellerman is his bird-mother, who deserts him when he loses his virginity. The idea seems to be left over from a Victorian fable, but the style of the picture is parodistic and manic—like a Road Runner cartoon. The whole thing is amorphous and rather silly. (Elgin; April 11-12.)

The Bride Wore Black (1968)—Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. Photographed by Raoul Coutard. The hero-worshipping of Hitchcock seems a bit wasteful, for Truffaut is the infinitely greater filmmaker, and imbues even this mechanical story with something finely detailed and lyric about love. In French. (Thalia; through April 5.)

Brother Sun, Sister Moon—The story of Francis of Assisi, directed with unusual fake-primitive religiosity by Franco Zeffirelli, with Graham Faulkner as Francis. (Coronet; starting April 8.)

Cabaret (1972)—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Gray and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (U. A. East and Beacon. . . . ¶ Gramercy and Olympia; through April 10.)

Casablanca (1942)—Humphrey Bogart as Rick, the most famous saloonkeeper in screen history, and Ingrid Bergman as the love of his life. Dooley Wilson sings "As Time Goes By" while an international parade of actors gets in and out of scrapes. Not really a very good movie but wonderful romantic fun. Michael Curtiz directed. (St. Marks Cinema; starting April 11.)

The Cat and the Fiddle (1934)—Ramon Novarro is a disaster, but Jeanette MacDonald has some nice light-comedy scenes, and this M-G-M musical, based on a Broadway show, has pace and flavor. At times, William K. Howard's direction suggests the choreographic style of René Clair. With Charles Butterworth doing one of his classic befuddled roles, Vivienne Segal, Frank Morgan, and Jean Hersholt. A good score by Jerome Kern and Otto Harbach that includes "The Night Was Made for Love" and "Poor Pierrot." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 8-10.)

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César and Rosalie—Yves Montand, in a jovial, parodistic performance as a scrap-metal tycoon—a super-confident self-made man who enjoys being No. 1 in work and play. (It's the sort of role Raimu used to play.) César has everything until the love that Rosalie (Romy Schneider) feels for him goes flat; the cause is the wan, elegantly despondent Sami Frey. A fluky, wry situation comedy about a love triangle—faintly absurd but really quite pleasant. Directed by Claude Sautet. In French. (Murray Hill; through April 9. . . . ¶ Art, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Embassy 72nd St.; through April 10.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; starting April 11.)

Class of '44—A sequel to "Summer of '42," with Gary Grimes and Jerry Houser. Directed by Paul Bogart. (Sutton; starting April 10.)

The Clowns (1971)—Fellini, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt, of boon friendships lasting forever between eccentric solitaries in a world of dangerous tigers and slumberously loyal elephants. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (Thalia; April 6-8.)

Come Have Coffee with Us—A bedroom farce, with Ugo Tognazzi. Directed by Alberto Lattuada. In Italian. (First Avenue Screening Room; April 5-11.)

The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively; his evocation of the thirties is one of the rare sensual experiences in modern movies. In Italian. (Quad Cinema; through April 10. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting April 11.)

Conquest (1937)—Charles Boyer as Napoleon, and Garbo as Countess Marie Walewska of Poland. They had an illegitimate son. The censors of the time caused a two-year wrangle that resulted in four versions of the film; the moral Cerberuses wanted a final meeting of the parents and child that would represent "a forceful illustration of the tragedy of having been born out of wedlock." Pretty high on the Garbo list. (5th Ave. Cinema; April 9-11.)

Cries and Whispers—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. In Swedish. (Cinema I; through April 10. No evening performances on Thursday, April 5. . . . ¶ Cinema II; starting April 11.)

The Damned (1969)—Luchino Visconti's excruciating attempt at a masterpiece. Depravity in the Third Reich—grandiose, lurid, sluggish. (Quad Cinema; through April 10.)

Dancing Lady (1933)—Fred Astaire's first movie. Joan Crawford is a dancer with her mind on work; Franchot Tone loves her but is filthy rich; Clark Gable ignores her but agrees she should carry on at being a star overnight. Vivid and fun. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through April 7.)

The Devils (1971)—In Ken Russell's film about the contagion of sexual hysteria in a French convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Burning at the stake, leg-breaking, and much concentration on a witch-exorcising instrument that looks like a very ornate bicycle pump and that gets used on Vanessa Redgrave. Ken Russell doesn't report hysteria, he markets it. (Quad Cinema; through April 10.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (34th St. East.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays—Beatrice (Joanne Woodward), also known as Betty the Loon, is a rampaging jokester-mother who is frustrated and lost; she inflicts her misery on her two daughters. Although Paul Newman's direction is sensitive and well balanced, the Paul Zindel play is essentially a camp version of the mood-memory plays of Tennessee Williams and William Inge. Woodward has the right sashaying toughness for the role, but it's pretty hard to bring conviction to Betty the Loon's vengeful meanness. (Cinema II; through April 10.)

The Fearless Vampire Killers (1967)—Directed, written, acted in, and disowned by Roman Polanski, in an imaginative exile's comprehensible compulsion to find his feet again. The film flails, but you can see the talent somewhere. (Elgin; April 6-10.)

Fellini Satyricon (1970)—Fellini's big pagan ball. Cautionary images of depravity and apocalypse that seem to come out of the imagination of a Catholic schoolboy—leering cripples, fat people with hideous grins, and so on. Monotonous. In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse; starting April 11.)

Fellini's Roma—We've all been tourists before in Fellini's big-top city, so once again we look at the Fellini whores and fatties and say, "Aren't they incredible? So gross, so ugly,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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so lewd," etc. Fellini is the only star in this ornate sketchbook-movie, with familiar episodes from his youth and modern episodes in which urban chaos is used as spectacle, sometimes for a semi-abstract effect, sometimes for a psychedelic turn-on. This funeral ode to a poisoned city is often beautiful, but it's also fatuous and empty. Fellini appears to see himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. In English and Italian. (8th St. Playhouse; starting April 11.)

Fiddler on the Roof (1971)—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Symphony; starting April 11.)

5 Fingers of Death—With Lo Lieh and Wang Ping, directed by Chang Chang Ho. (Loews Orpheum.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis (1970)—Vittorio De Sica's finest film in many years—a lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Gramercy; through April 10.)

Gimme Shelter (1970)—The Rolling Stones in their American tour, and especially in the disaster at Altamont. (Paramount; through April 9.)

The Godfather (1972)—A wide, startlingly vivid view of a Mafia dynasty, in which organized crime becomes an obscene nightmare image of American ruthlessness. The movie is a popular melodrama, but it expresses a new tragic realism, and it's altogether extraordinary. Francis Ford Coppola directed; Marlon Brando and Al Pacino are the stars. (Kips Bay, Juliet 2, Waverly, and Loews 83rd St.)

Godspell—The Gospels designed to be read as their very own literature by the Woodstock generation. This is mostly St. Matthew, in a very fanatic and peculiarly dated happy-happy mode, with Jesus doing music-hall turns. The whole thing generates a powerfully anti-intellectual fundamentalist mood, photographed with a scrappy technique that sums up the ruling coarseness. From the Off Broadway play that seems to have been with us since B.C.; the bloom has gone off these flower children. Directed by David Greene in summery New York City settings, with music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz. Show-biz religiosity. (Columbia II.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—With Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort, directed by Hal Ashby. (Quad Cinema; through April 10.)

The Heartbreak Kid—One of the rare new comedies with a director's style and personality. Elaine May finds her comic tone (befuddled skepticism) and scores a first besides—no other American woman director has ever directed her daughter in a leading role. Jeannie Berlin plays the voluptuously giddy bride, whose groom (Charles Grodin) falls in love with a cool American dreamgirl (Cybill Shepherd) three days after the wedding. Charming, unforced comedy. From Neil Simon's script, based on a Bruce Jay Friedman story. (Sutton; through April 9. . . . ¶ Murray Hill and Paramount; starting April 10.)

I Am a Dancer—A study of the way Rudolf Nureyev works, in practice clothes at rehearsal and in costume onstage. If one swoons with pleasure over the thud of famous feet on the boards, this visually serious and verbally hilarious portrait is worth going to—just. (Ziegfeld. Mondays through Fridays at 8, Saturdays at 6, 8, and 10, and Sundays at 5, 7, and 9. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

I Am Curious-Yellow (1969)—In her search for political commitment, the heroine, Lena Nyman, goes around as an inquiring reporter questioning people about nonviolence, the labor movement, socialism, and so on. The picture improves when sex and politics mix; there are some free—and very funny—sequences of simulated copulation. Directed by Vilgot Sjöman. In Swedish. (Orpheum; through April 10.)

I Love You Rosa—With Michal Bat-Adam, directed by Moshe Mizahi. In Hebrew. (Little Carnegie.)

Jeremiah Johnson—Robert Redford doing a self-consciously cool version of a strong, silent Western loner. The movie crawls through the wilderness at a snail's pace and is stretched out with ponderous lore. It celebrates tooth-and-claw revenge while featuring the kind of pithy dialogue that produces bellyache: "Keep your nose to the wind and your eye to the skyline." Sydney Pollack directed. (Quad Cinema; through April 10.)

The Killing of Sister George (1968)—An English comedy about Lesbianism starring Beryl Reid, playing a jolly, butch woman in music-hall style, and Susannah York, as her beautiful, lyric chum, acting in another style altogether. The play was good, slithering skillfully between the mockery of television sweetness and bitchy humor, but the specious seriousness of the picture wrecks the comedy, and its attack on conventionality seems pretty hollow. (Elgin; through April 5.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Thalia; April 6-8.)

Lady Sings the Blues—The chemistry of pop vulgarization is all-powerful here; factually, this life of Billie Holiday is a fraud, but emotionally it delivers. That great, dizzy imp Diana Ross gives herself to the role with an all-out physicality that wins the audience over. Regrettably, she sings too much like Billie Holiday, and the songs blur one's memories. Sidney J. Furie directed; Richard Pryor plays "Piano Man." (Cinema Village and Ciné Malibu.)

Last Tango in Paris—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In French and English. (Trans-Lux East. Sundays through Thursdays at 2, 6, and 8:45, and Fridays and Saturdays at 2, 7:30, and 10. Reserved seats only.)

The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean—Nihilism plus sentimentality about the rugged-individualist hero—Paul Newman. A mock-epic Western that cannibalizes old movies and mixes an enthusiasm for mayhem with a tacky geniality. John Huston directed this disgraceful shambles from a brutal, cheap, jokey script by John Milius. (Quad Cinema; through April 10.)

Lost Horizon—A middle-class geriatric utopia high in the Himalayas, where, if you're sensible and do everything in moderation, you can live indefinitely, lounging and puttering about for hundreds of years. In this new Ross Hunter musical version, directed by Charles Jarrott, Shangri-La is about as alluring as Forest Lawn. The generally embarrassed residents include Peter Finch, Liv Ullmann, Sally Kellerman, John Gielgud, Charles Boyer, and Michael York. (Loews Tower East.)

Love—With Lili Darvas, directed by Karoly Makk. In Hungarian. (Beekman; through April 11. . . . ¶ Art; starting April 11.)

Ludwig—A disaster on this scale is a prodigy. The Visconti film is big and two hours and fifty-three minutes long, and it never finds a style. The continuity is a splatter of choppy, confused scenes, and the relationships of the characters are never made clear. As Ludwig, Helmut Berger is a tense, prissy-mouthed, gloomy cuckoo, and it isn't until the third hour that the picture becomes fitfully amusing. With Romy Schneider, Trevor Howard, and Silvana Mangano. (East 59th Street II.)

The Mack—With Max Julien and Don Gordon, directed by Michael Campus. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Marjoe—An interesting *cinéma-vérité* film, by Howard Smith and Sarah Kernochan, about a kid brought up from the age of three to be a revivalist preacher though his heart is really in rock singing. The film takes some surprising turns, and it works sometimes, with an amiable outspokenness and humor. (Paramount; through April 9.)

McCabe & Mrs. Miller (1971)—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie—Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. Very fine. (Quad Cinema; through April 10. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting April 11, tentative.)

The Milky Way (1970)—A genial guided tour of Catholic heresies. Luis Buñuel, in an impudent, rather than blasphemous, spirit, and a bit fusty. In French. (New Yorker; through April 10.)

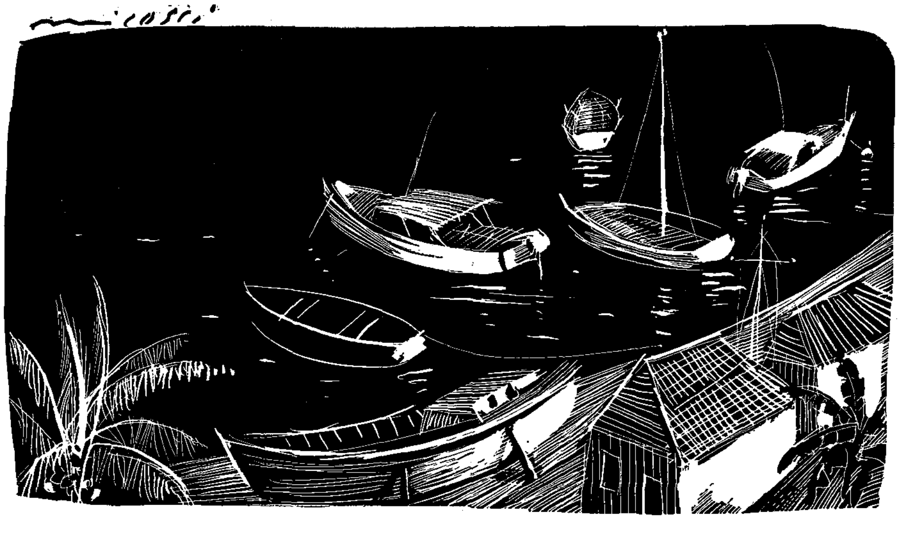
Money, Money, Money—With Jacques Brel and Lino Ventura, directed by Claude Lelouch. In French. (Paris.)

New Moon (1940)—Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. The Iron Butterfly was still fluttering, but this was toward the end of that partnership, whose like, one hopes, will never be seen again. The songs ("One Kiss," "Lover Come Back to Me," "Stout-Hearted Men," etc.) are by Oscar Hammerstein II and Sigmund Romberg. Robert Z. Leonard directed. With Mary Boland. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 8-10.)

Painters Painting—Painters talking, mostly, often combining the knowledgeable with the dopey. (5th Ave. Cinema; through April 8.)

Persona (1967)—A puzzling, obsessive film that Ingmar Bergman seems not to have worked out but, rather, to have torn from himself. It has moments of intensity and a superb erotic monologue. Liv Ullmann is an actress who has stopped speaking, and Bibi Andersson is her nurse, who becomes resentful and hysterical. In Swedish. (Thalia; April 9-10.)

Phaedra (1962)—Jules Dassin's glossy, novelettish version featuring Melina Mercouri,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

who leaves her husband, Raf Vallone, to run away with Anthony Perkins, while the audience tries to figure out why. (Thalia; April 11-12.)

Phèdre (1968)—Jean Racine's classic drama, starring the incomparable Marie Bell. Directed by Pierre Jourdan. In French. (First Avenue Screening Room; April 4.)

The Poseidon Adventure—Expensive pop adventure movie, manufactured for the "Airport" market. An ocean liner turns turtle, and the logistics of getting out of an upside-down ship are fairly entertaining; the script is the true cataclysm in this waterlogged Grand Hotel. With Gene Hackman, Ernest Borgnine, Stella Stevens, and Shelley Winters. Ronald Neame directed, with his usual dull efficiency. (Juliet 1 and Riviera.)

The Queen (1968)—A documentary centering on the transvestites entered in a "Miss All-American" beauty contest for female impersonators held at Town Hall in 1967. Directed by Frank Simon, the film (which runs just over an hour) has considerable humor and drama, as well as that mixture of perversity and sadness distinctive to the drag scene. (Orpheum; through April 10.)

Queen Christina (1934)—Garbo great, with John Gilbert, directed by Rouben Mamoulian. She poses as a man, dressed in black velvet, in a famous inn scene in which she is asked to share a bedroom with the Spanish ambassador; no one has ever come near her ability as an actress to suggest opposite emotions at the same time, and her mixture here of the debonair and the bashful is delicately comic. The film ends, historically, with a heartrending closeup of Garbo's face that runs for eighty-five feet. When asked what he told Garbo to think of when she was doing the shot, Mamoulian replied, "Nothing, absolutely nothing." (5th Ave. Cinema; starting April 12.)

The Ruling Class—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (72nd Street East and Symphony; through April 10.)

San Francisco (1936)—Jeanette MacDonald, courted by Clark Gable, comes carolling out of the appalling San Francisco earthquake in one of her most famous and effulgently absurd scenes. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through April 7.)

Save the Tiger—The picture asks us to weep for Harry the garment manufacturer (Jack Lemmon), who pimps for his customers so they'll give him their orders, and who plans to set fire to his warehouse so the insurance money will finance filling these orders. The picture is a moral hustle that says this high-living showoff is a victim of American materialism. Harry suffers and jabbers; the writer, Steve Shagan, appears to think he has created a modern tragic hero, and he's determined to puff the movie up with wit and wisdom. John G. Avildsen directed. (Loews Ciné.)

Scarecrow—With Gene Hackman and Al Pacino, directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (Cinema I; starting April 11.)

A Separate Peace—John Knowles' prep-school novel hasn't been dramatized; the director, Larry Peerce, seems to think conversations in lyrical places are all that's needed to make a movie. It's all chatter. The nonprofessional cast acts "natural" enough, but there's no depth of character to this kind of acting, and no excitement. John Heyl, who plays Fearless Finny, bears an amusing resemblance to Burt Lancaster. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and New Yorker; starting April 11.)

Shall We Dance? (1937)—The script wobbles, but this seventh Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers film has some beautiful dances and a great score by the Gershwins ("Slap That Bass," "Let's Call the Whole Thing Off," "They Can't Take That Away from Me," "They All Laughed"). With Edward Everett Horton, Jerome Cowan, and Eric Blore. Directed by Mark Sandrich. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting April 11.)

Sleuth—At first, the elation of seeing Laurence Olivier in a big role is sufficient to give this Joseph L. Mankiewicz transcription of the Anthony Shaffer play (about an eccentric author of detective novels and his prey—Michael Caine) a high spirit, and Olivier seems to be having a ripsnorting old time. But the cleverness of Shaffer's excessive literacy wears down, and the stupid tricks the two characters play on each other keep grinding on. It's Olivier in the kind of material he outgrew more than thirty years ago. (Fine Arts.)

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Slither—This first feature by the advertising ace Howard Zieff is a suspense comedy with a prickly, fleahopping humor—a sort of fractured hipsterism. As the thick-witted hero looking for the fortune promised him by an embezzler, James Caan demonstrates some of the best double takes in modern movies. The plot is tired, and the picture never delivers on its promise, but the gags are sneaky and offbeat, and the cast is full of crazies. With Peter Boyle, Louise Lasser, Allen Garfield, Richard B. Shull, and Sally Kellerman, as a speed freak. From an original script by W. D. Richter. (Coronet; through April 7. . . . ¶ Baronet; starting April 8.)

Sounder—Extraordinarily simple, since it starts from an inspirational story much like "The Corn Is Green," yet deeply, emotionally rich. The first movie about black experiences in America that can stir people of all colors. With Cicely Tyson (playing the first great black heroine on the screen), Paul Winfield, Kevin Hooks, and Janet MacLachlan. Martin Ritt directed, from a script by Lonne Elder III. The score is by Taj Mahal, who also plays the comedy role of Ike. (Guild.)

The Sound of Music (1965)—Gigantic sniffles. With Julie Andrews and Christopher Plummer, directed by Robert Wise. (National.)

The Spider's Stratagem (1970)—Before he made "The Conformist," Bernardo Bertolucci made this adaptation of Jorge Luis Borges's enigmatic "Theme of the Traitor and Hero" for Italian television. Shot in Sabbioneta, a miniature city between Mantua and Parma, with colonnades that suggest de Chirico, the film is mysteriously beautiful; it has heightened colors and evocative imagery. But Giulio Brogi, playing both the son and the hero-father, whose death the son is investigating, is given no character as either, and he lacks energy. The film itself is enervated, and the themes are frustratingly elusive; it's all atmosphere and no strength. With Alida Valli, still splendidly handsome, and with that same secret look she had in "The Third Man." In Italian. (Gramercy; starting April 11.)

Steelyard Blues—Blithe exuberance turned into cant. Donald Sutherland, Jane Fonda, and Peter Boyle are among the band of friendly outlaws who are persecuted by the stupid, vindictive straights, and who fly away to a better world. With Alan Myerson's amateurish direction, the film never gets a rhythm going, and its adolescent anarchism just seems smug. (Riverside. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through April 10.)

The Stranger (1967)—The movie version follows the Camus novel without being able to encompass it, but it is an intelligent try, beautifully acted and well worth seeing. Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina play the leads, and Luchino Visconti directed. In French. (Thalia; April 9-10.)

Straw Dogs (1972)—Dustin Hoffman plays a weakling mathematician who finds his manhood when he learns to kill, and the gifted young Susan George is his snarling, pouty wife—a little beast who wants to be made submissive. Machismo, sold under the now fashionable guise of the territorial imperative, and directed by Sam Peckinpah in a way that apparently affects many men at a very deep level. Probably one of the key films of the decade. (Elgin; through April 5.)

Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me—Truffaut's newest, and not by any means his best. The heroine, played by Bernadette Lafont, capsizes the meagre possibility of the original Henry Farrell book about an amoral nymphomaniac who seizes the love of an innocent sociologist by seeming as hard as nails, whereas the sociologist sees her as a victim of a rotten childhood. The theme of the too easily beguiled intellectual strikes one as rather overworked, though there are five or six wonderful Truffaut scenes. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise (1931)—Mediocre Garbo, though she will always be loved by collectors, even in high-flown garbage like this. With Clark Gable. (5th Ave. Cinema; April 9-11.)

Swing Time (1936)—Rogers and Astaire at their peak as a team. The continuity is functional and uninspired, but the numbers are sublime ("The Way You Look Tonight," "Bojangles of Harlem," "A Fine Romance," "Pick Yourself Up," "Never Gonna Dance"). George Stevens directed; the songs are by Dorothy Fields and Jerome Kern; and the cast includes Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting April 11.)

Ten from Your Show of Shows—A sampling of the hundred and sixty ninety-minute weekly shows produced and directed by Max Liebman from 1950 to 1954, starring Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, with Carl Reiner and Howard Morris. A few of the skits are classic, and if you saw Caesar when you were young enough, maybe he'll always be the greatest clown for you. (Festival. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting April 11.)

There's a Girl in My Soup (1970)—A would-be scintillating comedy about a girl who can't decide between a dapper older man and a young hippie—the sort of thing that requires the audience to be enchanted by an elfin kook. Goldie Hawn bats her goldfish eyes, but she seems to have a hook in her mouth; Peter Sellers struggles manfully, trying to find her irresistible. Mechanically directed by Roy Boulting. (Beacon.)

Tom Sawyer—The great Mark Twain, diminished for teeny tots and weeny minds. Tom might as well be Shirley Temple, and Huck Deanna Durbin. Directed by Don Taylor in Missouri; he looks as if he's never been outside the buildings of *Reader's Digest*, which here is dipping its whopping big toe into family entertainment for the first time. Tom is obviously going to grow up into the most respectable adman, giving all he has to Nixon, and the poetic Huck vanishes into the thin, thin air of big production numbers about picnics. (Music Hall.)

The Train Robbers—With John Wayne and Ann-Margret, directed by Burt Kennedy. (Olympia; starting April 11, tentative.)

Travels with My Aunt—Maggie Smith gives a desperate, flustered performance as the disreputable Augusta, a woman in her seventies who induces her stuffy nephew (Alec McCowen) to accompany her on her travels. Whatever private joke Graham Greene was working out in the novel, the message here is "Live, live, live!" But the movie itself has no real zing; it seems to run down before it gets started, and just about everyone in it looks miscast. George Cukor directed. (Playboy. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; through April 10. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting April 11.)

The Trojan Women (1971)—Despite the makeshift style of the film, the great play catches one by the throat, and by the most legitimate of all means—its simplicity. With Katharine Hepburn, Vanessa Redgrave, Geneviève Bujold, and Irene Papas, directed by Michael Cacoyannis. (Thalia; April 11-12.)

Two People—It's meant to be a sensitive modern love story, but it's impersonal and inexpressive and has no interest, except for some handsome travelogue footage of Morocco by Henri Decae. Peter Fonda and Lindsay Wagner are the lovers—he an American who deserted in Vietnam and she a model. Robert Wise directed, from a script by Richard De Roy. (Baronet; through April 7.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence, which much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (East 59th Street I.)

Vault of Horror—Five horror stories, directed by Roy Ward Baker. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

White Sister—With Sophia Loren, directed by Alberto Lattuada. (Columbia I.)

Zabriskie Point (1970)—Antonioni's enervated view of American youth. A lifeless movie with a zombie romance, but with a very pretty apocalyptic finish. (Elgin; April 11-12.)

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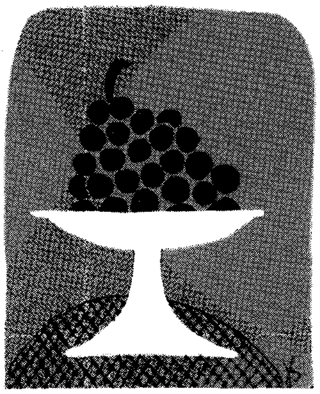
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

DURING the Presidential-election campaign last fall, the voters' apparent lack of interest in the Watergate case was interpreted by some concerned citizens as a grave breakdown of the national character. A more plausible explanation of the nation's presumed apathy in the face of what looked like one of the worst political scandals in American history may be that the voters sensed that if they took the charges seriously they would be morally compelled to vote for Senator McGovern, whose flip-flop views and reluctance to confront the issues suggested at times an even greater contempt for the people than did Mr. Nixon's magisterial approach; in all likelihood, the voters mistrusted both candidates and chose the one they were more familiar with. But now that several of the men charged with political espionage and sabotage have confessed to engaging in such activities, and now that at least one convicted conspirator has named men very close to the President as being directly involved in the affair, the public has a second chance to respond to the implications of the Watergate case. That response will demonstrate how much the citizens care about their nation, for no official obfuscation or legal trickery can conceal any longer the threat that such political acts pose to the Republic. After all, a republic is a nation in which the people choose representatives to speak for and, finally, to govern them, and in a two-party system any attempt to undermine either political party would, if it succeeded, leave the people with only one political party to choose candidates from. And when the candidate concerned was a Presidential candidate—the sole representative of *all* the people—their lack of choice would reduce them from citizens to subjects.

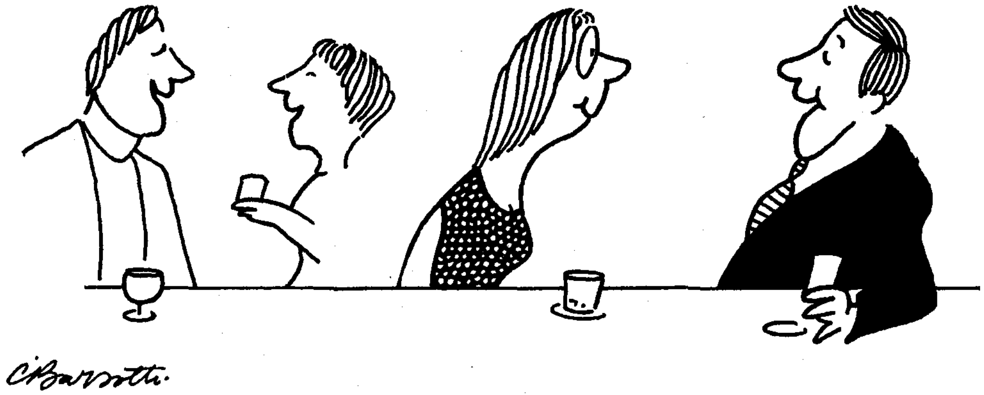
Along with the mournful complaints about public apathy last fall there ran a counterview: that even if the charges about the Watergate case were true, they should be covered up, to save the people's faith in the institution of the Presidency, which, in the end, was at stake. Whether or not they should be covered up is, of course, a decision that is up to the people. One of the points they may consider in making it is whether that institution has been so inflated in the past few years, and particularly under President Nixon, that today its grandiose proportions threaten the delicate tripod that supports our system—the separation of powers—with the carefully devised checks and balances that keep it upright. Another point is whether "politics as usual" is to be taken from now on to include the kind of foul politics that have been bubbling to the surface of the Watergate swamp. Still another point is whether most of the people are willing to have it said that they can be fooled all of the time—by obvious legal machinations on the part of the Department of Justice, by obvious public-relations attempts to obscure the dimensions of the scandal, and by obvious personal duplicity and outright lying on the part of high officials—and thus to encourage other officials in government, now and later, to consider these socially menacing usages politically acceptable. Perhaps the most important point of all, though, is the question of whether the institution of the Presidency *can* be saved by looking the other way, or whether in fact a public examination and, if necessary, a public cleansing of it may be the only means by which the people's faith in their government, their country, and, ultimately, themselves can be restored. To be sure, if the people demand an accounting of what happened every step of the way—of who was responsible up and down the line in the Watergate case—they should be prepared for a domestic upheaval of a kind unparalleled in this country. But if, even so, they insist upon knowing what happened, and if they survive the contention and the torment that are likely to accompany the struggle to find the truth, they can at least be sure that for many, many years there will be no serious corruption in their government and less corruption in their society as a whole.



Jamming with Papa John

A SHORT history of Papa John Creach, the fiddler: Born in Beaver Falls, Pa., in 1917. Starts playing his uncle's fiddle at either eleven or twelve. Whole family move to Chicago in the middle thirties. Forms the Chocolate Music Bars, a trio that plays the Albert Pick hotel chain for six years. A steady four-year gig at the Dinner Horn Restaurants of Newport Beach and Balboa, Calif. A member of the Shipmates, band playing the S. S. Catalina, tourist boat plying the waters between Los Angeles and Catalina Island. The Parisian Room in L.A. comes next. More recently, starts playing regularly with both the Jefferson Airplane and Hot Tuna, a spinoff of the Airplane without all the personnel and without Grace Slick. Two records: "Papa John Creach" and "Filthy."

Jamming with Papa John: Hot Tuna played a couple of dates in New York, on Friday, March 23rd, and Saturday, March 24th, at the Academy of Music, on Fourteenth Street. Hot Tuna—Jorma Kaukonen, lead guitar and vocals; Jack Casady, bass; Sammy Piazza, drums (all three men are around thirty); Papa John Creach, electric violin (fifty-five). Between sets Friday night, Hot Tuna sat around in a hot third-floor dressing room at



"Now, I hope you don't have the idea that working for I.T.T. is all intrigue and adventure."

• •

the Academy of Music with some people and ate and drank and talked and played music. There were eleven people in the room, and they were Hot Tuna; Margareta, Jorma's wife, who has incredible red hair; Annie, Sammy's old lady; Carol Strauss, of Gibson & Stromberg, public relations; Bill Laudner, Hot Tuna's road manager; two chauffeurs, the older one named Marvin and the younger one, who always wears dark glasses, named Ronnie; and us. The food and drink consisted of sandwiches, apples, oranges, hot cross buns, Cokes, coffee, 7-Up, and Budweiser. The conversation was general.

Jack Casady said he would like to have a room filled with amplifiers. "Sort of like Stonehenge," he said.

Margareta showed people her Fish Scale, which is a nail file made out of a fish scale. " 'Now that you have discovered nature's emery board . . .' " she read aloud from the Fish Scale literature.

We asked Papa John about his health. He said it was real good. Papa John has had a bad back for years, but last time he came to New York he had an hour of Rolfing, the deep-massage postural therapy, and he said the Rolfing had set him up.

Then we talked with Papa John about ears. Papa John said that he had done about a year's worth of orchestra conducting when he first got to Chicago, when he was about eighteen. He had enjoyed it, because it had forced him to listen to every instrument in the orchestra separately and simultaneously, but he hadn't kept it up, because there wasn't any money in conducting. Ever since, though, whenever he goes to a party he can hear every conversation in the room, separately and simultaneously. Papa John's ear is important to Hot Tuna, because they all tune to it. Papa John tunes his fiddle to his own ear, then he listens to his tuning fork to see what it has to say, and then Kaukonen and Casady tune to the fiddle.

In the dressing room, Hot Tuna started tuning up, and Papa John encouraged Kaukonen and Casady to get every string tuned just right. "That's it," he said. "Lay right in there. When it's right, it *bites*. So it's got to be right. 'Cause it's got to bite. It isn't sharp, it isn't flat, it's right there. Now give me a little smile. That's all."

Then Hot Tuna started to play a song called "I'll Be Alright." Sammy Piazza played on a practice pad taped to one end of Jorma Kaukonen's amplifier. He used an empty can of Bud as a cymbal. Papa John both listened and played. Whenever the younger men started to play something that he really liked, he would encourage them to play some more of it by running up to the top of the fiddle, his fingers gliding around, and then skittering back down in trills and triplets. If that didn't work, he'd break into a little scat. At one point, a little scat made Jorma Kaukonen turn his head and look at Papa John and smile. He had been looking pretty serious, but now he smiled like the sun coming out. The jamming got better and better. It was the best dressing-room playing we had ever heard.

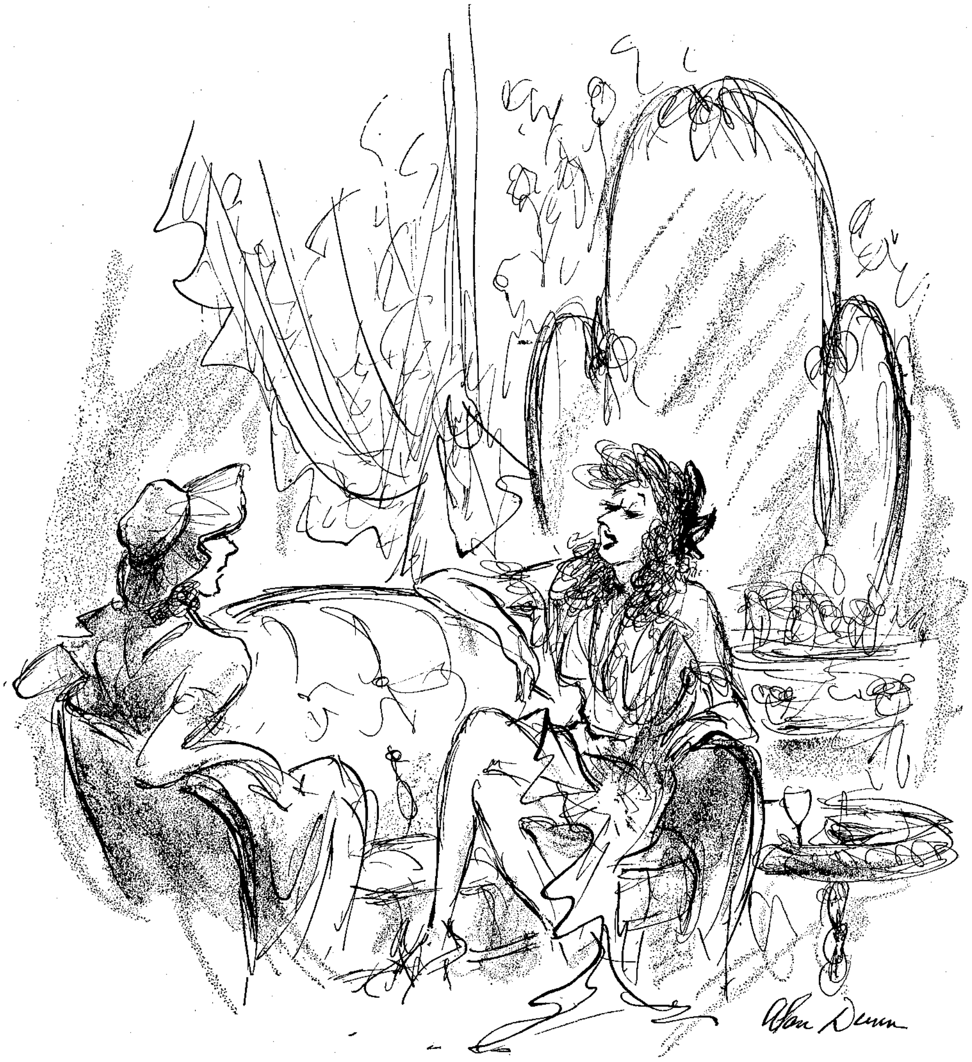
"Gam-mo na-dee-oh," sang Papa John. "Beautiful. Yes, beautiful."

Illumination

WE went down to Washington the other day, to the National Gallery, just before the forty-one Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings on loan from the Hermitage (Leningrad) and the Pushkin (Moscow) were hung on the gallery walls, where they are to remain for one month, prior to being shipped to Knoedler here for one month, after which they will visit some other American cities before being shipped back to Russia. The stately gallery hopped and buzzed, caught in the throes of a cultural détente. We found J. Carter Brown, the director of the National Gallery, seated at a circular desk in an office roughly the size of a gallery in the Uffizi. He was in a state of highly disciplined excitement. Mr. Brown is thirty-eight, and extremely youthful-looking, with curly blond hair, thin shoulders, and something approaching a permanent smile. He was wearing a blue suit, and a blue shirt with a diamond-shaped pattern. He was struggling with the wrapping on a ham sandwich, and was about to open a small carton of milk. In front of his desk, on an easel, stood a Rubens painting of St. Peter, and the side walls of the Uffizi were graced with a Rothko, a Kline, and a Bridget Riley. "Washington is so physically beautiful these days," said Mr. Brown. "It is coming into its own physically. Something like fusion is taking place. As you know, Dr. Armand Hammer, chairman of both Occidental Petroleum and Knoedler, is the prime mover in the exhibit. He has been doing business with the Russians for more than fifty years. An exhibit of paintings from his own collection, in the Los Angeles County Museum, has attracted unprecedented crowds in Moscow and Leningrad, and is currently, I believe, in Kiev. And he gave the Russians a *Goya* not long ago. They are all very friendly." Mr. Brown swallowed some milk. "Well, Dr. Hammer and I have been talking, too, over the years, about various matters. Back in 1970, I got in touch with him about a sketchbook of Gauguin pencil sketches that I was interested in. And then, one night when I was at dinner in New York, I was summoned to the phone, and it was Dr. Hammer, calling from Greenwich Village. 'Can you come down and talk?' he said. When the bell rings and it's business, even during dinner, I respond. He wondered whether the National Gallery would be interested in getting a collection of drawings that he was building, and that already included the Gauguin sketchbook. He wanted to give it to the nation as a gift. Meanwhile, I had met Mme. Ekaterina A. Furtseva, the Soviet Minister of Culture, when she was here last year for the Russian craft show at the Corcoran, and she asked whether I'd like some paintings from the Soviet Union. I said I'd be delighted, but that I wanted *Western* paintings. Right after last Christmas, I was talking with Dr. Hammer again, and I mentioned my conversation with Mme. Furtseva. 'More than thirty Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings are coming over to us this spring,' said Dr. Hammer. I couldn't help but wonder who the 'us' was. The 'us' turned out to be Knoedler. I thought very fast. 'Dr. Hammer,' I said, 'would it not be nice—would it not be just great—if those wonderful pictures showed up first in our magnificent setting down here in Washington, so close to the White House, so close to Congress, and with so many things going on all round these days?' As I recall, there was a long pause. 'Let's dream a little,' said Dr. Hammer. Fortune then smiled upon us. I touched base with everyone—with the White House, with the State Department, with the National Endowment for the Humanities, with Paul Mellon and the rest of my board—and we got the green light. Dr. Hammer then went back to Moscow and worked the problems out. I then said I wanted more pictures, especially the Gauguin 'What, Are You Jealous?' and the Monet 'Lady in a Garden' and two Picassos—'L'Apéritif' and 'Woman with a Fan.' " Mr. Brown finished his sandwich.

"That Gauguin!" he said. "Oh, that Gauguin! But I'm ahead of myself. The Russians early stipulated that the pictures must be behind protective, shatterproof glass. The framing presented grave difficulties. The pictures themselves arrived in two air shipments, a week apart, accompanied by two bright women—scholars of Western art. The pictures came in ten crates, sealed with lead, and the women, who carried pliers, supervised the unloading. The pictures from the Hermitage arrived out of their frames—standard procedure—but they were accompanied by their regular large museum frames, while the Pushkins came in thin, lightweight white moldings called travelling frames. How to reconcile these different frames behind a quarter inch of Plexiglas? We tried everything—with frames, without frames—and suddenly we hit upon putting the pictures inside three-inch-deep shadow boxes, and framed in simple moldings covered with tan linen. The shadow boxes will be lined with black felt. The box, you see, builds a little theatre around the picture itself. You put black around and the colors are punched up. The contrast is brought out. You assault your visitor. After all, the artist is dealing with his own subtle colors. What we do with the black surrounding, really, is the equivalent of having a clear and lovely flute sound out suddenly from a quintet. We have spent a lot of time with the lighting, to avoid shadows, and have installed track lighting, on almost invisible tracks at the top of the galleries, just below the skylights. The tracks will have lamps with seventy-five-watt bulbs, which will focus softly and directly on the individual pictures. I have very fond memories of the Hermitage. I had been studying art with Paul Sachs at Harvard and with Berenson in Italy, and in 1959 I visited the Hermitage. They gave me the run of the place—except, of course, that I had to leave my passport back at the hotel. I went every single day for two and a half weeks from nine to five to the Hermitage, up, down, and all over, and I got around that museum only once! The place casts a spell. You think you can hear the Winter Ball! An extraordinary spot. The Sèvres china, the rich seventeenth-century Dutch paintings—the Rembrandts, the Van Dycks. They have only one Turner, by the way. The Pushkin, in Moscow, didn't have much modern stuff, but it was a matter of switch-o change-o, and back and forth they go between the two museums. All this business of where to hang a picture, how to light it! I remember Berenson's saying he didn't care much *where* they hung pictures. It was the looking that mattered. He told me, 'You must look and look and look, until you are blind with looking, and then out of blindness comes illumination.' Let's go see the pictures."

Mr. Brown jumped up from his desk, and led us through marble halls, beneath a vast rotunda, and to the four galleries at the east end that house the exhibit. There, leaning against the gray walls, unframed, and resting on small rubber mats that schoolchildren often use while sitting on the floor during gallery lectures, were the Matisses, the Picassos, the Monets, the Cézannes, the van Goghs, the Gauguins, the Renoirs, the Rousseaus, the Derains, the Sisley, the Vlaminck, the Braque, the Léger, the Pissarro—the light greens, the soft browns, the reds and yellows and piercing blues of our common heritage. We had never laid eyes on any of them before, and yet they were old friends. The sight of the pictures electrified Mr. Brown. They were evidently a vital part of him, and he darted from picture to picture and



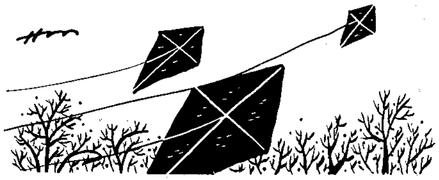
"Know what? I think he's letting me float against the dollar."

gallery to gallery, and his impressions poured out impressionistically. He was happy in his work. We followed as best we could. Even the stolid-looking guards seemed caught up in the excitement. "That Monet 'Lady in a Garden,' " Mr. Brown said. "All outdoors is there, *all* outdoors! Rousseau's 'Zeppelins' are wild, wild. There's Gauguin's 'What, Are You Jealous?' Two figures, surface value, depth, Art Nouveau, a life itself between the characters, the picture plane, a field of battle, the birth of abstraction. Look! Cézanne's blues and greens! Color liberated from form. The dissonances of Matisse, and that portrait of his wife, nearly one hundred sittings, that face, and Picasso's 'Woman with a Fan,' with the d'Avignon experience, and a leaf taken out of Cézanne's book to express sculptural values, and the intellectual ferment! They excite me, they do! Francis Henry Taylor said, 'Wash your eyeballs in it!' "

Coney

SIX subway lines lead to Coney Island, and the station at the end is a maze of platforms, stairways, and broad covered spaces, all of which seem eerily deserted without their summer crowds. The hall through which one passes in leaving the station is dimly lit with incandescent bulbs; it is a station that has not yet reached the fluorescent era. Outside the station, Surf Avenue also looks deserted in early spring; along its length, gallery after gallery has been locked up, and dogs roam behind wire fences. The roller coaster is shut down, and only a carrousel or some other minor attraction opens on weekends. In this setting, with its emptiness and its air of an old John Huston movie, a visitor is surprised to find an establishment as busy as Nathan's Famous delicatessen. This is the original Nathan's—a long, irregular set of counters glassed off from the chill of Surf Avenue. The main interior space of the delicatessen is crowded with people—residents, perhaps, of the apartment towers that have been encroaching on the old amusement park, or perhaps workers from the nearby stores and offices that stay open all year. As at the other Nathan's delicatessens around town, the customers must go to a different counter for each type of food, making a separate payment each time. Chowders, seafood, corn on the cob, and cold drinks are bought in the main interior space. Hamburgers and French fries are sold at counters that open only onto the sidewalk outside. Hot dogs—the specialty of the house—must be bought in a separate little room at one end of the building. Except in a bedroom-size dining room in the rear, there are no chairs or stools, and customers eat standing up. If a group wishes to dine on hot dogs, hamburgers, and French fries, a male is usually assigned to make a trip out into the cold to buy these items and then bring them back to his friends in the main interior space.

The amusement park is mostly closed at this season, but the New York Aquarium, adjacent to it, stays open. There is a large parking lot—nearly empty on weekends, despite the Aquarium's advertisements in subways and railroad stations. A visitor enters through glass doors, then goes through a turnstile, and then sees two of the principal attractions—a pair of beluga whales. Viewed through underwater windows, they are pure white, with bulbous heads and small, alert eyes. Often, they are at rest in the water—one lying near the bottom, on his back, and the other above, like a mirror image. They look like outsize bath toys, or like materialized versions of Casper the Ghost. The whales are the first exhibits in the hall. Moving past them, the visitor comes to the small tank containing Sparky the Electric Eel, a black, salami-size creature who can emit as much as six hundred volts when he is fed a bit of fish. This sets off a strobe light and is preceded by somebody's amplified commentary. Next are a score of tanks containing fish, sea horses, sea turtles, and other marine life, of extensive variety and color; outside the building are pools for the penguins and seals. Perhaps the most notable pool is the one in which the beluga whale Alex and the Pacific white-sided dolphin Olie perform for the public. This happens every hour when the temperature is above thirty degrees. Olie, who is small and black-and-white, leaps through a hoop and somersaults backward. Alex, who is fourteen years old and looks like the two beluga whales indoors, except for a mysterious dark scar on his forehead, fetches a little floating dumbbell, and leaps out of the water and squirts water out of his mouth and onto the boots of his assistant trainer, Miss Lois Levine, who stands on a platform a couple of feet above the pool. His squirting provokes a display of anger from her, and she makes him present his tail to be spanked. Then she feeds him some fish. The routine is not very convincing, for it always ends with Alex's being fed some fish. In any case, one wonders about the wisdom of inculcating guilt feelings in a fourteen-year-old whale.

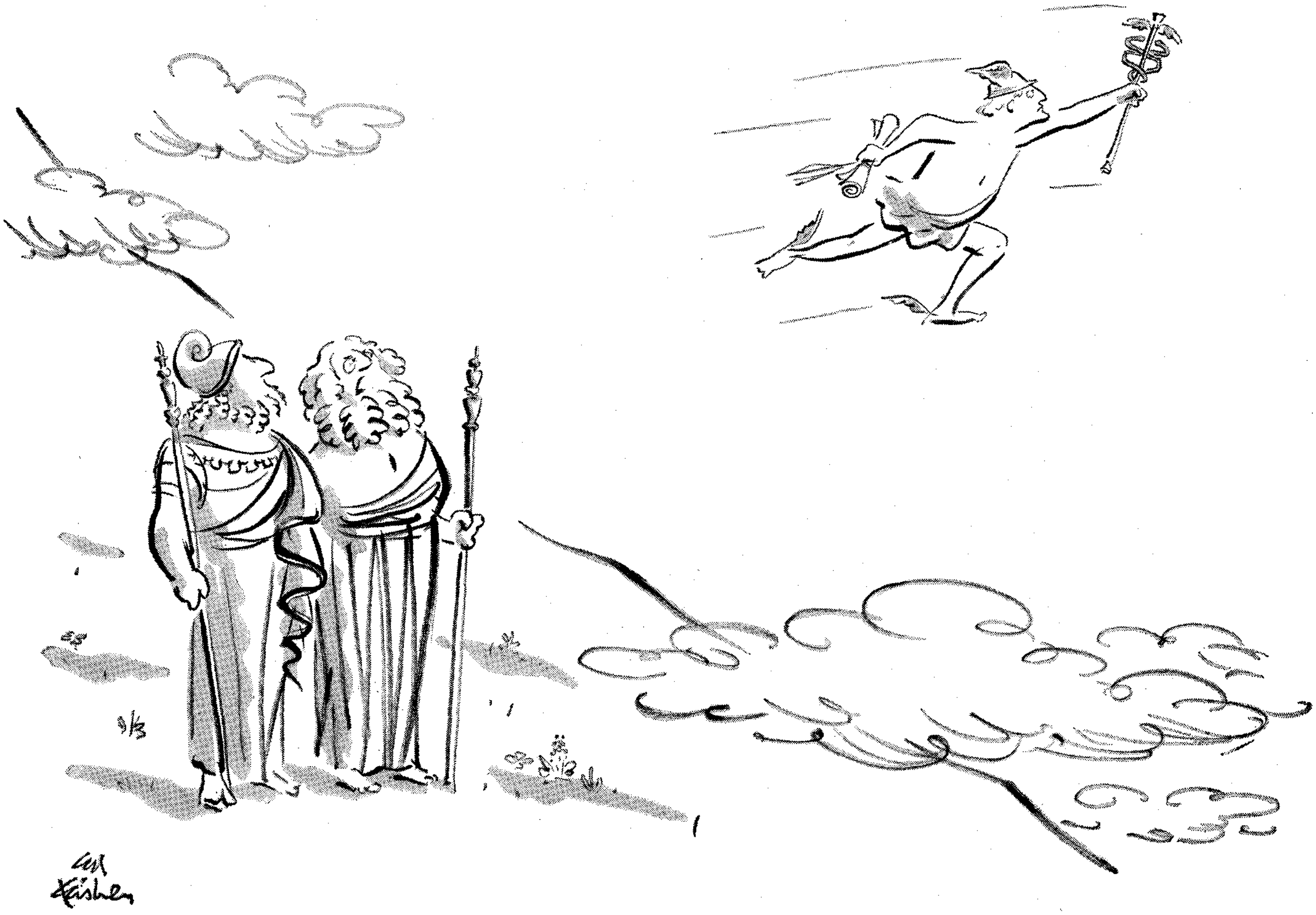


Coney Island is one of the few places in the city from which it is possible to look at the open sea. (The Battery affords a view only of Governors Island, Jersey City, and various landmarks of the harbor.) The Coney Island boardwalk, without its summer crowds, allows one to gaze on the vast expanse of water known as the Lower Bay, through which ships pass as they leave for other ports. To either side, appearing faint and bluish in the distance, are low masses of land—Rockaway Point to the left, Sandy Hook to the right. Between them, where the water meets the sky, is the horizon of the Atlantic Ocean—a flat, genuine horizon. On sunny, windless days at this time of year, old people like to sit in folding chairs on the beach, facing the sun and the sea. At times, the sun is blocked by clouds, or it may pierce through clouds at a point in the distance, making a patch of water dazzle. Ships leaving the harbor are small when they appear on the right, become smaller still as they move away and to the left, and are tiny as they disappear over the horizon.

Former Resident

JONATHAN WINTERS was in town recently, and we hung out with him for several hours. We watched him do radio and television interviews, we dropped by Sardi's with him, we went to a cocktail party with him at "21," and we rode with him up to Carl Schurz Park, where he shot some promos for his syndicated TV show, "The Wacky World of Jonathan Winters." The promos concerned the show's acquisition of a new outlet in New York: beginning next week, "Wacky" will be seen here every Wednesday night on Channel 2 instead of every Sunday on Channel 9.

As Winters rode around town in his limo, he gazed at New York as at a strange and alien land, exclaiming over the traffic, the noise, and the number of people on the streets. He lives in California now, but from 1953 to 1961 he lived in the New York area. "There was a lot I liked about New York," he told us on the way up to Carl Schurz Park. "I found that the most difficult thing was commuting. I lived in Westchester—in Mamaroneck,



"His rates just went up again and the service is still lousy."

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Hastings, Dobbs Ferry—most of the time. When I first got here, I lived down on Thirteenth Street for seven months, and that gave me a little taste of the city. You know, I just never really became a New Yorker. It's difficult for someone, like me, who comes from the Middle West to embrace, uh, stickball. To dive into the East River and swim across through oranges and what-have-you to get to the other side. I just couldn't get into that. I'm a product of the Middle West, and I always will be. I'm probably the only guy in Los Angeles who has a Cincinnati Reds sticker on his station wagon. It's funny how many people you run into who are embarrassed about where they came from." Winters switched to a country-boy accent: " 'I'm Walter Stempler. I grew up in Walnut Grove, Kansas, and there's just nothin' there.' "

We said, "Was that a Midwestern voice? It sounded almost Southern."

"Well, there's a belt that runs through the country," Winters said. "It starts in the East—in the Carolinas. Goes through Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio, out into the Panhandle of Texas. Southern Ohio can sound a lot like Texas." Winters began speaking with his mouth barely open and his jaw slightly undershot. "You know, guys who talk lahk 'iss. Hold 'er mouth lahk 'iss. 'Gene Frazer there, he come over to me the other day drivin' a big tractor. A John Deere. I thaink 'at thaing must have cost him close to a thousand dollars. When I seen it, it was used. I know *he's* used. I b'lieve when he was *born* he was used. He was *weird*. He was hit by a bolt of lightnin' here just after the Second War, and that's the reason he never went in. He wasn't right for yurs. He's not right now. They say that he sets on his porch and eats Planters peanuts and thinks he's a squirrel.'

"I do another country voice, a guy who smiles constantly," Winters went on. "His name is Hiram Sweetie. Hiram, are there any problems in your town?" (The first voice had apparently been a Midwestern or Southwestern one, and the Sweetie voice seemed to be Southeastern. It was soft and unctuous, and less clipped than the Midwesterner's. The Midwesterner pronounced "years" as "yurs," and Sweetie rolled it out to "ye-uhs.")

Winters put on a great big smile and narrowed his eyes and, as Sweetie, said, " 'No, no problems, not that Ah know of. Now, we did have one problem—oh, about twenteh-fahv ye-uhs ago. Man came into the Allgrove Hotel, and, uh, the man was definitely not from the county. I know county people. It was my understandin' the man had been drinkin', and pounded his fist in front of Ted Steppluh, who's the man who runs the hotel. And Ted shot him. Now, that's not right. Ted should've talked to him awhile. But Ted, he's funny that way; he killed the man. But that's the only shootin' we've had. Of an out-of-townuh.' "

We asked Winters if he had developed any New York characters during the years he lived here.

"Well, I do voices"—he did a couple of sentences in a whispery, parched Brooklyn voice—"but I never really developed any New York characters. I think you have to have grown up here. You have to have been the kid who played stickball. Who got beaten up by fifty-five nationalities. I just didn't have that background. You know what my opening shot in New York was? I'd been here about an hour, and I sat down beside a guy in the Men's Bar at the Biltmore. The guy was reading the *Mirror* or the *World-Telegram*, and I leaned over and said, 'How'd the Rangers do?' And the guy looked up and said, 'Ya got a nickel?' "

CONGRESS IN CRISIS: THE PROXIMITY BILL

THE Ninety-third Congress convened in January in very poor light, overshadowed as it was by the President's initiatives abroad and beset by dark omens of declining power, if not actual impotence. Among members of both parties, there was general agreement that Congress must act soon to reassert itself as a separate and equal branch of the national government, especially since Congressmen found, upon opening their January pay envelopes, that an additional $25.75 had been deducted under "Misc." Calls to the Treasury Department failed to clear up the matter, largely because telephone service is so poor on the Hill. Most members of Congress have been put on four-party lines by a recent Presidential directive aimed at curbing inflation, and telephone static is very heavy on cold days and whenever it rains.

Nowhere is the disparity of power between executive and legislative branches more evident, however, than in the area of personal inviolability. While the Presidency is whisked away to Camp David without an unfriendly eye laid on it, it isn't uncommon to see the legislative branch late at night pacing the Capitol sidewalk and calling into the darkness for a cab. Unlike the Presidency, which hasn't been touched without its prior knowledge and consent since Sammy Davis, Jr., hugged it in Miami, the office of Congressman is a lonely one; it walks crowded hallways and waits for elevators like the rest of us. And every time it is jostled or its hand shook or its shoulder grabbed, a little bit of power is drained away.

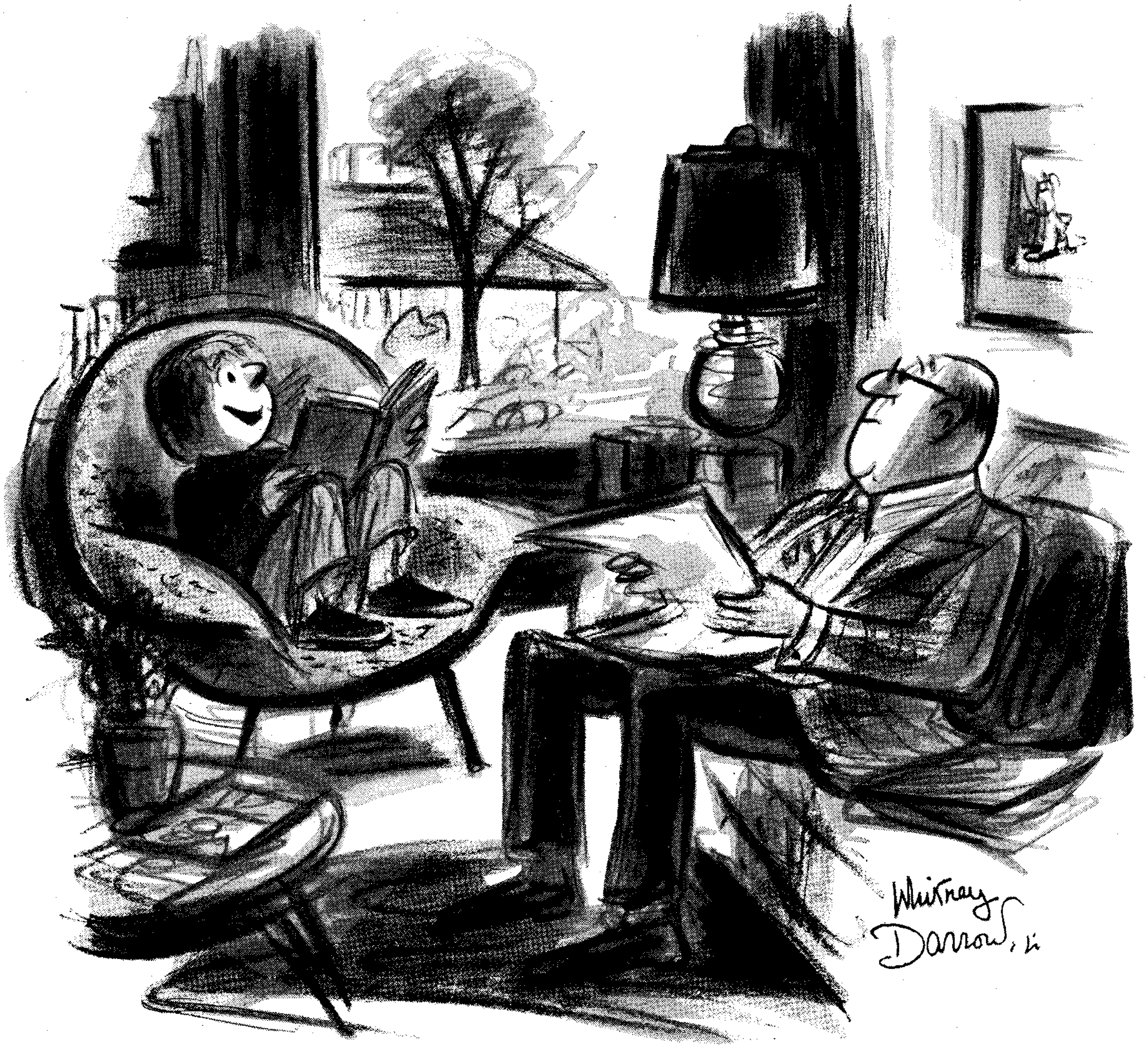
The fact of legislative vulnerability was borne out dramatically on February 6th, when a young man accosted Representative Frank L. Riemer (R.-Cal.) in the foyer of the Rayburn Building and announced that he wanted to talk about the expanding economy and its dangerous effects on the life cycle. Rep. Riemer, whose record on environmental issues is quite good, smiled and welcomed the visitor to Washington, whereupon the youth grasped him in a bear hug and wouldn't let go. "We are one," the youth said calmly. "We embrace. We participate. We are part of each other. If one creature suffers, it must be felt by all. It is time to communicate that. It is time to go that extra mile."

With Rep. Riemer protesting strenuously, the young man then carried him outdoors, across the lawn, up the Capitol steps, and all the way to the door of the House chamber before the Congressman got the attention of a guard and was let go.

Congress was naturally concerned about the incident, and a few weeks later it saw the need for new and stricter legislation when the youth was acquitted of the charge of obstructing a federal official from the performance of his duties. Defense counsel argued successfully that the accused had not obstructed the lawmaker but in fact had transported him to his place of work—a theory supported by testimony from the guard, who had heard the Congressman's cry of "How dare you!" (or so Riemer testified) as a call for "More bearers!" Furthermore, defense argued, the act was not hostile but an act of love and commitment; the youth was a seminarian and presumably knew what he was doing. "His sole intent," defense stated, "was to indicate—and certainly any reasonable person would agree—that it was high time for the legislative branch to get cracking."

In directing acquittal, the trial judge complained of vagueness in the obstruction statute. "It is difficult for us under the present law as written to distinguish between actual obstruction and the perseverance of a citizen exercising his right to petition," he said, and he called on Congress to provide clearer guidelines.

THE following Monday, a House Internal Security subcommittee took the matter under investigation and, to nobody's surprise, uncovered numerous instances of



"Hey, Gramps, did you ever make it in a rumble seat?"

Congressmen grasped and handled by dissident individuals. Several had been set upon by persons who, citing some moral imperative, had bound the lawmakers to themselves with twine or thread. Added to the twinings were scores of bumpings, hand-holdings, coat-pullings, and extremely proximitous starings and breathings. Forty-three Congressmen testified or submitted affidavits, including one who recounted this episode:

> On leaving the floor to return to my office, I was aware of being followed at a close distance by a woman who seemed extremely upset. When I turned around to get a good look at her, she displayed an outstretched forefinger in a threatening manner. She closed in as we came to a group of tourists. I was then fairly certain that she intended to poke at me. . . . I was caught in the crowd and couldn't get away. As I struggled across the Rotunda . . .

Thus the legislation that came to be known as the Proximity Bill began to take shape. In its first draft, it read as follows:

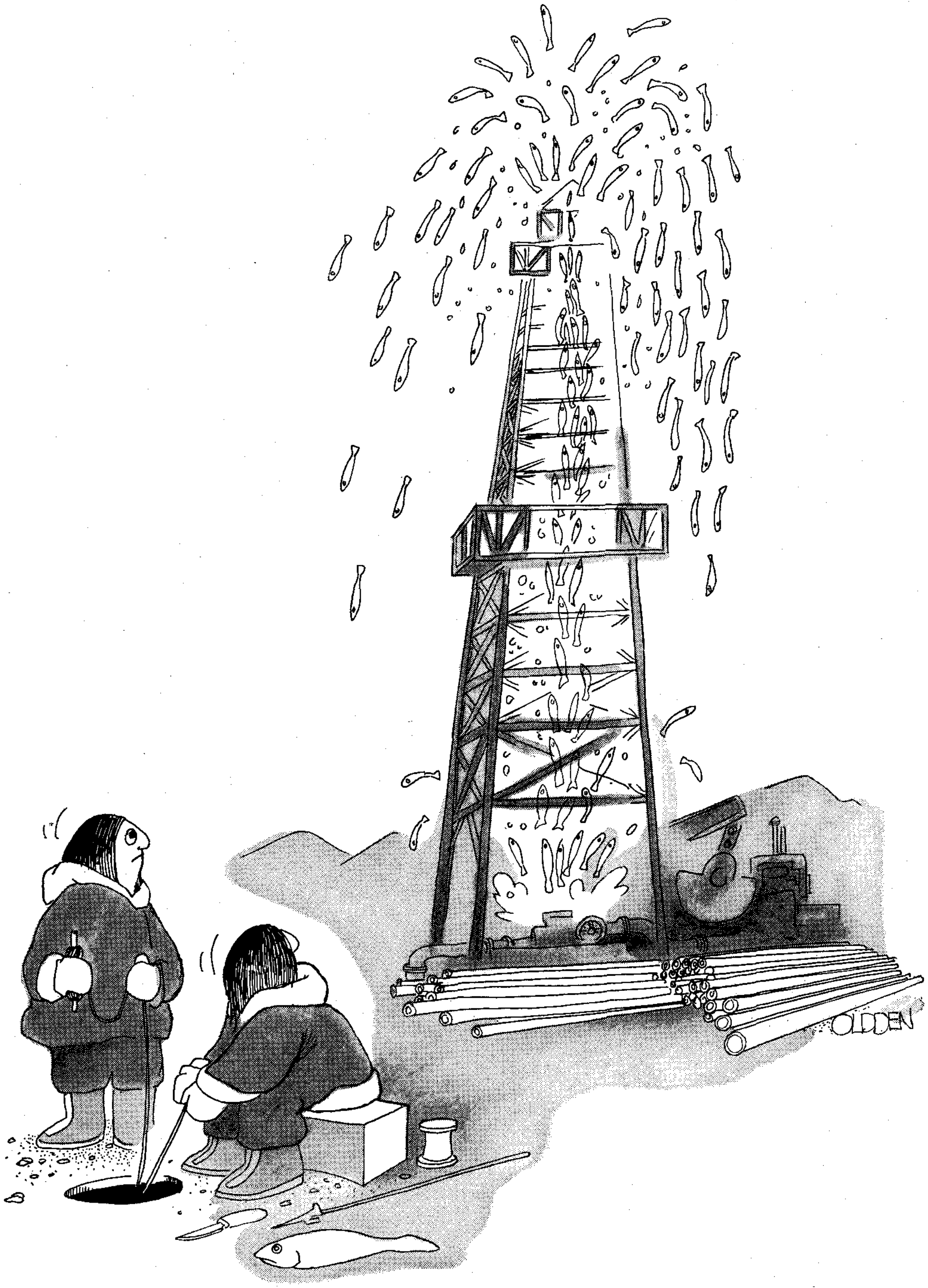
(1) It is the finding of Congress that Members of Congress are subject to licentious, unwarranted, and vexatious acts upon or near their persons without their consent, and that such acts do hinder, distract, or otherwise obstruct said Members from the performance of their duties.

(2) Therefore, it shall be unlawful, and punishable by a fine of not more than $1000, or imprisonment for not more than a year, or both, for any person or persons to cross state lines, or wear, display, or employ any article of clothing or any other object that has crossed state lines, to approach a Member of Congress with the thought, idea, or intention of performing said acts, including embracing, the holding of hands or other extremities, grasping of clothing, poking, pushing, lifting, or carrying, shouting at a distance of less than fifty feet, likewise singing or humming at a distance of less than ten feet, or the expulsion of breath upon said Member, or any sort of prolonged and unconsented-to proximity, whether for the purpose of portraying, communicating, or dramatizing ethical, spiritual, moral, or political principles, theories, or beliefs, or any other purpose.

Though the bill has yet to be reported out of committee, many Congressmen are thought to have expressed support for it, and passage by both houses is considered not unlikely. It is felt, however, that the use of the interstate-commerce clause of the Constitution may need to be reconsidered—that the bill, as now written, leaves room for residents of the District of Columbia to perform such acts in the nude. Rep. Riemer has said that the bill should also prohibit obscene, vulgar, offensive, or "inappropriate" sounds or speech. And some Congressmen are said to believe that similar protection should be granted to all citizens.

It is known that in its deliberations the subcommittee has been looking very closely at *N.Y. Rangers v. Flint, 484 F.2d 143 (11th Cir. 1971), cert. den. 415 U.S. 703 (1972)*. In this case, the Eleventh Circuit Court of Appeals found that noises made by the defendant in the direction of the Ranger goalie were both intentional and vulgar, and, as such, tended to have a chilling effect on his fulfillment of contractual obligations. Setting aside the long-standing "what-kind-of-country" principle—as stated in the well-known *U.S. v. Heins, 319 U.S. 626 (1943)*; viz., "What kind of country is this if a man can't say what he wants?"—the court upheld the conviction. Speaking for the majority, Judge Whirter wrote, "Nobody has the right to act like a God-damned idiot, or to treat other people like dirt, or to tear down all the time without having something better to replace it with, and then come around and ask us for favors."

—GARRISON KEILLOR



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BEDFORD, N.H.

100 Ft. from Rte. 114—beautiful location—11 rm. Colonial—very neat. Large barn—10 acres. Ideal for Chinese Restaurant or home. $57,000.—*Adv. in the Boston Herald Traveler.*

Make up your mind chop, chop.

ULTIMA THULE

Do you remember the day you and I were lunching (partaking of nourishment) a couple of years before your death? Assuming, of course, that memory can live without its headdress? Let us imagine—just an "apropositional" thought—some totally new handbook of epistolary samples. To a lady who has lost her right hand: I kiss your ellipsis. To a deceased: Respecterfully yours. But enough of these sheepish vignettes. If you don't remember, then I remember for you; the memory of you can pass—grammatically speaking, at least—for your memory, and I am perfectly willing to grant for the sake of an ornate phrase that if, after your death, I and the world still endure, it is only because you recollect the world and me. I address you now for the following reason. I address you now on the following occasion. I address you now simply to chat with you about Falter. What a fate! What a mystery! What a handwriting! When I tire of trying to persuade myself that he is a halfwit or a *kvak* (as you used to Russianize the English synonym for "charlatan"), he strikes me as a person who . . . who, because he survived the bomb of truth that exploded in *him* . . . became a god! Beside him, how paltry seem all the bygone clairvoyants: the dust raised by the herd at sunset, the dream within a dream (when you dream you have awakened), the crack students in this our institute of learning hermetically closed to outsiders; for Falter stands *outside* our world, in the true reality. Reality!—that is the pouter-pigeon throat of the snake that fascinates me. Remember the time we lunched at the hotel managed by Falter near the luxuriant, many-terraced Italian border, where the asphalt is infinitely exalted by the wisteria, and the air smells of rubber and paradise? Adam Falter was still one of us then, and, if nothing about him presaged—what shall I call it? say, seerhood, nevertheless his whole strong cast (the caromlike coördination of his bodily movements, as though he had ball bearings for cartilages, his precision, his aquiline aloofness) now, in retrospect, explains why he survived the shock: the original figure was large enough to withstand the subtraction.

Oh, my love, how your presence smiles from that fabled bay—and nevermore!—oh, I bite my knuckles so as not to start shaking with sobs, but there is no holding them back; down I slide with locked brakes, making "hoo" and "boohoo" sounds, and it is all such humiliating physical nonsense: the hot blinking, the feeling of suffocation, the dirty handkerchief, the convulsive yawning alternating with the tears—I just can't, can't live without you. I blow my nose, swallow, and then all over again try to persuade the chair which I clutch, the desk which I pound, that I can't boohoo without you. Are you able to hear me? That's from a banal questionnaire, which ghosts do not answer, but how willingly our death-cell mates respond for them: "I know!" (pointing skyward at random), "I'll be glad to tell you!" Your darling head, the hollow of your temple, the forget-me-not gray of an eye squinting at an incipient kiss, the placid expression of your ears when you would lift up your hair—how can I reconcile myself to your disappearance, to this gaping hole, into which slides everything—my whole life, wet gravel, objects and habits—and what tombal railings can prevent me from tumbling, with silent relish, into this abyss? Vertigo of the soul. Remember how, right after you died, I hurried out of the sanatorium, not walking but sort of stamping and even dancing with pain (life having got jammed in the door like a finger), alone on that winding road among the exaggeratedly scaly pines and the prickly shields of agaves, in a green armored world that quietly drew in its feet so as not to catch my disease. Ah, yes—everything around me kept warily, attentively silent, and only when I looked at something did that something give a start and begin ostentatiously to move, rustle, or buzz, pretending not to notice me. "Indifferent nature," says Pushkin. Nonsense! A continuous shying away would be a more accurate description.

What a shame, though. You were such a darling. And, holding on to you from within by a little button, our child went with you. But, my poor sir, one does not make a child to a woman when she has tuberculosis of the throat. Involuntary translation from French into Hadean. You died in your sixth month and took the remaining twelve weeks with you, not paying off your debt in full, as it were. How much I wanted her to bear me a child, the red-nosed widower informed the walls. *Êtes-vous tout à fait certain, docteur, que la science ne connaît pas de ces cas exceptionnels où l'enfant naît dans la tombe?* And the dream I had: that garlicky doctor (who was at the same time Falter) replying with exceptional readiness that yes, of course it sometimes did happen, and that such children (i.e., the posthumously born) were known as cadaverkins.

As to you, never once since you died have you appeared in my dreams. Perhaps the authorities intercept you, or you yourself avoid such prison visits with me. At first, base ignoramus that I was, I feared—superstitiously, humiliatingly—the small cracklings that a room always emits at night but that were now reflected within me by terrifying flashes, which made my clucking heart scuttle away faster with low-spread wings. Even worse, however, was the nighttime waiting, when I would lie in bed, trying not to think how you might suddenly give me an answering knock if I thought about it, but this only meant complicating the mental parenthezation, placing brackets within braces (thinking about trying not to think), and the fear within them grew and grew. Oh, how awful was the dry tap of the phantasmal fingernail inside the tabletop, and how little it resembled, of course, the intonation of your soul, of your life. A vulgar ghost with the tricks of a woodpecker, a disincarnate humorist, a corny cobold taking advantage of my stark-naked grief! In the daytime, on the other hand, I was fearless, and would challenge you to manifest your responsiveness in any way you liked, as I sat on the pebbles of the beach, where once your golden legs had been extended; and, as before, a wave would arrive, all out of breath, but, as it had nothing to report, it would disperse in apologetic salaams. Pebbles like cuckoo eggs, a piece of tile shaped like a pistol clip, a fragment of topaz-colored glass, something quite dry resembling a whisk of bast, my tears, a microscopic bead, an empty cigarette package with a yellow-bearded sailor in the center of a life buoy, a stone like a Pompeian's foot, some creature's small bone or a spatula, a kerosene can, a shiver of garnet-red glass, a nutshell, a nondescript rusty thingum related to nothing, a shard of porcelain, of which the companion fragments must inevitably exist somewhere—and I imagined an eternal torment, a convict's task, that would serve as the best punishment for such as I, whose thoughts had ranged too far during their life span; namely, to find and gather all these parts, so as to re-create that gravy boat or soup tureen—hunchbacked wanderings along wild, misty shores; and, after all, if one is supremely lucky, one might restore the dish on

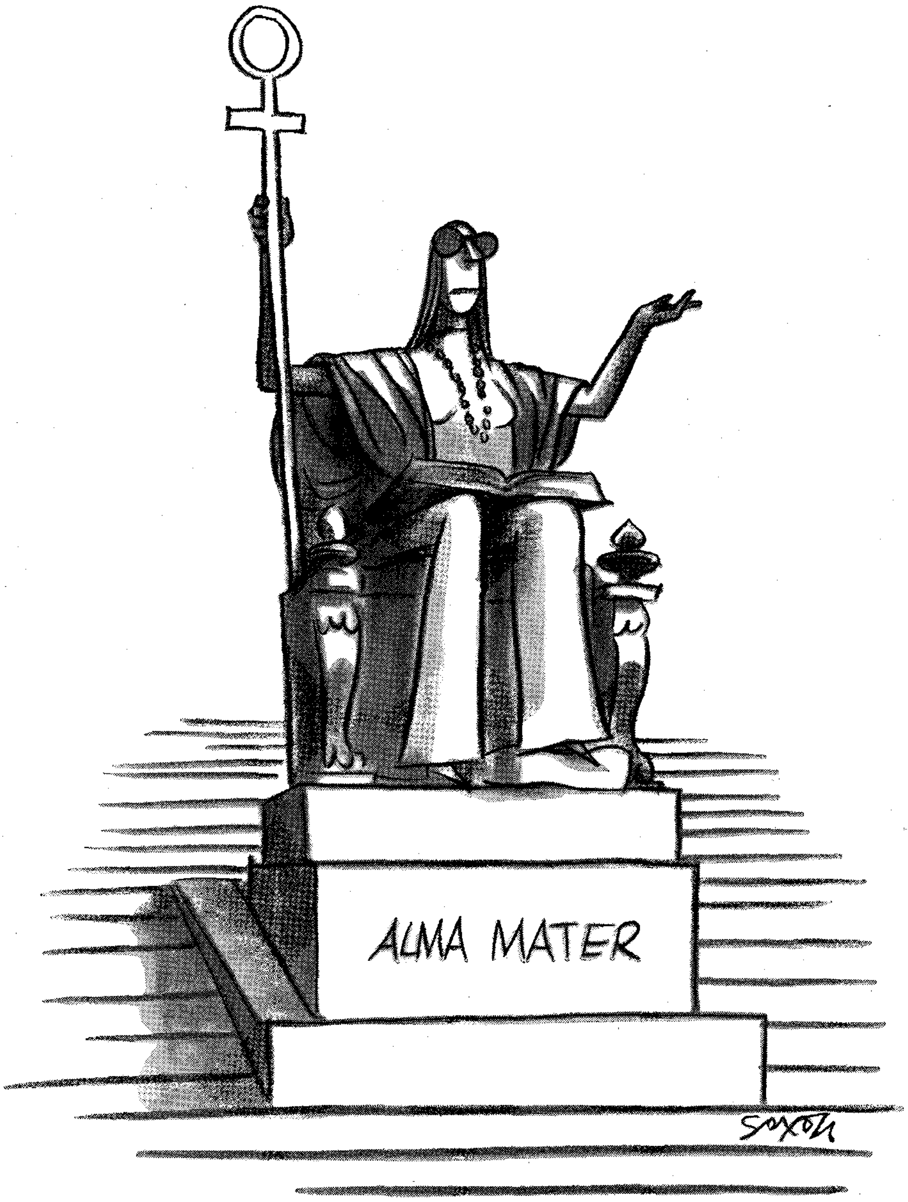
"Nobody doesn't like Sara Lee except yours truly."

the first morning instead of the trillionth—and there it is, that most agonizing question of *luck*, of Fortune's Wheel, of the right lottery ticket, without which a given soul might be denied eternal felicity beyond the grave.

On these early-spring days the narrow strip of shingle is unadorned and forlorn, but strollers would pass along the promenade above, and this person or that, no doubt, must have said, on observing my shoulder blades, "There's Sineusov, the artist—lost his wife the other day." And I would probably have sat like that forever, picking at the desiccated jetsam, watching the stumbling foam, noting the sham tenderness of elongated serial cloudlets all along the horizon and the wine-dark washes of warmth in the chill blue-green of the sea, if someone indeed had not recognized me from the sidewalk.

However (as I fumble among the torn silks of phrase), let me return to Falter. As you have by now remembered, we went there once, on a torrid day, crawling like two ants up a flower-basket ribbon, because I was curious to take a look at my former tutor (whose lessons were limited to witty polemics with the compilers of my manuals), a resilient-looking, well-groomed man with a large white nose and a glossy parting in his hair; and it was along this straight line that he later travelled to business success, while his father, Ilya Falter, was only the senior chef at Ménard's in St. Petersburg: *il y a pauvre Ilya*, turning on "*povar*," which is "man cook" in Russian. My angel, oh, my angel, perhaps our whole earthly existence is now but a pun to you, or a grotesque rhyme, something like "dental" and "transcendental" (remember?), and the true meaning of reality, of that piercing term, purged of all our strange, dreamy, masquerade interpretations, now sounds so pure and sweet that you, angel, find it amusing that we could have taken the dream seriously (although you and I did have an inkling of why everything disintegrated at one furtive touch—words, conventions of everyday life, systems, persons—so, you know, I think laughter is some chance little ape of truth astray in our world).

I was now seeing him after an interval of twenty years; and how right I had been, when approaching the hotel, to construe all of its classical ornaments—the cedar of Lebanon, the eucalyptus, the banana tree, the terra-cotta tennis court, the enclosure for cars beyond the lawn—as a ceremonial of fortunate fate, as a symbol of the corrections that the former image of Falter now required! During our years of separation (quite painless for us both), he had changed from a poor, wiry student with animated, night-dark eyes and a beautiful, strong, sinistral handwriting into a dignified, rather corpulent gentleman, though the liveliness of his glance and the beauty of his large hands were undiminished—only I would never have recognized him from the back, for, instead of the thick, sleek hair and shaven nape, there was now a nimbus of black fluff encircling a sunbrowned bald spot akin to a tonsure. With his silk shirt, the color of stewed rutabaga, his checked tie, his wide pearl-gray pants, and his piebald shoes, he struck me as being dressed up for a fancy-dress ball; but his large nose was the same as ever, and with it he infallibly caught the light scent of the past when I came up, slapped him on his muscular shoulder, and posed him my riddle. You were standing a little way off, your bare ankles pressed together on their high cobalt-blue heels, examining with restrained but mischievous interest the furnishings of the enormous hall, empty at that hour—the hippo-



NEW YORK LANDMARKS UPDATED

potamus hide of the armchairs, the austere bar, the British magazines on the glass-topped table, the frescoes, of studied simplicity, depicting scanty-breasted bronzed girls against a golden background, one of whom, with parallel strands of stylized hair falling along her cheek, had for some reason gone down on one knee. Could we conceive that the master of all this splendor would ever cease to see it? My angel . . . Meanwhile, taking my hands in his, squeezing them, puckering the skin between his brows, and fixing me with dark, narrowed eyes, he was observing that life-suspending pause observed by those who are about to sneeze but are not quite sure if they will succeed . . . but he succeeded, the past burst into light, and he loudly pronounced my nickname. He kissed your hand, without bending his head, and then, in a benevolent fuss, obviously enjoying the fact that I, a person who had seen better days, had now found him in the full glory of the life he had himself created by the power of his sculptatory will, he seated us on the terrace, ordered cocktails and lunch, introduced us to his brother-in-law, Mr. L., a cultured man in a dark business suit that contrasted oddly with Falter's exotic foppishness. We drank, we ate, we talked about the past as about someone gravely ill, I managed to balance a knife on the back of a fork, you petted the wonderful nervous dog that feared its master, and, after a minute of silence, in the midst of which Falter suddenly uttered a distinct "Yes," as if concluding a diagnostic deliberation, we parted, making each other promises that neither he nor I had the least intention of keeping.

You didn't find anything remarkable about him, did you? And to be sure—that type has been done to death: throughout a drab youth supported his alcoholic father by giving lessons, and then slowly, obstinately, buoyantly achieved prosperity; for, in addition to the not very profitable hotel, he had flourishing interests in the wine business. But, as I understood later, you were wrong when you said that it was all somewhat dull, and that energetic, successful fellows like him always reek of sweat. Actually, I am madly envious now of the early Falter's basic trait—the precision and power of his "volitional substance." Whether sitting in a trench or in an office, whether catching a train or getting up on a dark morning in an unheated room, whether arranging business connections or pursuing someone in friendship or enmity, Adam Falter not only was always in possession of all his faculties, not only lived every moment cocked like a pistol, but was always certain of unfailingly achieving today's aim, and tomorrow's, and the whole gradual progression of his aims, at the same time working economically, for he did not aim high, and knew his limitations exactly. His greatest service to himself was that he deliberately disregarded his talents and banked on the ordinary, the commonplace; for he was endowed with strange, mysteriously fascinating gifts, which some other, less circumspect person might have tried to put to practical use. Perhaps only in the very beginning of life had he sometimes been unable to control himself, intermixing the humdrum coaching of a schoolboy in a humdrum subject with unusually elegant manifestations of mathematical thought, which left a certain chill of poetry hanging about my schoolroom after he had hurried away to his next lesson. I think with envy that if my nerves were as strong as his, my soul as resilient, my willpower as condensed, he would have imparted to me nowadays the essence of the superhuman discovery he recently made—that is, he would not have feared that the information would crush me; I, on the other hand, would have been sufficiently persistent to make him tell me everything to the end.

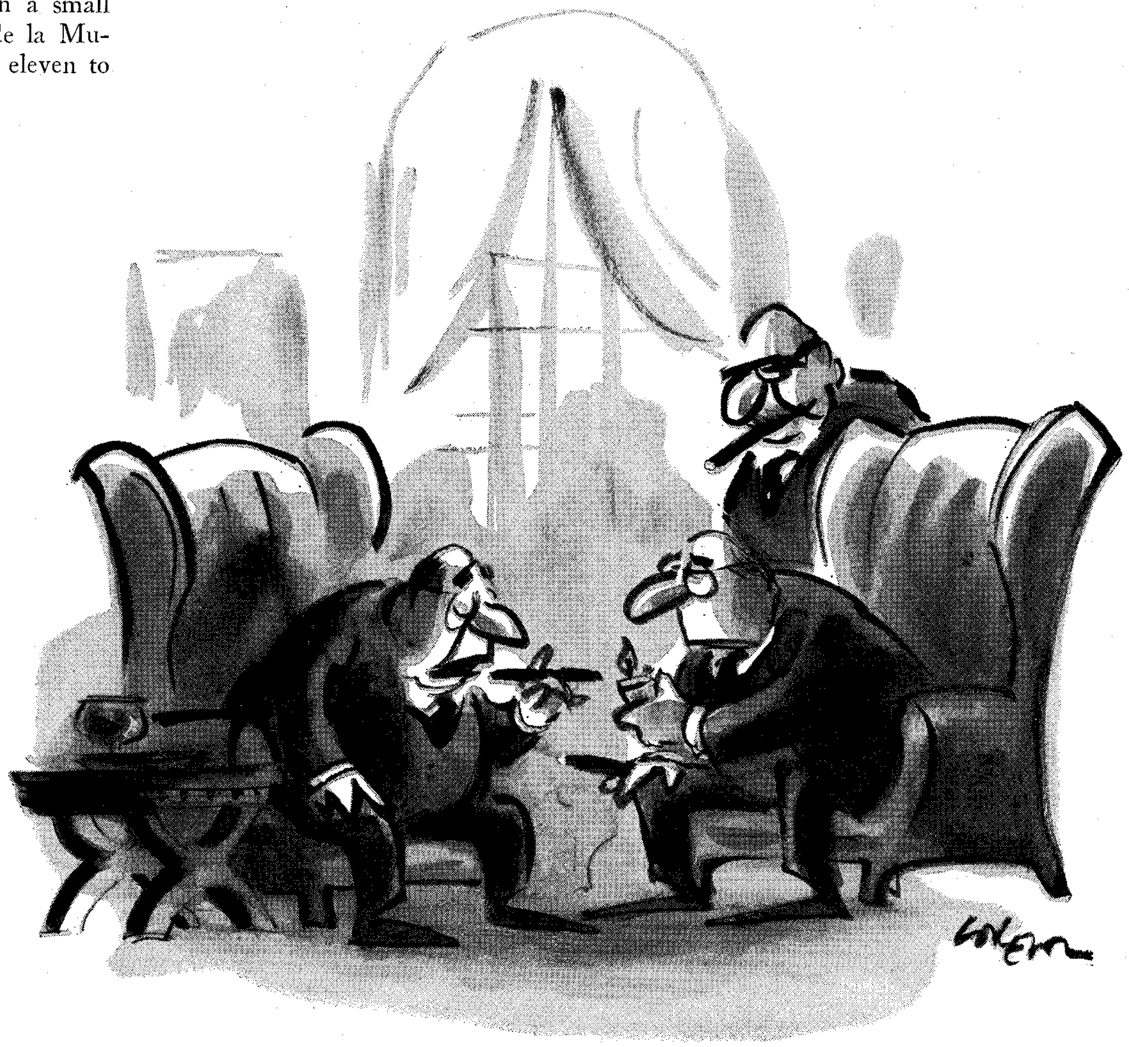
A slightly husky voice hailed me discreetly from the promenade, but, as more than a year had passed since our luncheon with Falter, I did not immediately recognize his humble brother-in-law in the person who now cast a shadow on my stones. Out of mechanical politeness I went up to join him on the sidewalk, and he expressed his deepest et cetera: he had happened to stop by at my pension, he said, and the good people there had not only informed him of your death but also indicated to him from afar my figure upon the deserted beach, a figure that had become a kind of local curiosity. (For a moment I felt ashamed that the round back of my grief should be visible from every terrace.)

"We met at Adam Ilyich's," he said, showing the stumps of his incisors and taking his place in my limp consciousness. I must have proceeded to ask him something about Falter.

"Oh, so you haven't heard?" the prattler said in surprise, and it was then that I learned the whole story.

It happened that the previous spring Falter had gone on business to a particularly viny Riviera town, and, as usual, stopped at a quiet little hotel, whose proprietor was a debtor of his of long standing. One must picture this hotel, tucked up in the feathered armpit of a hill overgrown with mimosa, and the little lane, not fully built up yet, with its half-dozen tiny villas, where radio sets sang in the small human space between the stardust and the sleeping oleanders, while crickets zinked the night with their stridulation in the vacant lot under Falter's open third-story window. After having passed a hygienic evening in a small bordello on the Boulevard de la Mutualité, he returned at about eleven to the hotel, in an excellent mood, clear of head and light of loin, and immediately went up to his room. The star-ashed brow of night; her expression of gentle insanity; the swarming of lights in the old town; an amusing mathematical problem about which he had corresponded the year before with a Swedish scholar; the dry, sweet smell that seemed to loll, without thought or task, here and there in the hollows of the darkness; the metaphysical taste of a wine, well bought and well sold; the news, recently received from a remote, unattractive country, of the death of a half sister, whose image had long since wilted in his memory—all of this, I imagine, was floating through Falter's mind as he walked up the street and then mounted to his room, and whilst, taken separately, none of these reflections and impressions was in the least new or unusual for this hard-nosed, not quite ordinary, but superficial man (for, on the basis of our human core, we are divided into professionals and amateurs; Falter, like me, was an amateur), in their totality they formed perhaps the most favorable medium for the flash, the unearthly lightning, as catastrophic as a sweepstakes win, monstrously fortuitous, in no way foretold by the normal function of his reason, that struck him that night in that hotel.

About half an hour had passed since his return when the collective slumber of the small white building, with its barely rippling crêpelike mosquito netting and wall flowers, was abruptly—no, not interrupted but rent, split, blasted by sounds that remained unforgettable to the hearers, my darling—those sounds, those dreadful sounds. They were not the porcine squeals of a mollycoddle being dispatched by hasty villains in a ditch, not the roar of a wounded soldier whom a savage surgeon relieves of a monstrous leg—no, they were worse, far worse . . . And if, said later the innkeeper, M. Paon, one were going to make comparisons, those sounds resembled most of all the paroxysmal, almost exultant screams of a woman in the throes of infinitely painful childbirth—a woman, however, with a man's voice and a giant in her womb. It was hard to identify the dominant note amid the storm rending that human throat—whether it was pain, fear, or the clarion of madness, or again, and most likely of all, the expression of an unfathomable sensation, whose very unknowability imparted to the exululation bursting from Falter's room something that aroused in the hearers a panical desire to put an immediate stop to it. The newlyweds who were toiling in the nearest bed paused, diverting their eyes in parallel and holding their breath; the Dutchman living downstairs scuttled out into the garden, which already contained the housekeeper and the white shimmer of eighteen maids (only two, really, multiplied by their darting to and fro). The hotelkeeper, who, according to his own account, had retained full presence of mind, rushed upstairs and ascertained that the door behind which continued the hurricane of howling, so mighty that it seemed to thrust one back, was locked and would yield neither to thump nor entreat. Roaring Falter, insofar as one could assume it was in-



"As Bob Dylan said, you don't have to be a weather man to tell which way the wind is blowing."

deed he that roared (his open window was dark, and the intolerable sounds issuing from within did not bear the imprint of anyone's personality), spread out far beyond the limits of the hotel, and neighbors gathered in the surrounding darkness, and one rascal had five cards in his hand, all trumps. By now it was completely incomprehensible how anyone's vocal cords could endure the strain: according to one account, Falter screamed for at least fifteen minutes; according to another, and probably more accurate one, for about five without interruption. Suddenly (while the landlord was deciding whether to break down the door with a joint effort, place a ladder outside, or call the police), the screams, having attained the ultimate limits of agony, horror, amazement, and of that other quite indefinable something, turned into a medley of moans and then stopped altogether. It grew so quiet that at first those present conversed in whispers.

Cautiously, the landlord again knocked at the door, and from behind it came sighs and unsteady footfalls. Presently, one heard someone fumbling at the lock, as though he did not know how to open it. A weak, soft fist began smacking feebly from within. Then M. Paon did what he could actually have done much sooner—he found another key and opened the door.

"One would like some light," Falter said softly in the dark. Thinking for an instant that Falter had broken the lamp during his fit, the landlord automatically checked the switch, but the light obediently came on, and Falter, blinking in sickly surprise, turned his eyes from the hand that had engendered light to the newly filled glass bulb, as if seeing for the first time how it was done.

A strange, repulsive change had come over his entire exterior: he looked as if his skeleton had been removed. His sweaty and now somehow flabby face, with its hanging lip and pink eyes, expressed not only a dull fatigue but also relief, an animal relief as after the pangs of monster-bearing. Naked to the waist, wearing only his pajama bottoms, he stood with lowered face, rubbing the back of one hand with the palm of the other. To the natural questions of M. Paon and the hotel guests he gave no answer; he merely puffed out his cheeks, pushed aside those who had surrounded him, came out on the landing, and began urinating copiously right on the stairs. Then he went back, lay down on his bed, and fell asleep.

In the morning the hotelkeeper called up Mrs. L., Falter's sister, to warn her that her brother had gone mad, and he was bundled off home, listless and half asleep. The family doctor suggested it was just a slight stroke and prescribed a suitable treatment. But Falter did not get better. After a time, it is true, he began walking about freely, and even whistling at times, and uttering loud insults, and grabbing food the doctor had forbidden. However, the change remained. He was like a man who had lost everything: respect for life, all interest in money and business, all customary and traditional feelings, everyday habits, manners—absolutely everything. It was unsafe to let him go anywhere alone, for, with a curiosity quite superficial and quickly forgotten but offensive to others, he would address chance passersby, to discuss the origin of a scar on someone's face or a statement, not addressed to him, that he had overheard in a conversation between strangers. He would take an orange from a fruit stand as he passed, and eat it unpeeled, responding with an indifferent half smile to the jabber of the fruitwoman who had run after him. When he grew tired or bored, he would squat on the sidewalk Turkish fashion and, for something to do, try to catch girls' heels in his fist like flies. Once, he appropriated several hats—five felts and two panamas—which he had painstakingly collected in various cafés, and there were difficulties with the police.

His case attracted the attention of a well-known Italian psychiatrist, who happened to have a patient at Falter's hotel. This Dr. Bonomini, a youngish man, was studying, as he himself willingly explained, "the dynamics of the psyche," and sought to demonstrate in his works, whose popularity was not confined to learned circles, that all psychic disorders could be explained by subliminal memories of calamities that befell the patient's forebears, and that if, for example, the subject were afflicted by megalomania, to cure him completely it sufficed to determine which of his great-grandfathers was a power-hungry failure, and explain to the great-grandson that the ancestor, being dead, had found eternal peace, although in complex cases it was actually necessary to resort to theatrical representation, in costumes of the period, depicting the specific demise of the ancestor,

A STORM IN APRIL

Some winters, taking leave,
Deal us a last, hard blow,
Salting the ground like Carthage
Before they will go.

But the bright, milling snow
Which throngs the air today—
It is a way of leaving
So as to stay.

The light flakes do not weigh
The willows down, but sift
Through the white catkins, loose
As petal-drift,

Or in an up-draft lift
And glitter at a height,
Dazzling as summer's leaf-stir
Chinked with light.

This storm, if I am right,
Will not be wholly over
Till green fields, here and there,
Turn white with clover,

And through chill air the puffs of milkweed hover.

—Richard Wilbur

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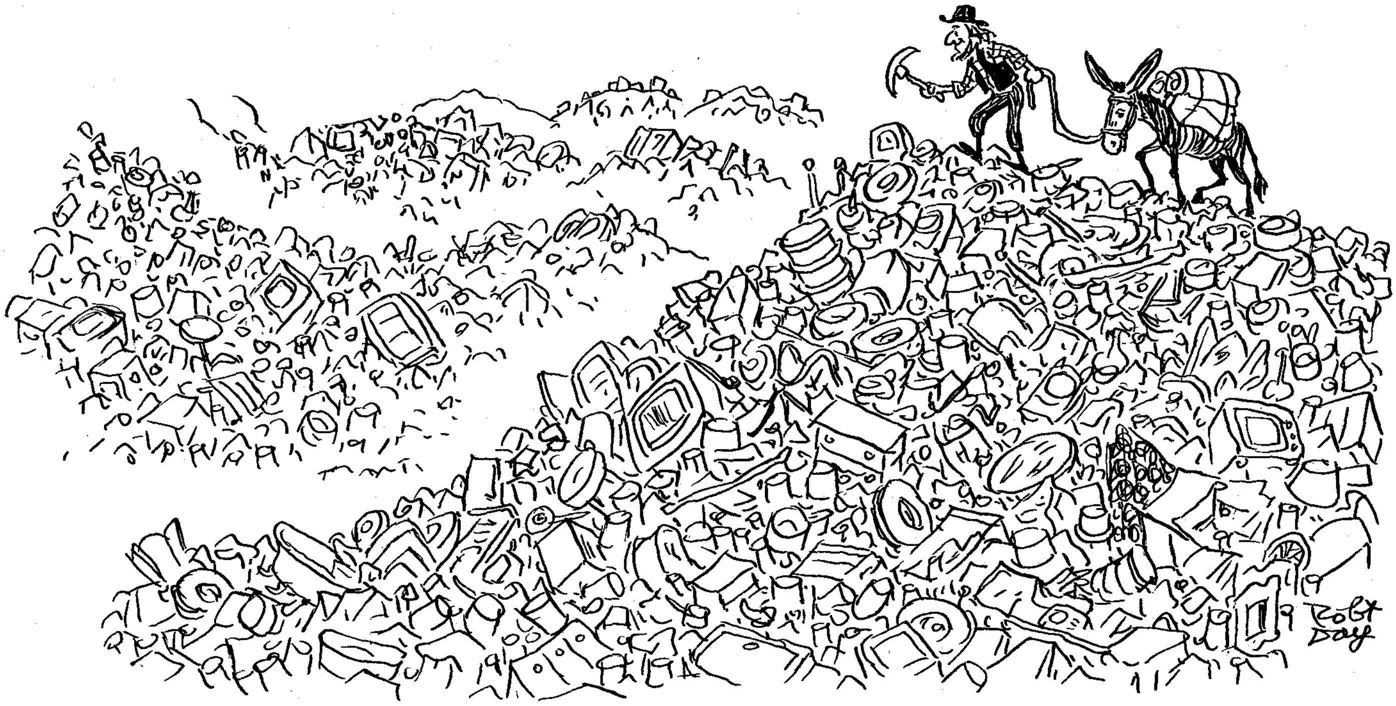

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whose role was assigned to the patient. These *tableaux vivants* grew so fashionable that Bonomini was obliged to explain to the public in print the dangers of staging them without his direct control.

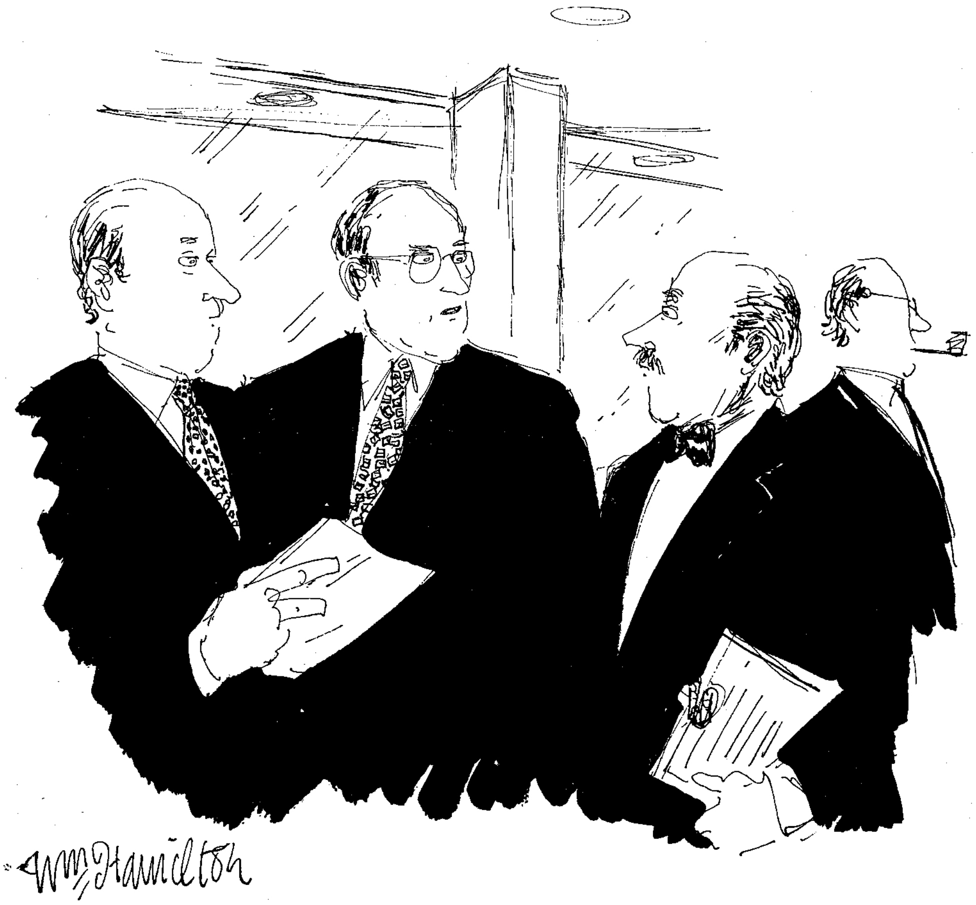
Having questioned Falter's sister, Bonomini established that the Falters did not know much about their forebears. True, Ilya Falter had been addicted to drink; but since, according to Bonomini's theory, "the patient's illness reflects only the distant past"—as, for instance, a folk epic "sublimates" only remote occurrences—the details about Falter *père* were useless to him. Nevertheless, he offered to try to help the patient, hoping by means of clever questioning to make Falter himself produce the explanation for his condition, after which the necessary ancestors could become deducible of their own accord; that an explanation did exist was confirmed by the fact that when Falter's intimates succeeded in penetrating his silence he would succinctly and dismissively allude to something quite out of the ordinary that he had experienced on that enigmatic night.

One day, Bonomini closeted himself with Falter in the latter's room, and, as the knower of human hearts he was, with his horn-rimmed glasses and that hanky in his breast pocket, managed apparently to get out of him an exhaustive reply as to the cause of his nocturnal howls. Hypnotism probably played its part in the business, for at the subsequent inquest Falter insisted that he had blabbed against his will, and that it rankled. He added, however, that never mind, sooner or later he would have made the experiment anyway, but that now he would definitely never repeat it. Be that as it may, the poor author of "The Heroics of Insanity" became the prey of Falter's Medusa. Since the intimate encounter between doctor and patient seemed to be lasting abnormally long, Eleonora L., Falter's sister (who had been knitting a gray shawl on the terrace, and for a long time already had not heard the psychiatrist's release-inducing, high-spirited, or falsely cajoling little tenor, which at first had been more or less audible through the half-open French window), entered her brother's room, and found him examining with dull curiosity the Alpine sanatoriums in a brochure that had probably been brought by the doctor, while the doctor himself sprawled half on a chair and half on the carpet, with a gap of linen showing between waistcoat and trousers, his short legs spread wide and his pale café-au-lait face thrown back, felled, as was later determined, by heart failure. To the questions of the officiously meddling police Falter replied absently and tersely; but when he finally grew tired of this pestering he pointed out that, having accidentally solved "the riddle of the universe," he had yielded to artful exhortation and shared that solution with his inquisitive interlocutor, whereupon the latter had died of astonishment. The local newspapers caught up the story, embellished it properly, and the person of Falter, in the guise of a Tibetan sage, for several days nourished the not overparticular news columns.

But, as you know, during those days I did not read the papers: you were dying then. Now, however, having heard the story of Falter in detail, I experienced a certain very strong and perhaps slightly shamefaced desire.

You understand, of course. In the condition I was in, people without imagination (i.e., deprived of its support and inquiry) turn to the advertisements of wonder-workers—to chiromancers in comedy turbans, who combine the magic business with a trade in rat poison or rubber sheaths; to fat, swarthy women fortune-tellers; but particularly to spiritualists, who fake a still unidentified force by giving it the milky features of phantoms and getting them to manifest themselves in silly physical ways. But I have my share of imagination, and therefore two possibilities existed: the first was my work, my art, the consolation of my art; the second consisted of taking the plunge and believing that a person like Falter, rather average when you come down to it, despite a shrewd mind's parlor games, and even a little vulgar, had actually and conclusively learned that at which no seer, no sorcerer had ever arrived.

My art? You remember him, don't you? That strange Swede or Dane—or Icelander, for all I know—anyway, that lanky, orange-tanned blond fellow with the eyelashes of an old horse, who introduced himself to me as "a well-known writer," and, for a price that gladdened you (you were already confined to your bed and unable to speak but would write me funny trifles with colored chalk on a slate—for instance, that the things you liked most in life



"Suppose you just leave your input out of this, Schmidt."

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were "verse, wildflowers, and foreign currency"), commissioned me to make a series of illustrations for the epic poem "Ultima Thule," which he had just composed in his language. Of course, there could be no question of my acquainting myself thoroughly with his manuscript, since French, in which we agonizingly communicated, was known to him mostly by hearsay, and he was unable to translate his imagery for me. I managed to understand only that his hero was some Northern king, unhappy and unsociable; that his kingdom, amid the sea mists, on a melancholy and remote island, was plagued by political intrigues of some kind, assassinations, insurrections; and that a white horse which had lost its rider was flying along the misty heath . . . He was pleased with my first *blanc-et-noir* sample, and we decided on the subjects of the other drawings. When he did not turn up in a week as he had promised, I called his hotel, and learned that he had left for America.

I concealed my employer's disappearance from you but did not go on with the drawings; then again, you were already so ill that I did not feel like thinking about my golden pen and traceries in India ink. But when you died, when the early mornings and late evenings became especially unbearable, then, with a pitiful, feverish eagerness, the awareness of which would bring tears to my own eyes, I would continue the work for which I knew no one would come, and for that very reason that task seemed to me appropriate—its spectral, intangible nature, the lack of aim or reward would lead me away to a realm akin to the one in which, for me, you exist, my ghostly goal, my darling, such a darling, earthly creation, for which no one will ever come anywhere; and since everything kept distracting me, fobbing off on me the paint of temporality instead of the graphic design of eternity, tormenting me with your tracks on the beach, with the stones on the beach, with your blue shadow on the loathsome bright beach, I decided to return to our lodging in Paris and settle down to work seriously. "Ultima Thule," that island born in the desolate, gray sea of my heartache for you, now attracted me as the home of my least expressible thoughts.

However, before leaving the Riviera, I absolutely had to see Falter. This was the second solace I had invented for myself. I managed to convince myself that he was not simply a lunatic after all; that not only did he believe in the discovery he had made but that this very discovery was the source of his madness, and not vice versa. I learned that he had moved to an apartment building next to my pension. I also learned that his health was flagging; that when the flame of life had gone out in him it had left his body without supervision and without incentive; that he would probably die soon. I learned, finally, and this was especially important to me, that lately, in spite of his failing strength, he had grown unusually talkative and for days on end would treat his visitors (and, alas, a different kind of curiosity-seeker than I got through to him) to speeches *in which he cavilled at the mechanics* of human thought, oddly meandering speeches—exposing nothing, but almost Socratic in rhythm and sting. I offered to visit him, but his brother-in-law replied that the poor fellow enjoyed any diversion and had the strength to reach my house.

And so they arrived—that is, the brother-in-law in his inevitable shabby black suit, his wife, Eleonora (a tall, taciturn woman, whose clear-cut sturdiness recalled the former frame of her brother, and now served as a kind of living lesson to him, an adjacent moralistic picture), and Falter himself, whose appearance shocked me, even though I was prepared to see him changed. How can I express it? Mr. L. had said that he looked as if his bones had been removed; I, on the other hand, had the impression that his soul had been extracted but his mind intensified tenfold in recompense. By this I mean that one look at Falter was sufficient in order to understand that one need not expect from him any of the human feelings common in everyday life; that Falter had utterly lost the knack of loving anyone, of feeling pity, if only for himself, of experiencing kindness and, on occasion, compassion for the soul of another, of habitually serving, as best he could, the cause of good, if only that of his own standard, just as he had lost the knack of shaking hands or using his handkerchief. And yet he did not strike one as a madman—oh, no, quite the contrary! In his oddly bloated features, in his unpleasant, satiated gaze, even in his flat feet, shod no longer in fashionable oxfords but in cheap espadrilles, one could sense some concentrated power, and this power was not in the least interested in the flabbiness and decay of the flesh that it squeamishly controlled.

His attitude toward me now was not that of our last brief encounter but that which I remembered from the days of our youth, when he would come to coach me. No doubt he was perfectly aware that, chronologically, a quarter of a century had passed since those days, and yet, as though, along with his soul, he had lost his sense of time (without which the *soul* cannot live), he obviously regarded me—a matter not so much of words but of his whole manner—as if it had all been yesterday; yet he had no sympathy, no warmth whatever for me—nothing, not even a speck of it.

They seated him in an armchair, and he spread his limbs strangely, as a chimpanzee might do when his keeper makes him parody a sybarite in a recumbent position. His sister settled down to her knitting, and during the whole course of the conversation did not once raise her short-haired gray head. Her husband took two newspapers—a local one and one from Marseille—out of his pocket, and was also silent. Only when Falter, noticing a large photograph of you that happened to be standing right in his line of sight, asked where were you hiding did Mr. L. say, in the loud, artificial voice people use to address the deaf, and without looking up from his newspaper: "Come, you know perfectly well she is dead."

"Ah, yes," remarked Falter with inhuman unconcern, and, addressing me, added, "Oh, well, may the kingdom of heaven be hers—isn't that what one is supposed to say in society?"

Then the following conversation began between us; total recall, rather than shorthand notes, now allows me to transcribe exactly.

"I wanted to see you, Falter," I said (actually, I addressed him by first name and patronymic, but, in narration, his timeless image does not tolerate any conjunction of the man with a definite country and a genetic past). "I wanted to see you in order to have a frank talk with you. I wonder if you would consider it possible to ask your relatives to leave us alone."

"They do not count," abruptly observed Falter.

"When I say 'frank,' " I went on, "I presuppose the reciprocal possibility of asking no matter what questions, and the readiness to answer them. But since it is I who shall ask the questions, and expect answers from you, everything depends upon your consent to be straightforward; you do not need that assurance from me."

"To a straightforward question I shall give a straightforward answer," said Falter.

"In that case, allow me to come right to the point. We shall ask Mr. and Mrs. L. to step outside for a moment, and you will tell me verbatim what you told the Italian doctor."

"Well, I'll be damned," said Falter.

"You cannot refuse me this. In the first place, the information won't kill me—this I guarantee you; I may look tired and seedy, but don't you worry, I still have enough strength left. In the second place, I promise to keep your secret to myself, and even to shoot myself, if you like, immediately after learning it. You see, I allow that my loquacity may bother you even more than my death. Well, do you agree?"

"I refuse absolutely," replied Falter, and swept away a book from the table next to him to make room for his elbow.

"For the sake of somehow starting our talk, I shall temporarily accept your refusal. Let us proceed *ab ovo*. Now then, Falter, I understand that the essence of things has been revealed to you."

"Yes, period," said Falter.

"Agreed—you will not tell me about it; nevertheless, I draw two important deductions: things do have an essence, and this essence *can* be revealed to the mind."

Falter smiled.

"Only do not call them deductions, Mister. They are but flag stops. Logical reasoning may be a most convenient means of mental communication for covering short distances, but the curvature of the earth, alas, is reflected even in logic: an ideally rational progression of thought will finally bring you back to the point of departure whence you return—aware of the simplicity of genius, with a delightful sensation that you have embraced truth, while actually you have merely embraced your own self. Why set out on that journey, then? Be content with the formula: the essence of things has been revealed—wherein, incidentally, a blunder of yours is already present; I cannot explain it to you, since the least hint at an explanation would be a lethal glimpse. As long as the proposition remains static, one does not notice the blunder. But anything you might term a deduction already exposes the flaw: logical development inexorably becomes an envelopment."

"All right, for the present I shall be content with that much. Now, allow me a question. When a hypothesis enters a scientist's mind, he checks it by calculation and experiment; that is, by the mimicry and the pantomime of truth. Its plausibility infects others, and the hypothesis is accepted as the true explanation for the given phenomenon, until someone finds its faults. I believe the whole of science consists of such

exiled or retired ideas, and yet at one time each of them boasted high rank; only a name or a pension is left. But in your case, Falter, I suspect that you have found some different method of discovery and test. May I call it 'revelation,' in the theological sense?"

"You may not," said Falter.

"Wait a minute. Right now I am interested not so much in the method of discovery as in your conviction that the result is true. In other words, either you have a method of checking the result or the awareness of its truth is inherent in it."

"You see," answered Falter, "in Indo-China, at the lottery drawings, the numbers are extracted by a monkey. I happen to be that monkey. Another metaphor: In a country of honest men a yawl was moored at the shore, and it did not belong to anyone; but no one knew that it did not belong to anyone; and its assumed appurtenance to someone rendered it invisible to all. I happened to get into it. But perhaps it would be simpler if I said that in a moment of playfulness—not mathematical playfulness, necessarily; mathematics, I warn you, is but a perpetual game of leapfrog over its own shoulders as it keeps breeding—I kept combining various ideas, and finally found the right combination and exploded, like Berthold Schwarz. Somehow I survived; perhaps another in my place might have survived, too. However, after the incident with my charming doctor, I do not have the least desire to be bothered by the police again."

"You're warming up, Falter. But let's get back to the point: what exactly makes you certain that it is the truth? That monkey is not really a party to the cast lots."

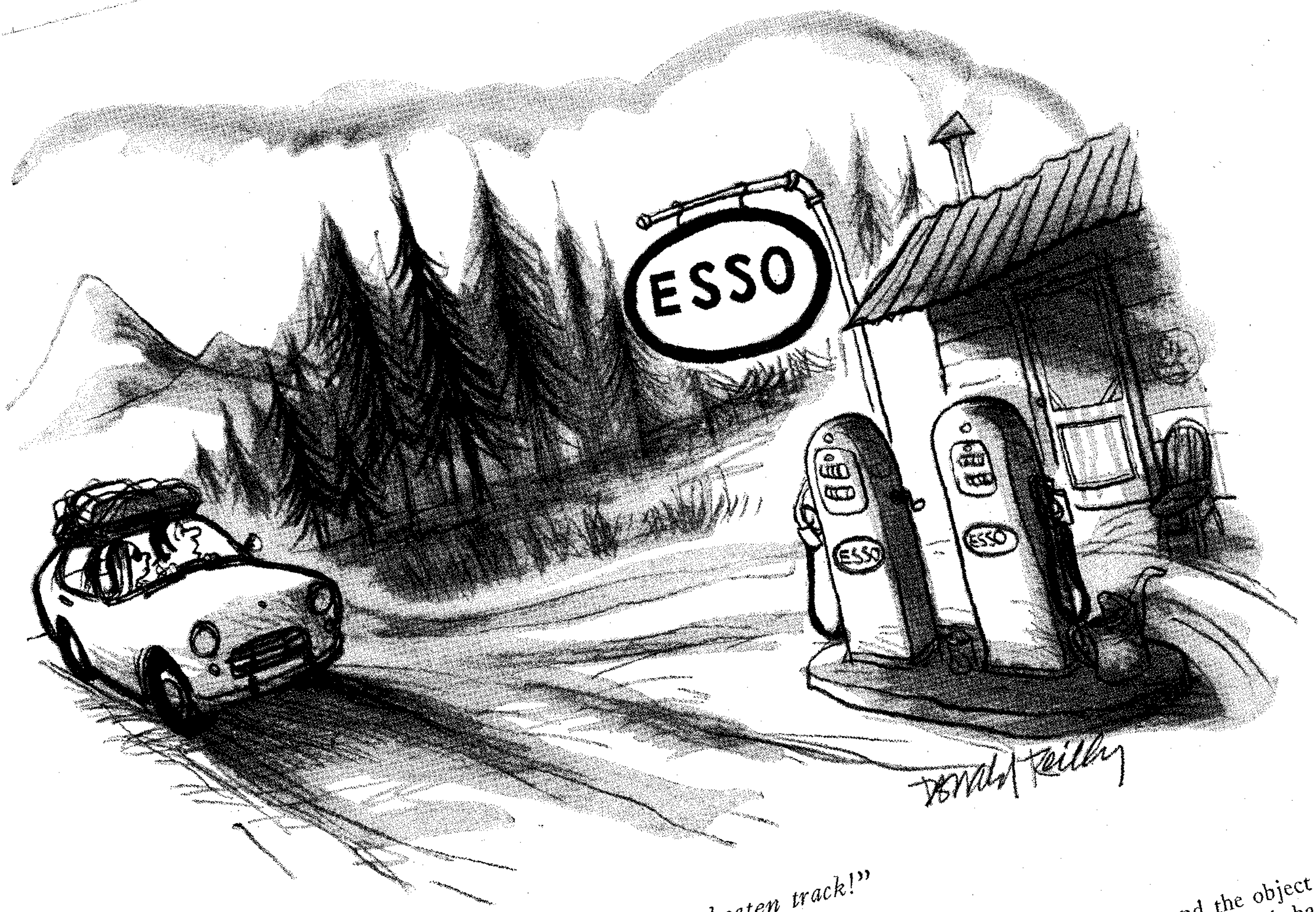
"Truths, and shadows of truths," said Falter, "in the sense of species, of course, not specimens, are so rare in the world, and available ones are either so trivial or tainted that—how shall I put it?—that the *recoil* upon perceiving Truth, the instant reaction of one's whole being, remains an unfamiliar, little-studied phenomenon. Oh, well, sometimes in children: when a boy wakes up or regains his senses after a bout with scarlet fever and there is an electric discharge of reality—relative reality, no doubt, for you, humans, possess no other. Take any truism—that is, the corpse of a relative truth. Now analyze the physical sensation evoked in you by the words 'black is darker than brown,' or 'ice is cold.' Your thought is too lazy even to make a polite pretense of raising its rump from its bench—as if the same teacher were to enter your classroom a hundred times in the course of one lesson in old Russia. But, in my childhood, one day of great frost, I licked the shiny lock of a wicket. Let us dismiss the physical pain, and the pride of discovery, if it is a pleasant one—all that is not the real reaction to truth. You see, its impact is so little known that one cannot even find an exact word for it. All your nerves simultaneously answer 'yes!'—something like that. Let us also set aside a kind of astonishment, which is merely the unaccustomed assimilation of the *thingness* of truth, not of Truth itself. If you tell me that So-and-So is a thief, then I combine at once in my mind a number of suddenly illuminated trifles that I had myself observed, yet I have time to marvel that a man who had seemed so upright turned out to be a crook, but unconsciously I have already absorbed the truth, so that my astonishment itself promptly assumes an inverted form (how could one have ever thought honest such an obvious crook?). In other words, the sensitive point of truth lies exactly halfway between the first surprise and the second."

"Right. This is all fairly clear."

"On the other hand, surprise carried to stunning, unimaginable dimensions," Falter went on, "can have extremely painful effects, and it is still nothing compared to the shock of Truth itself. And *that* can no longer be 'absorbed.' It was by chance that it did not kill me, just as it was by chance that it struck me. I doubt one could think of checking a sensation of such intensity. A check can, however, be made *ex post facto*, though I personally have no need for the complexities of the verification. Take any commonplace truth—for instance, that two angles equal to a third are equal to each other; does the postulate also include anything about ice being hot or rocks occurring in Canada? In other words, a given truthlet, to coin a diminutive, does not contain any other related truthlets and, even less, such ones that belong to different kinds or levels of knowledge or thought. What, then, would you say about a Truth with a capital T that comprises in itself the explanation and the proof of all possible mental affirmations? One can believe in the poetry of a wildflower or the power of money, but neither belief predetermines faith in homeopathy or in the necessity to exterminate antelope on the islands of Lake Victoria. But in my case, having learned what I have—if this can be called learning—I received a key to absolutely all the doors and treasure chests in the world; only I have no need to use it, since every thought about its practical significance automatically, by its very nature, grades into the whole series of hinged lids. I may doubt my physical ability to imagine to the very end all the consequences of my discovery, and, namely, to what degree I have not yet gone insane, or, inversely, how far behind I have left all that is meant by insanity; but I certainly cannot doubt that, as you put it, 'essence has been revealed to me.' Some water, please."

"Here you are. But let me see, Falter—did I understand you correctly? Are you really henceforth a candidate for omniscience? Excuse me, but I don't have that impression. I can allow that you know something fundamental, but your words contain no concrete indications of absolute wisdom."

"Saving my strength," said Falter. "Anyway, I never affirmed that I know everything now—Arabic, for example, or how many times in your life you have shaved, or who set the type for the newspaper that fool over there is reading. I only say that I know everything I might want to know. Anyone could say that—couldn't he?—after having leafed through an encyclopedia; only, the encyclopedia whose exact title I have learned (there, by the way—I am giving you a more elegant definition: I know the title of things) is literally all-inclusive, and therein lies the difference between me and the most versatile scholar on earth. You see, I have learned—and here I am leading you to the very edge of the Riviera precipice, ladies don't look—I have learned one very simple thing about the world. It is by itself so obvious, so amusingly obvious, that only my wretched humanity can consider it monstrous. When, in a moment, I say 'congruent' I shall mean something infinitely removed from all the congruencies known to you, just as the nature itself of my discovery has nothing in common with the nature of any physical or philosophical conjectures. Now, the main thing in me that



"Wow, we really are off the beaten track!"

• •

is congruent with the main thing in the universe could not be affected by the bodily spasm that has thus shattered me. At the same time, the possible knowledge of all things, consequent to the knowledge of the fundamental one, did not dispose in me of a sufficiently solid apparatus. I am training myself by willpower not to leave the vivarium, to observe the rules of your mentality as if nothing had happened; in other words, I act like a beggar, a versifier, who has received a million in foreign currency but goes on living in his basement, for he knows that the least concession to luxury would ruin his liver."

"But the treasure is in your possession, Falter—that's what hurts. Let us drop the discussion of your attitude toward it, and talk about the thing itself. I repeat—I have taken note of your refusal to let me peek at your Medusa, and am further willing to refrain from the most evident inferences, since, as you hint, any logical conclusion is a confinement of thought in itself. I propose to you a different method for our questions and answers: I shall not ask you about the contents of your treasure; but, after all, you will not give away its secret by telling me if, say, it lies in the East, or if there is even one topaz in it, or if even one man has ever passed in its proximity. At the same time, if you answer 'yes' or 'no' to a question, I not only promise to avoid choosing that particular line for a further series of related questions but pledge to end the conversation altogether."

"Theoretically, you are luring me into a clumsy trap," said Falter, shaking slightly, as another might do when laughing. "Actually, it would be a trap only if you were capable of asking me at least one such question. There is very little chance of that. Therefore, if you enjoy pointless amusement, fire away."

I thought a moment and said, "Falter, allow me to begin like the traditional tourist—with an inspection of an ancient church, familiar to him from pictures. Let me ask you: does God exist?"

"Cold," said Falter.

I did not understand and repeated the question.

"Forget it," snapped Falter. "I said 'cold,' as they say in the game, when one must find a hidden object. If you are looking under a chair or under the shadow of a chair, and the object cannot be in that place, because it happens to be somewhere else, then the question of there existing a chair or its shadow has nothing whatever to do with the game. To say that perhaps the chair exists but the object is not there is the same as saying that perhaps the object is there but the chair does not exist, which means that you end up again in the circle so dear to human thought."

"You must agree, though, Falter, that if, as you say, the thing sought is not anywhere near to the concept of God, and if that thing is, according to your terminology, a kind of universal 'title,' then the concept of God does not appear on the title page; hence, there exists no true necessity for such a concept, and since there is no need for God, no God exists."

"Then you did not understand what I said about the relationship between a possible place and the impossibility of finding the object in it. All right, I shall put it more clearly. By the very act of your mentioning a given concept you placed your own self in the position of an enigma, as if the seeker himself were to hide. And by persisting in your question you not only hide but also believe that by sharing with the sought-for object the quality of 'hiddenness' you bring it closer to you. How can I answer you whether God exists when the matter under discussion is perhaps sweet peas or a soccer linesman's flag? You are looking in the wrong place and in the wrong way, *cher monsieur*—that is all the answer I can give you. And if it seems to you that from this answer you can draw the least conclusion about the uselessness or necessity of God, it is just because you are looking in the wrong place and in the wrong way. Wasn't it you, though, that promised not to follow logical patterns of thought?"

"Now I too am going to trap you, Falter. Let's see how you'll manage to avoid a direct statement. One cannot, then, seek the title of the world in the hieroglyphics of deism?"

"Pardon me," replied Falter. "By means of ornate language and grammatical trickery, Moustache Bleue is merely disguising the expected '*non*' as an expected '*oui*.' At the moment, all I do is deny. I deny the expediency of the search for Truth in the realm of common theology, and, to save your mind empty labor, I hasten to add that the epithet I have used is a dead end: do not turn into it. I shall have to terminate the discussion *for lack of an interlocutor* if you exclaim, 'Aha, then there is *another*, "uncommon" truth!'—for this would mean that you have hidden yourself so well as to have lost yourself."

"All right. I shall believe you. Let us grant that theology muddies the issue. Is that right, Falter?"

"This is the house that Jack built," said Falter.

"All right, we dismiss this false trail as well. Even though you could probably explain to me why it is false (for there is something queer and elusive here, something that irritates you), and then your reluctance to reply would be clear to me."

"I could," said Falter, "but it would be equivalent to revealing the gist of the matter; that is exactly what you are not going to get out of me."

"You repeat yourself, Falter. Don't tell me you will be just as evasive if, for instance, I ask you: can one expect an afterlife?"

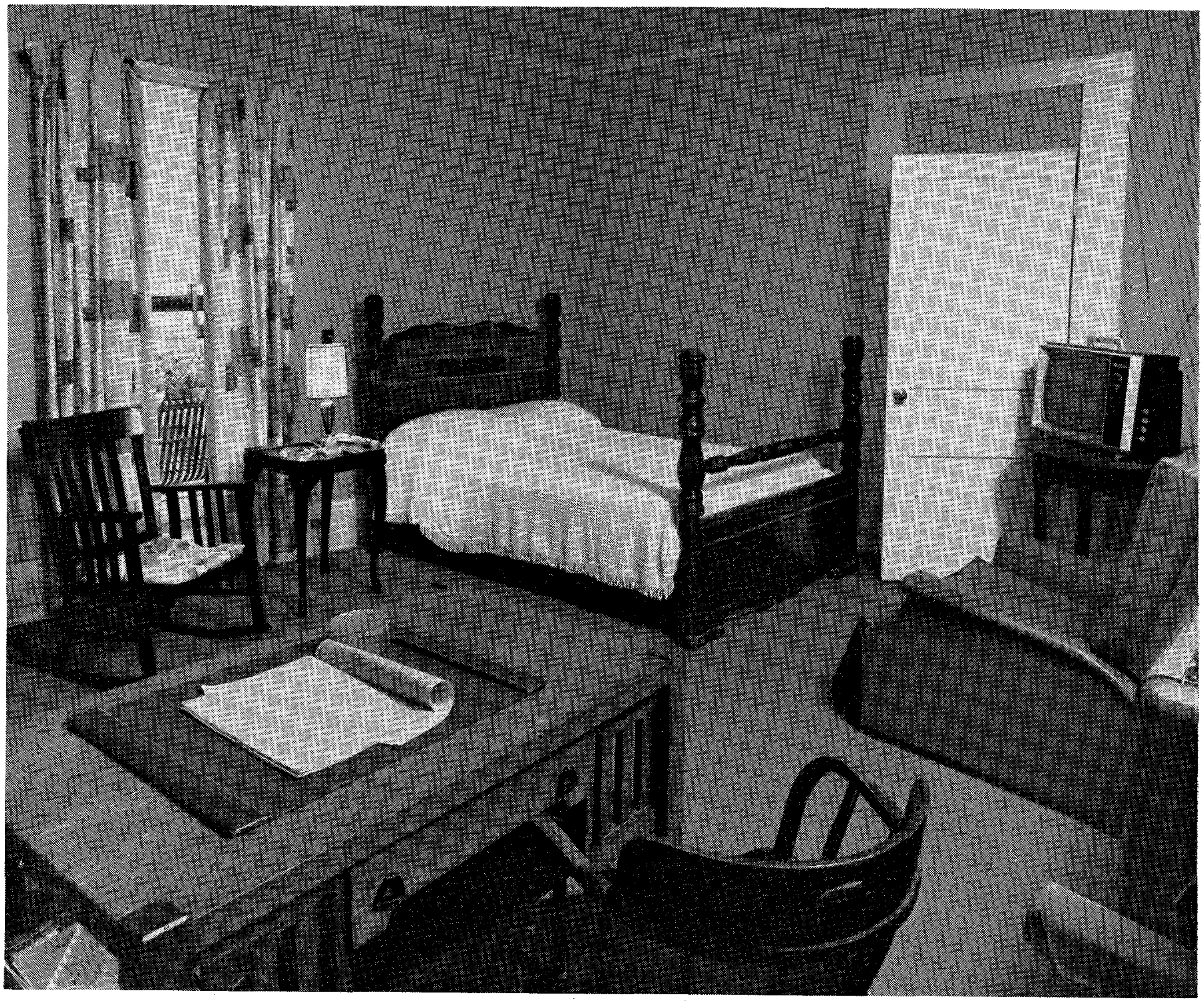
"Does it interest you very much?"

"Just as much as it does you, Falter. Whatever you may know about death, we are both mortal."

"In the first place," said Falter, "I call your attention to the following curious catch: any man is mortal; you are a man; therefore, it is also possible that *you are not mortal*. Why? Because a specified man (you or I) for that very reason ceases to be *any man*. Yet both of us are indeed mortal, but I am mortal in a different way than you."

"Don't spite my poor logic, but give me a plain answer: Is there even a glimmer of one's identity beyond the grave, or does it all end in ideal darkness?"

"*Bon*," said Falter, as is the habit of Russian émigrés in France. "You want to know whether Gospodín Sineusov will forever reside within the snugness of Gospodin Sineusov, otherwise Moustache Bleue, or whether everything will abruptly vanish. There are two ideas here, aren't there? Round-the-clock lighting and the black inane. Actually, despite the difference in metaphysical color, they greatly resemble each other. And they move in parallel. They even move at considerable speed. Long live the totalizator! Hey, hey, look through your turf glasses, they're racing each other, and you would very much like to know which will arrive first at the post of Truth, but in asking me to give you a 'yes' or 'no' for either one or the other you want me to catch one of them at full speed by the neck—and those devils have awfully slippery necks. But even if I were to grab one of them for you I would merely interrupt the competition, or the winner would be the other, the one I did not snatch, an utterly meaningless result inasmuch as no rivalry would any longer exist. If you ask, however, which of the two runs faster, I shall retort with another question:



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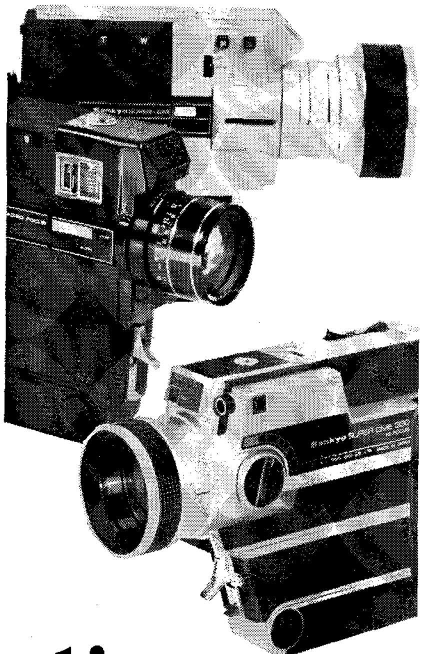

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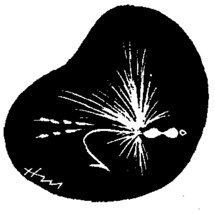
what runs faster, strong desire or strong fear?”

“Same pace, I suppose.”

“That's just it. For look what happens in the case of the poor little human mind. Either it has no way to express what awaits you—I mean, us—after death, and then total unconsciousness is excluded, for *that* is quite accessible to our imagination—every one of us has experienced the total darkness of dreamless sleep; or, on the contrary, death *can* be imagined, and then one's reason naturally adopts not the notion of eternal life, an unknown entity, incongruent with *anything* terrestrial, but precisely that which seems more probable—the familiar darkness of stupor. Indeed, how can a man who trusts in his reason admit, for instance, that someone who is dead drunk and dies while sound asleep from a chance external cause—thus losing by chance what he no longer really possessed—again acquires the ability to reason and feel thanks to the mere extension, consolidation, and perfection of his unfortunate condition? Hence, if you were to ask me only one thing: do I know, in human terms, what lies beyond death—that is, if you attempted to avert the absurdity in which must peter out the competition between two opposite but basically similar concepts—a negative reply on my part would logically make you conclude that your life cannot end in nothingness, while from an affirmative you would draw the opposite conclusion. In either case, as you see, you would remain in exactly the same situation as before, since a dry ‘no’ would prove to you that I know no more than you about the given subject, while a moist ‘yes’ would suggest that you accept the existence of an international heaven which your reason cannot fail to doubt.”



“You are simply evading a straightforward answer, but allow me to observe nevertheless that on the subject of death you do not give me the answer ‘cold.’ ”

“There you go again,” sighed Falter. “Didn't I just explain to you that any deduction whatsoever conforms to the curvature of thought? It is correct as long as you remain in the sphere of earthly dimensions, but when you attempt to go beyond, your error grows in proportion to the distance you cover. And that's not all: your mind will construe any answer of mine exclusively from a utilitarian viewpoint, for you are unable to conceive death otherwise than in the image of your own gravestone, and this in turn would distort to such an extent the sense of my answer as to turn it into a lie, *ipso facto*. So let us observe decorum even when dealing with the transcendental. I cannot express myself more clearly—and you ought to be grateful for my evasiveness. You have an inkling, I gather, that there is a little hitch in the very formulation of the question—a hitch, incidentally, that is more terrible than the fear itself of death. It's particularly strong in you, isn't it?”

“Yes, Falter. The terror I feel at the thought of my future unconsciousness is equal only to the revulsion caused in me by a mental foreview of my decomposing body.”

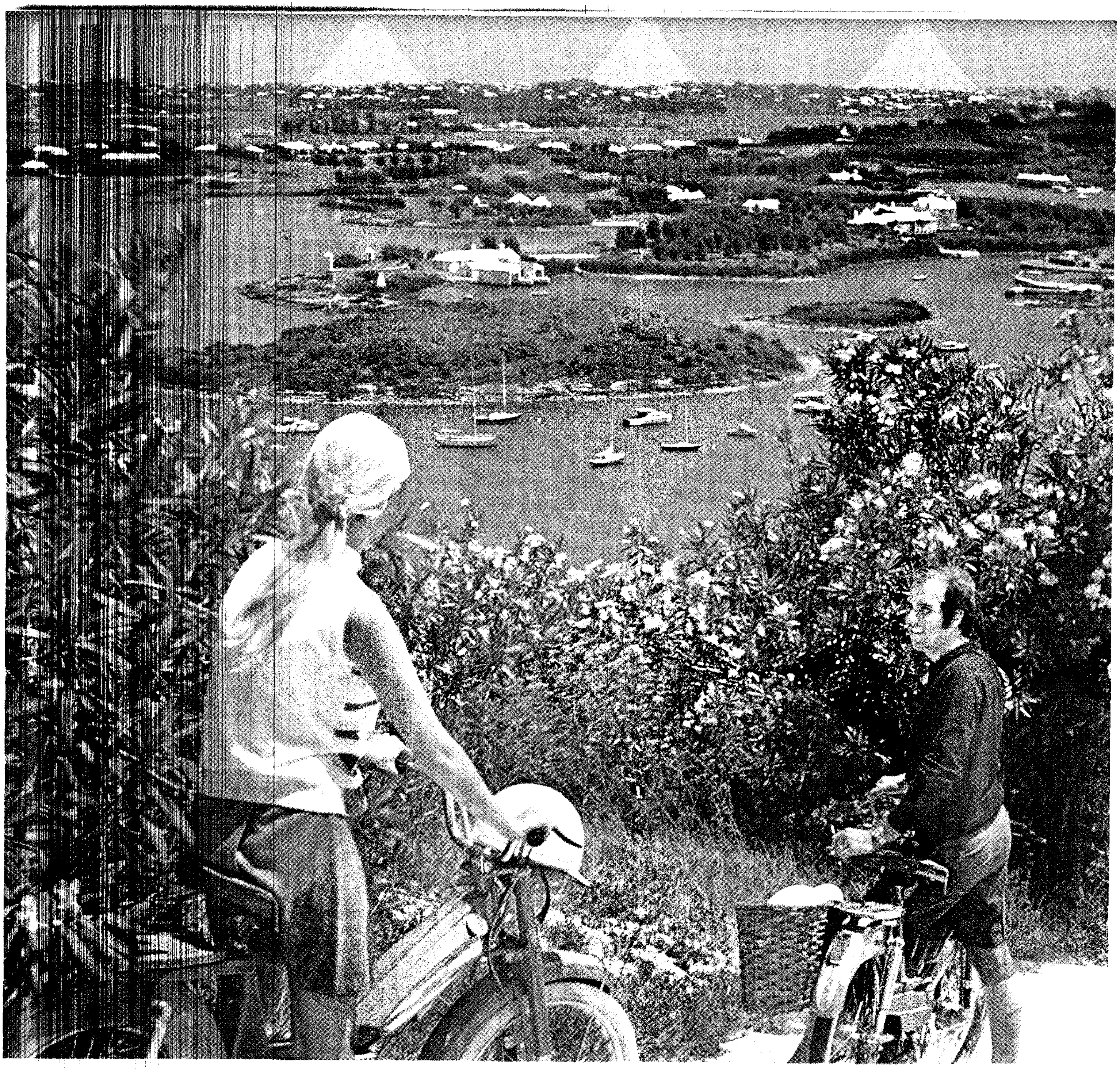
“Well put. Probably other symptoms of this sublunary malady are present as well? A dull pang in the heart, suddenly, in the middle of the night, like the flash of a wild creature among domestic emotions and pet thoughts: ‘Someday I also must die.’ It happens to you, doesn't it? Hatred for the world, which will very cheerfully carry on without you. A basic sensation that all things in the world are trifles and phantasmata compared to your mortal agony, and therefore to your life, for, you say to yourself, life itself is the agony before death. Yes, oh yes, I can imagine perfectly well that sickness from which you all suffer to a lesser or greater degree, and I can say one thing: I fail to understand how people can live under such conditions.”

“There, Falter, we seem to be getting somewhere. Apparently, then, if I admitted that in moments of happiness, of rapture, when my soul is laid bare, I suddenly feel that there is no extinction beyond the grave; that in an adjacent locked room, from under whose door comes a frosty draft, there is being prepared a peacock-eyed radiance, a pyramid of delights akin to the Christmas tree of my childhood; that everything—life, patria, April, the sound of a spring or that of a dear voice—is but a muddled preface, and that the main text still lies ahead—if I can feel that way, Falter, is it not possible to live, to live—tell me it's possible, and I'll not ask you anything more.”

“In that case,” said Falter, shaking again in soundless mirth, “I understand you even less. Skip the preface, and it's in the bag!”

“*Un bon mouvement*, Falter—tell me your secret.”

“What are you trying to do, catch me off guard? You're crafty, I see. No, that is out of the question. In the first days—yes, in the first days I



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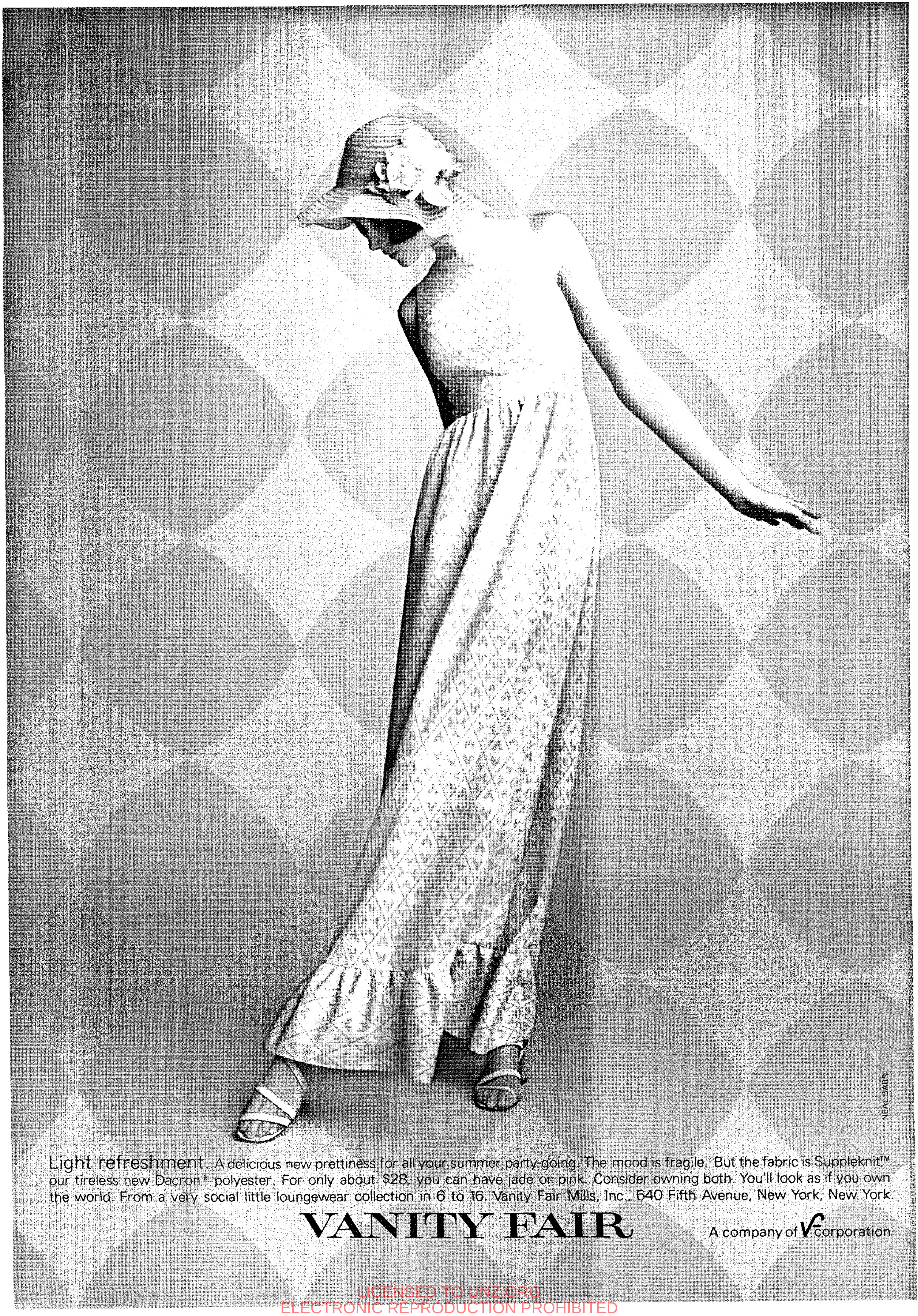

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thought it might be possible to share my secret. A grown man, unless he is a bull like me, would not stand it—all right; but I wondered if one could not bring up a new generation of the *initiated*—that is, turn my attention to children. As you see, I did not immediately overcome the infection of local dialectics. In practice, however, what would happen? In the first place, one can hardly imagine pledging kiddies to a vow of priestly silence lest any of them with one dreamy word commit manslaughter. In the second place, as soon as the child grows up, the information once imparted to him, accepted on faith, and allowed to sleep in a remote corner of his consciousness, may give a start and awake, with tragic consequences. Even if my secret does not always destroy a mature member of the species, it is unthinkable that it should spare a youth. For who is not familiar with that period of life when all kinds of things—the starry sky above a Caucasian spa, a book read in the toilet, one's own conjectures about the cosmos, the delicious panic of solipsism—are in themselves enough to provoke a frenzy in all the senses of an adolescent human being? There is no reason for me to become an executioner; I have no intention of annihilating enemy regiments through a megaphone. In short, there is no one for me to confide in."

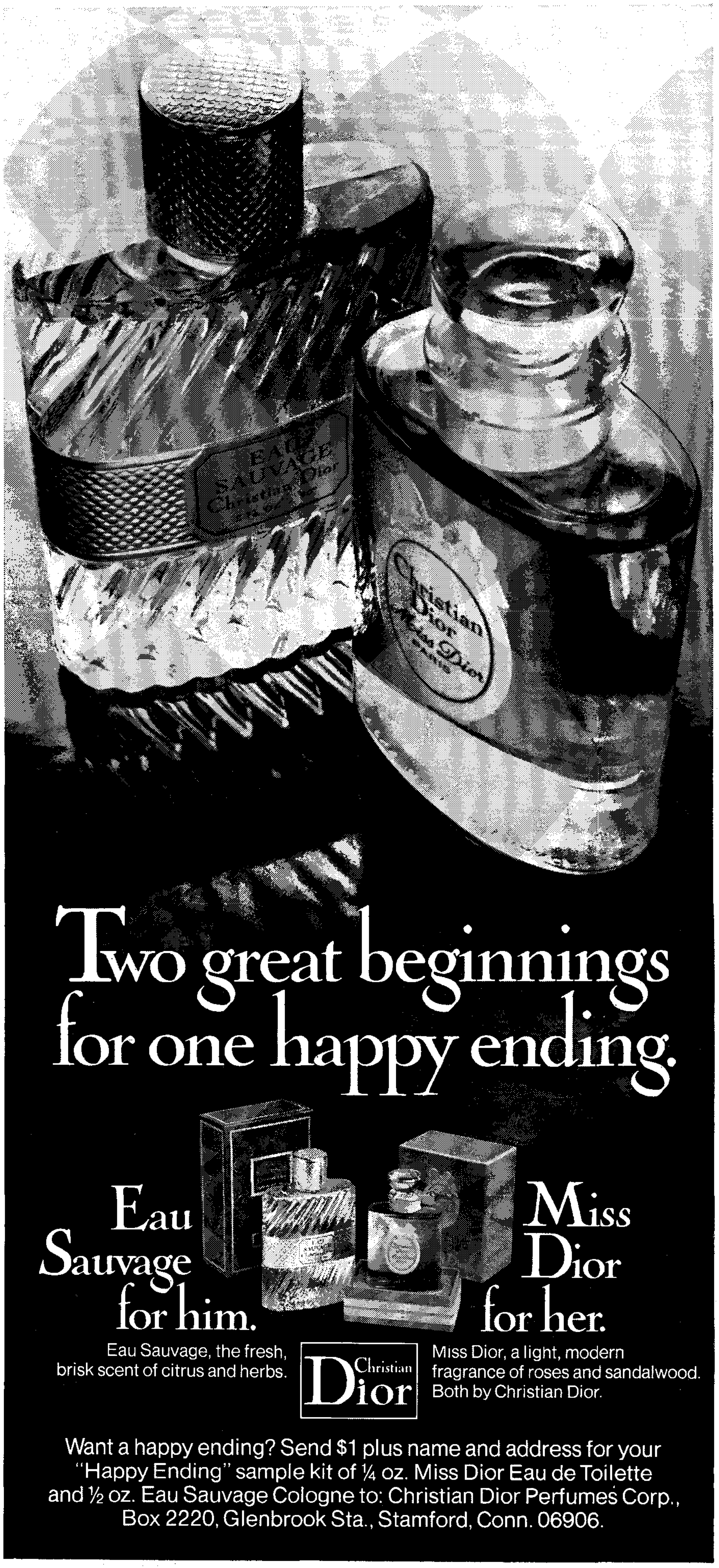
"I asked you two questions, Falter, and you have twice proved to me the impossibility of an answer. It seems to me useless to ask you about anything else—say, about the limits of the universe, or the origin of life. You would probably suggest that I be content with a speckled minute on a second-rate planet, served by a second-rate sun, or else you would again reduce everything to a riddle: is the word 'heterologous' heterologous itself?"

"Probably," agreed Falter, giving a lengthy yawn.

His brother-in-law quietly scooped his watch out of his waistcoat and glanced at his wife.

"Here's the odd thing, though, Falter. How does superhuman knowledge of the ultimate truth combine in you with the adroitness of a banal sophist who knows nothing? Admit it, all your absurd quibbling was nothing more than an elaborate sneer."

"Oh well, that is my only defense," said Falter, squinting at his sister, who was nimbly extracting a long gray woollen scarf from the sleeve of the overcoat already being offered to him by his brother-in-law. "Otherwise, you know, you might have teased it out of me. However," he added, inserting the



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wrong arm and then the right one in the sleeve, and simultaneously moving away from the helping shoves of his assistants, "however, even if I did browbeat you a little, let me console you: amid all the piffle and prate, I inadvertently gave myself away—only two or three words, but in them flashed a fringe of absolute insight. Luckily, though, you paid no attention."

He was led away, and thus ended our rather diabolical dialogue. Not only had Falter told me nothing, he had not even allowed me to get close, and no doubt his last pronouncement was as much of a mockery as all the preceding ones. The following day, his brother-in-law's dull voice informed me on the telephone that Falter charged a hundred francs for a visit. I asked why on earth I had not been warned of this, and he promptly replied that if the interview were to be repeated two conversations would cost me only a hundred and fifty. The purchase of Truth, even at a discount, did not tempt me, and, after sending him the sum of that unexpected debt, I forced myself not to think about Falter anymore. Yesterday, though . . . yes, yesterday I received a note from Falter himself, from the hospital: he wrote, in a clear hand, that he would die on Tuesday, and that in parting he ventured to inform me that—here followed two lines which had been painstakingly and, it seemed, ironically blacked out. I replied that I was grateful for his thoughtfulness and that I wished him interesting posthumous impressions and a pleasant eternity.

But all this brings me no nearer to you, my angel. Just in case, I am keeping all the windows and doors of life wide open, even though I sense that you will not condescend to the time-honored ways of apparitions. Most terrifying of all is the thought that, inasmuch as you glow henceforth within me, I must safeguard my life. My transitory bodily frame is perhaps the only guarantee of your ideal existence: when I vanish, it will vanish as well. Alas, with a pauper's passion I am doomed to use physical nature in order to finish recounting you to myself, and then to rely on my proper ellipsis . . .

—VLADIMIR NABOKOV

(*Translated by Dmitri Nabokov, from a manuscript, in Russian, of 1939.*)

•

She was nominated for Vice President at the Democratic National Convention last year, and came in second. This was considered the first serious candidacy of a woman in a major rational party for Vice President.—*The Times.*

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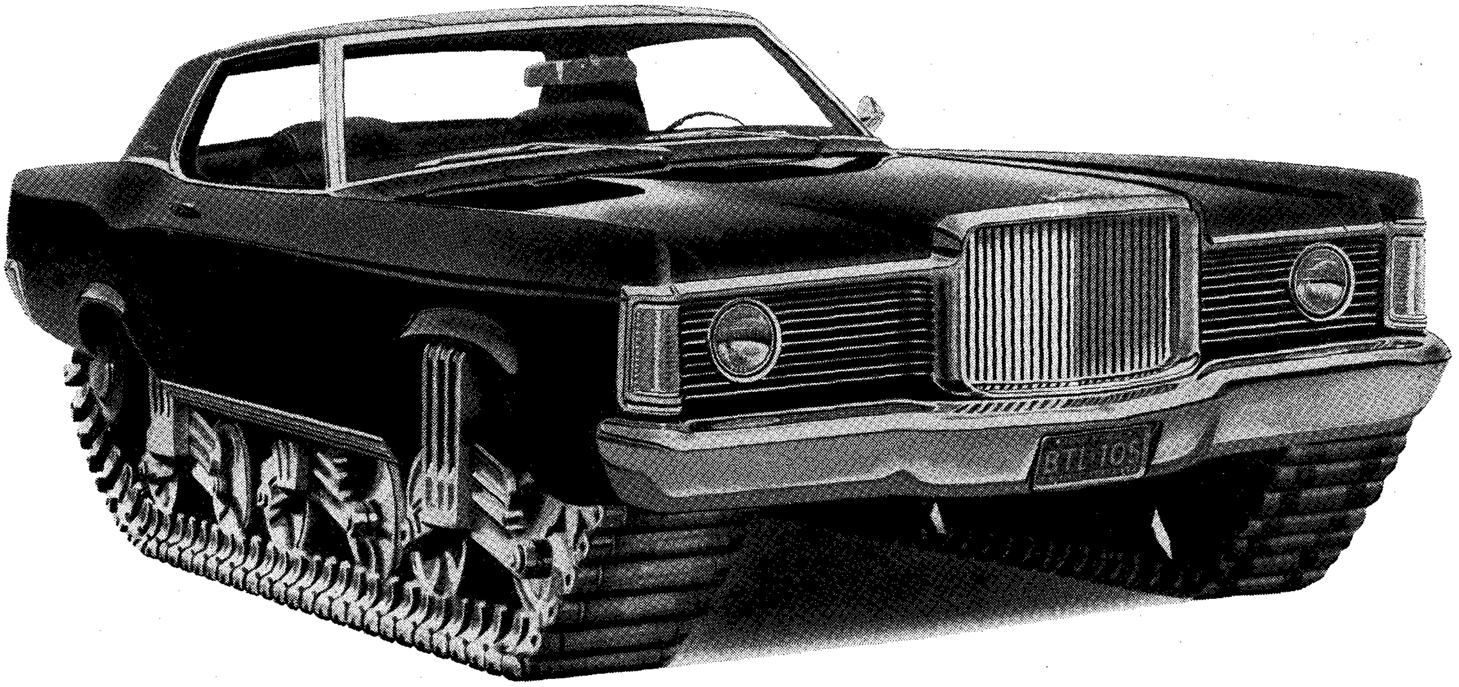

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THE THEATRE

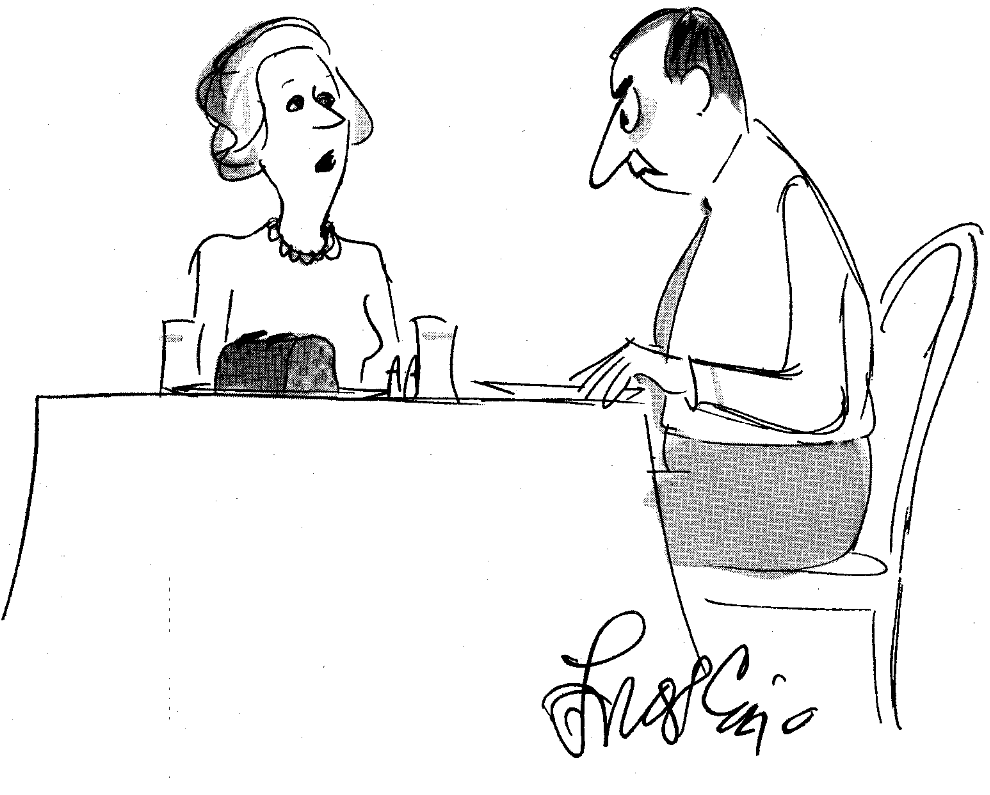
WELCOME ADDITIONS

THE best news of the week is that the Negro Ensemble Company has brought its production of "The River Niger" to Broadway, and if Broadway is not the compulsive would-be suicide that a good many people accuse it of being (producers posting closing notices before they read the reviews, and the like of that), then Joseph A. Walker's marvellous play should enjoy a long and prosperous run. A considerable risk was involved in moving from the pleasantly ramshackle little St. Marks Playhouse, where the Negro Ensemble Company has its headquarters, and where the audience is scarcely aware of any physical division between itself and the actors onstage, to the commodious Brooks Atkinson, with its touch-me-not, unbridgeable gulf between the audience on one side of the proscenium arch and the actors on the other. The risk has proved eminently worth taking, and the play speaks to us with undiminished zest and power, just as "That Championship Season" proved able to do after making a similar journey uptown. It may be only a coincidence that in both cases the plays, though written by young men and though employing the earthy idioms characteristic of this decade, are traditional in form and content. They are in three acts; they have well-made, highly melodramatic plots, and minor figures whom we cannot pretend to be meeting for the first time (a wisecracking drunk, a hymn-singing, sharp-tongued grandmother); and the themes underlying their very different subject matters are as old and as perennially debatable as the Bible's "What doth it profit a man . . ." and "I know mine and mine know me."

Douglas Turner Ward has directed "The River Niger" superbly. His task has perhaps been made easier by his playing the leading role himself; he is the burly, aging Johnny Williams, a poet who has drudged away his life as a house painter in the dreary—and sometimes dangerous—depths of Harlem. Roxie Roker is excellent as Johnny's wife, and so are Graham Brown as his drinking companion and patron, Les Roberts as his son, and Frances Foster as his rickety mother-in-law. The play ends in tragedy but not in defeat, because the failed poet finds at last what he has sought all his life in vain—a battleground worthy of his fighting and dying on. We leave the theatre exhilarated by Johnny's exemplary self-fulfillment and with his poem "The River Niger" ringing in our ears. The setting of the play is by Gary James Wheeler, and the lighting is by Shirley Prendergast.

REX HARRISON has come to the Ethel Barrymore in Pirandello's "Emperor Henry IV." When Boswell was trying to prevail upon Dr. Johnson to visit the Giant's Causeway in Ireland, he used the argument that it was well worth seeing, to which the Great Cham characteristically rejoined, "Worth seeing? Yes; but not worth going to see." I confess that I feel a little like that about "Henry IV," but since the Ethel Barrymore is not so far off as the salty cliffs of Antrim, you might chance stopping in there. And this almost entirely for the pleasure of hearing Mr. Harrison speak his lines—I swear I would be content to listen to him roaring and crooning in Aramaic, rusty though I am in that tongue. The play itself, adapted into English by Stephen Rich, takes an intolerably long time to get under way, and is then insufficiently witty in its paradoxes to hold our attention. The question of whether the mad are saner than the sane has been asked too many times by too many playwrights to strike us as piquant, and all of Mr. Harrison's formidable charm is required to make us feel sympathy for the fate of his sad "emperor"—a wealthy Italian nobleman of the nineteen-twenties who in a period of insanity has supposed himself to be Henry IV of Germany, and who, having regained his wits, pretends to pursue in earnest what has become a mere convenient impersonation. Mr. Harrison is supported—what a curious term, especially in this connection! Mr. Harrison needs support about as much as the Palisades—by Eileen Herlie, Paul Hecht, David Hurst, Linda De Coff, and Rudolph Willrich. The gloomy setting and the costumes are by Abd'el Farrah, and such light as manages to pierce the gloom is the handiwork of Neil Peter Jampolis. The director is Clifford Williams.

ANOTHER successful voyager from Off Broadway to Broadway is Siobhan McKenna, whose one-woman show, "Here Are Ladies," was first put on at Joe Papp's Newman Theatre a few seasons ago and is now in residence at the Circle in the Square-Joseph E. Levine Theatre, known for short as Joe's Place, in the cozy crater



"It's Spam. Love it or leave it."

under the Uris Theatre. Miss McKenna's "ladies" deserve rather to be called women; they are drawn, in their robust and unflagging vigor, from the works of Yeats, Shaw, O'Casey, Synge, Stephens, Beckett, and Joyce—writers who have seen women as almost literally holy terrors—and Miss McKenna is always a match for the incomparable originals. Her chesty voice could bend a silver dollar between one syllable and the next, and her least look of scorn could wither a rose at a thousand paces.

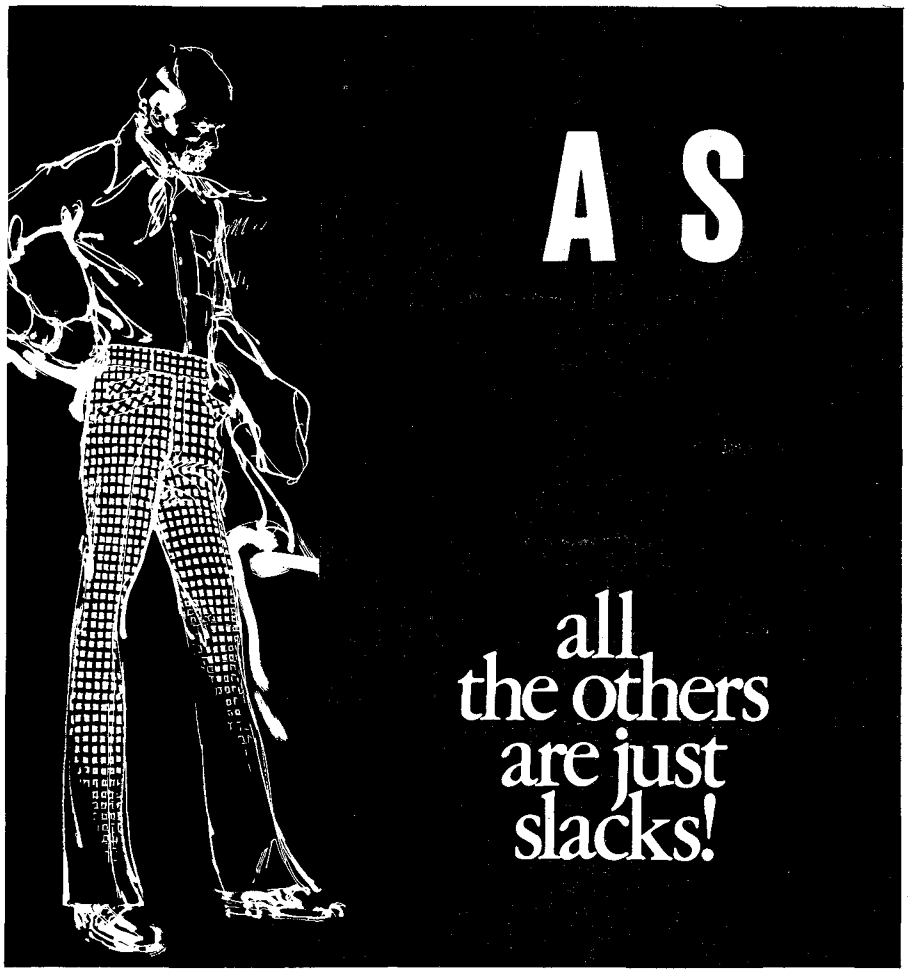
FOR sheer theatre, what can surpass the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus, which is paying its usual nine-week spring visit to Madison Square Garden, armed and panoplied with the usual lions, tigers, elephants, camels, chimpanzees, acrobats, jugglers, aerialists, and clowns? I pause for a reply. Hearing none, I asseverate without fear of successful contradiction that what calls itself the greatest show on earth *is* the greatest show on earth. It is also, thank goodness, a much snappier affair than it was eight or ten years ago, when it threatened to perish of sluggish gigantism. Now the various turns are short, smartly executed, and run off at a clip that would do credit to a night club in Vegas. I wish I understood how an act known as the Vickels manages not merely to defy gravity but to spit in its face—a motorcycle riding a high wire at the top of the Garden stops and suavely falls sidewise and down and round and up and back into place without ever losing contact with the wire. Impossible, yet I saw it with my very own eyes.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Marx to Music

ROCHELLE OWENS, whose "Futz"—a marvel at La Mama five years ago—told of a farmer and his love affair with his pig, has now switched her attention and her high, outlandish spirit from animal husbandry to politics. Her "The Karl Marx Play," with music by Galt MacDermot, which is running at the American Place (for subscribers only), is an erratic mixture (a *Rochelle Owens* mixture) of historical fact, wild fantasy, and bold anachronisms, of songs and dance routines, and of her own peculiar combination of mockery and deep conviction. According to her program note, Miss Owens sees Marx as a latter-day Job—a raging, inspired, sometimes ridiculous Hebrew saint, plagued by boils, money worries, a large, affectionate, and de-



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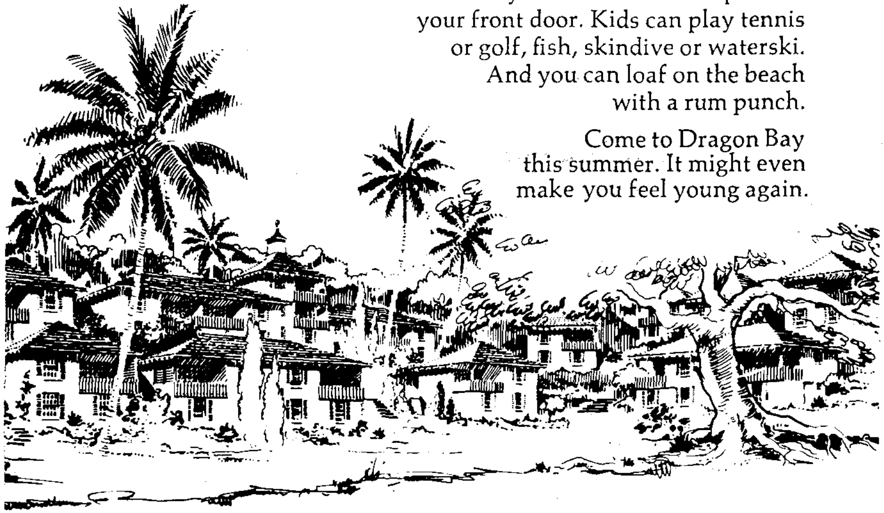

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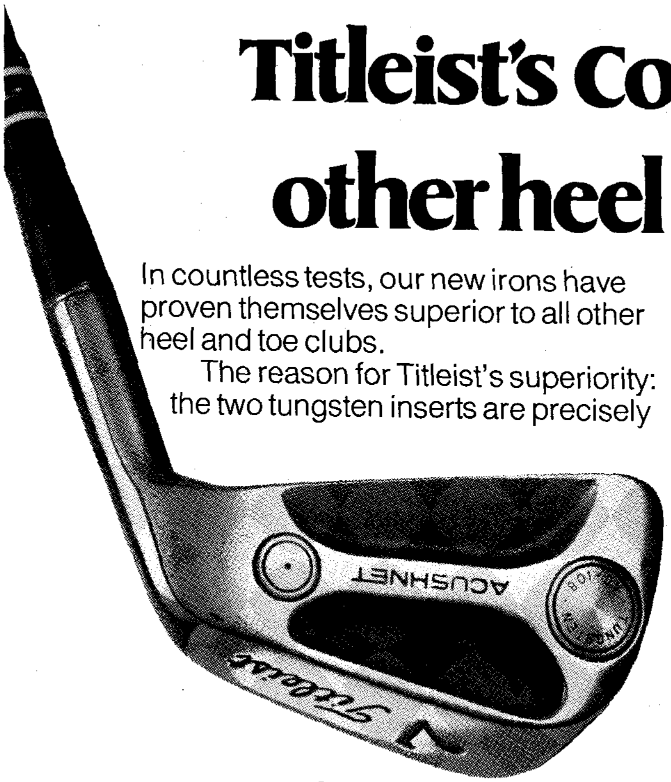

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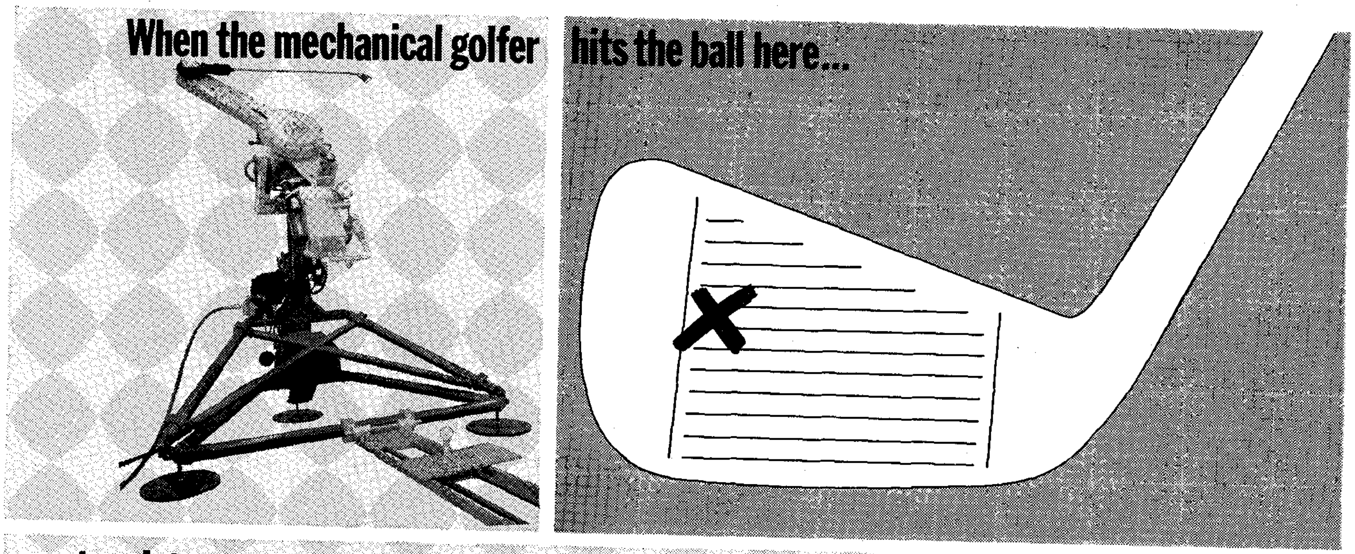

When the mechanical golfer hits the ball here...

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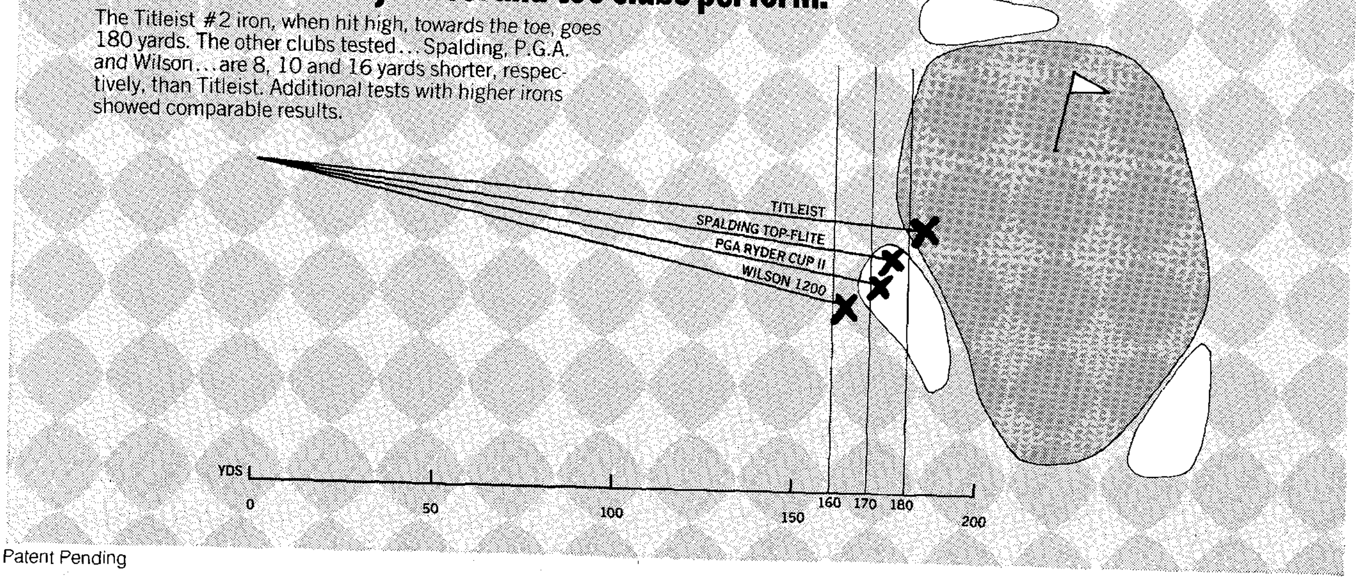

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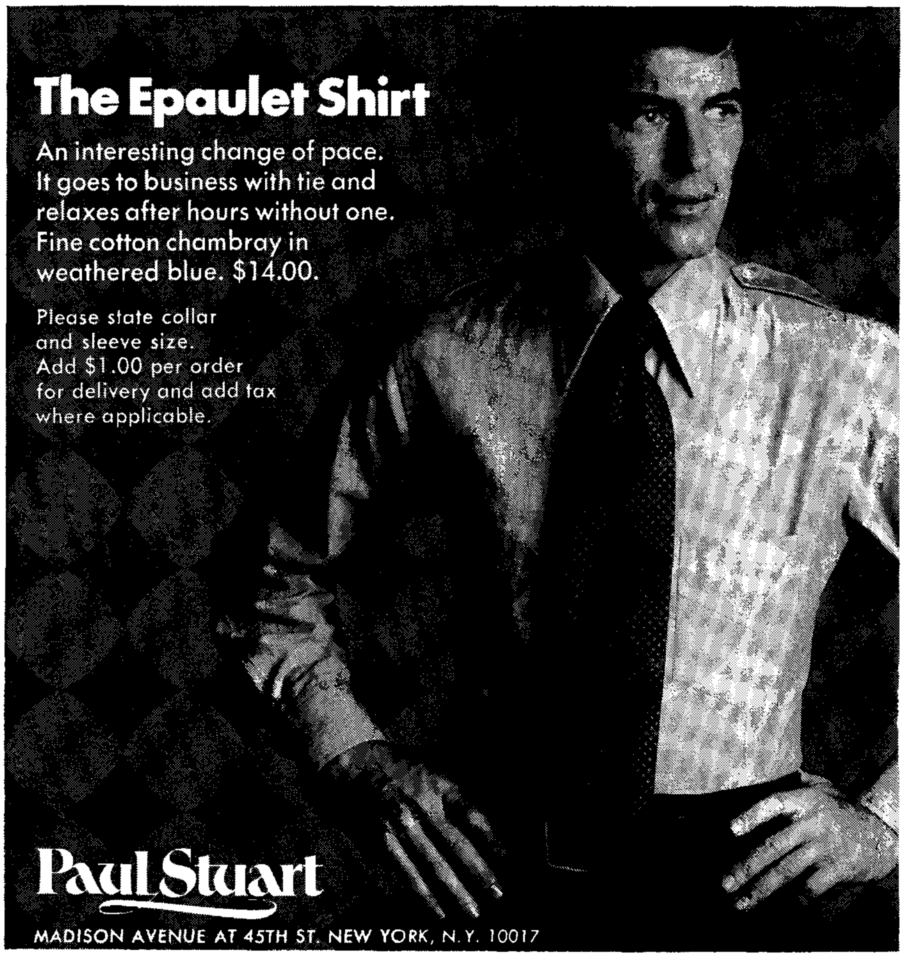
*Patent Pending



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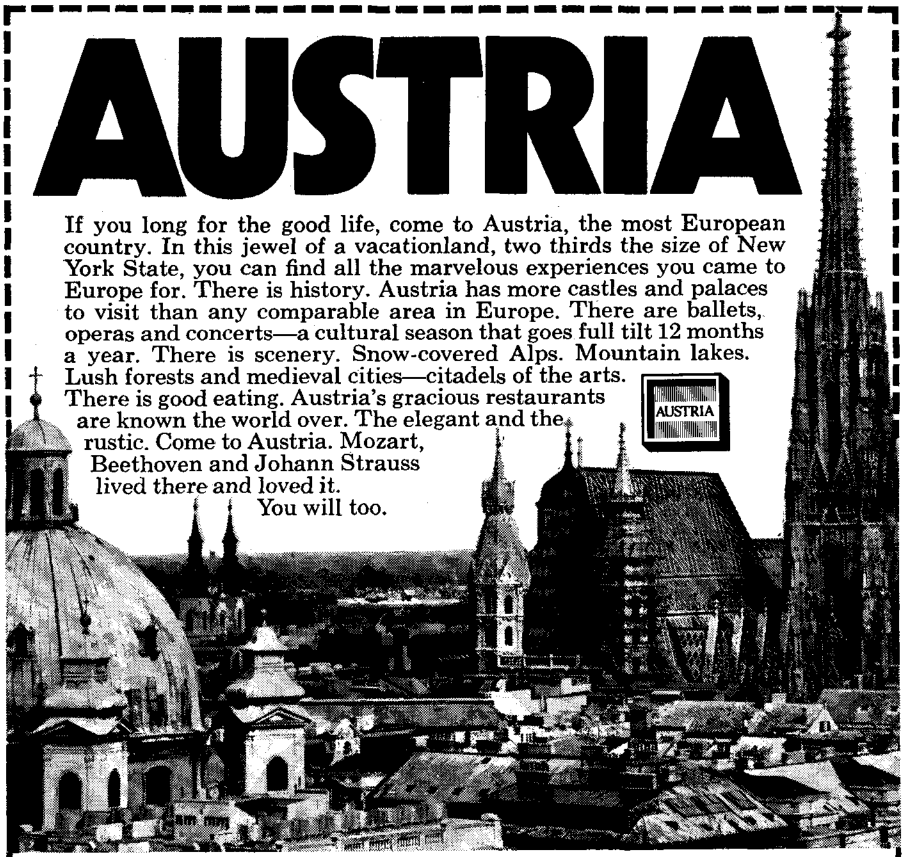

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manding family, and a case of writer's cramp that amounts to paralysis. All the action takes place in London. The principal characters are Marx himself; his wife, Jenny; his friend and financial supporter Friedrich Engels; and black Leadbelly, who never stops taunting him and goading him to get to work. Everyone pleads with him to get started on "Das Kapital" so the family will grow rich. At the end, Marx, after complaining that he hates economics, vows at last to sit on his painful boils in the British Museum and write about economics; the stage revolves, a large papier-mâché head of Marx appears, and from a box below it a door opens and white pigeons fly out and into the auditorium.

The show is not entirely successful. This may be because Miss Owens' style is no longer a surprise, but I doubt it. Somehow, the magnetism seeps away long before the end, and much of the fooling turns foolish and the ardor tiresome. Even so, there is more wit and originality and feeling and good writing here than one finds in many more successful enterprises, and Mr. MacDermot has composed a very attractive score. "The Karl Marx Play" is truly a play with music rather than a musical. Except for the five pretty young instrumentalists in Pre-Raphaelite costumes (by Linda Fisher) who appear as Marx's daughters and become either a chamber orchestra or a jazz combo as the occasion demands, the actors are primarily actors rather than singers, although their singing is satisfactory. All the performances, under Mel Shapiro's direction, are good. Leonard Jackson makes a fine, strong, tormented Marx; Katherine Helmond is his charming, devoted, amusing Jenny; Randy Kim, last seen at the American Place as the outrageous Chicken-coop Chinaman, is his staunch Engels; and Norman Matlock is the omnipresent, disruptive, mercurial Leadbelly, disturber of tranquillity, domestic and otherwise. A boy wonder—actor, singer, dancer—named Ralph Carter, aged eleven, plays Marx's son, and he almost runs away with the show. Karl Eigsti's setting, suggestive of a huge assembly line, is extremely effective as lighted by Roger Morgan.

—Edith Oliver

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Where it jolly well belongs, eh?

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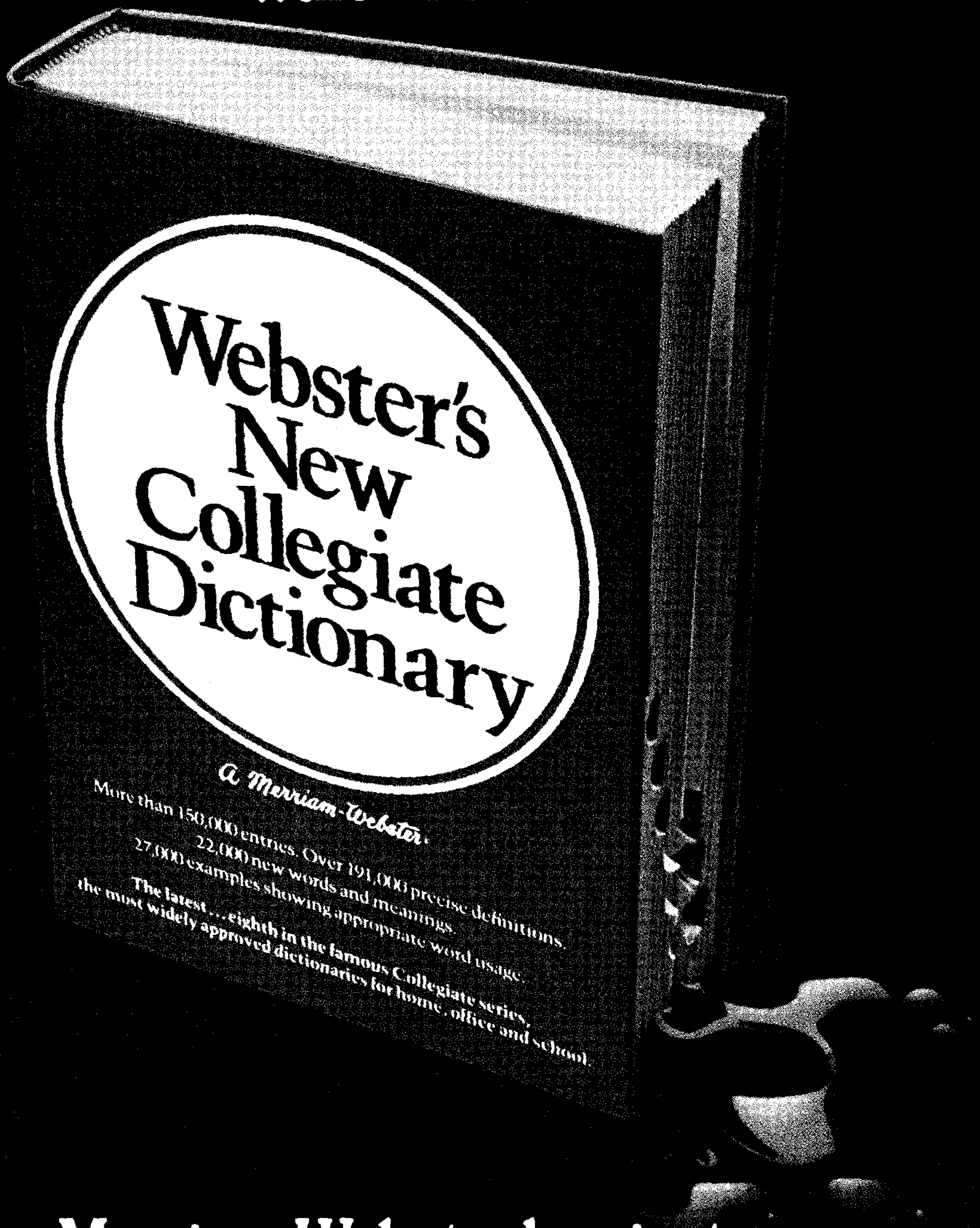
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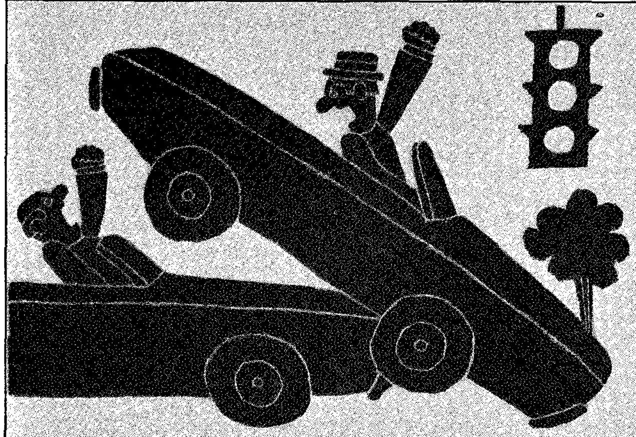
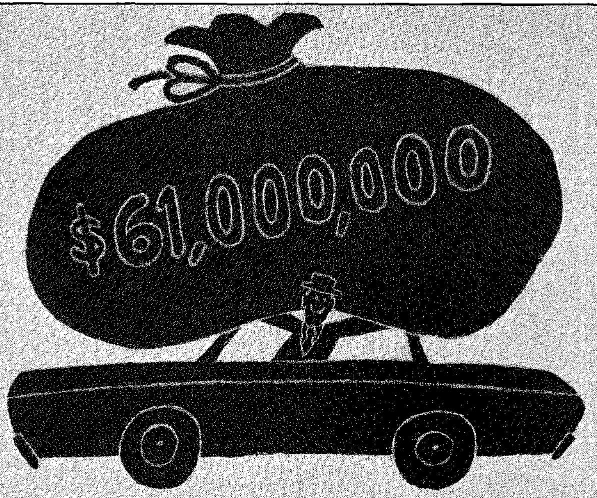


What's No-Fault? Simple. Accident settlements are based on *loss* instead of *blame*. Your insurance company pays your actual medical costs, lost wages, other economic loss. The other driver's company pays his. It's fast and fair. Lawsuits to decide fault are eliminated. So money is saved.



It works, too. For example, a No-Fault law became effective in Massachusetts in 1971. The first year alone saved car owners more than $61,000,000 on the cost of their auto insurance.

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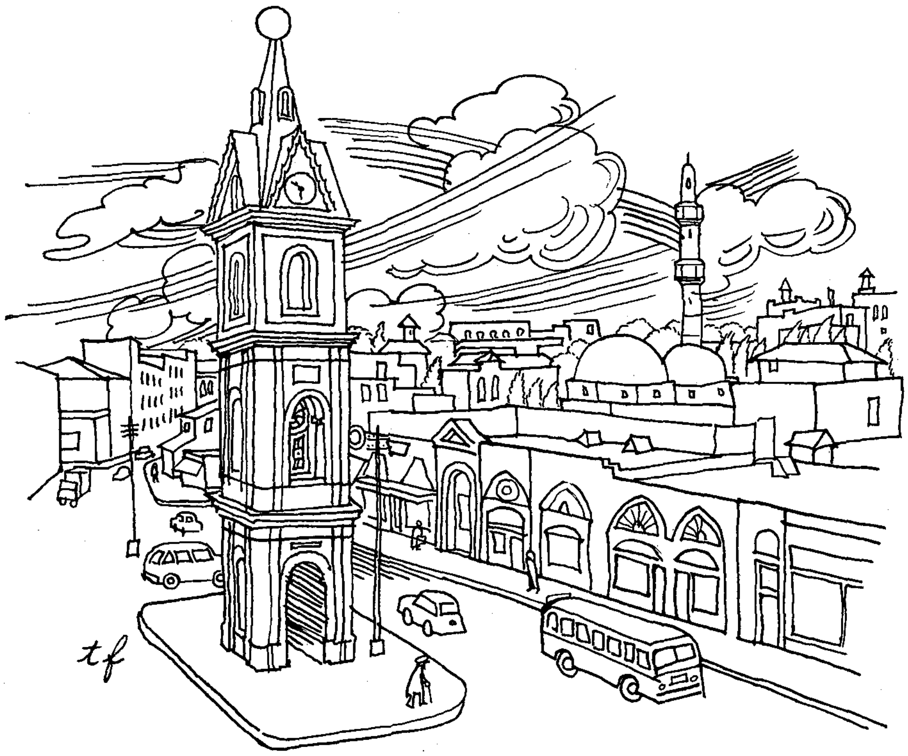
LETTER FROM ISRAEL



THE world over, military men are pleased to use slogans that emphasize their ability to do the impossible. In Israel, they take the slogans seriously. When the Israeli armed forces routed the armies of Egypt, Syria, and Jordan in the Six-Day War of 1967 they were hailed as miracle-workers. They were similarly cheered when they shot down hijackers and staged daring raids against hostile forces based deep in the interiors of Egypt, Jordan, Lebanon, and Syria. So it was with supreme confidence that they moved in late February against a Libyan airliner that appeared over Israeli-occupied territory in the Sinai Desert. Israeli jets, instead of merely chasing the intruder off, were ordered to force it down. When signals didn't achieve that end, the pilots resorted to the hazardous tactic of shooting at the plane in a way that was intended to disable it without destroying it. When the plane crashed in flames, killing more than a hundred passengers, Israeli military men, led by Defense Minister Moshe Dayan, tried to put the blame on the inexperience of its French pilot and Libyan co-pilot and on the Egyptian control-tower crew that had let it wander off course. For once, the Israeli soldiers were forced to back down. Recording instruments indicated that the Libyan plane, although indeed off course when shot down, was heading back toward Cairo, not taking evasive action, as the Israeli military officials implied. French authorities showed that the pilot was fully qualified to command the plane. Though nobody exactly said so, there was considerable head-scratching about a decision-making process that could yield what one Israeli called "such stupid action." There was even talk that, in view of the hostile press abroad, Prime Minister Golda Meir should call off a projected visit to Washington for talks with President Nixon. Though Mrs. Meir made her visit, the Cabinet, in direct conflict with a position taken by General Dayan, voted to offer compensation for the victims of the crash.

Behind this questioning of the military is a fundamental change in the Israeli position in the world. For perhaps the first time in its twenty-five-year history, Israel has been enjoying a season of relative peace and plenty. A place in point is Kfar Blum, a kibbutz in the northeast corner of upper Galilee, about five miles from the Golan Heights, which Israel seized from Syria during the Six-Day War. There are regular reports of air battles in the vicinity between Israeli and Syrian jets, and artillery fire is often exchanged across the present border. Accordingly, while I was being shown around Kfar Blum, I asked to see the air-raid shelter at the elementary school. My host, a math teacher in the kibbutz, who had emigrated from the United States when Israel was first established, led me to the shelter somewhat hesitantly. We went down stairs littered with debris into a large, dilapidated, whitewashed room, where the children were supposed to sleep and do schoolwork. There were puddles of water on the floor. A layer of dust covered the desks and bunks. The plumbing in the kitchen and bathroom was thick with rust. My host explained, "This is the kind of thing we don't need anymore. Before 1967, every day there used to be shelling from across the border. But since then we haven't even known there is a border. When I see planes overhead, I know they're ours. We have total security."

The night before, my host and his wife had brought together for after-dinner coffee and drinks half a dozen kibbutzniks, including the general secretary of the collective and his wife, a language teacher; an official from the Ministry for Foreign Affairs who is a member of the kibbutz; and a recent kibbutz bride from Rochester, New York. I remarked that the Scotch some of us were drinking and the setting—the living room of a three-room bungalow furnished with modern blond wood pieces from Scandinavia and a Grundig hi-fi from Germany—were not exactly my idea of the austere life down on the collective farm. The secretary's wife agreed. "We have almost everything you could find at a country club," she said. "We have a gym. We have two tennis courts. We have an Olympic-sized swimming pool. We have two motorboats, and we go water-skiing on the fishponds. In addition to our trucks, some of which can be used by everybody in off hours, we have two passenger cars that can also be used for pleasure; all you have to do is sign up for them."

I asked the secretary about the sources of the evident prosperity.

He said, "There is improvement everywhere in the kibbutz, mainly because of the better security. Until five or six years ago, we saw very little profit. We had to plow everything back just to keep going. Now there is a five- to ten-per-cent profit every year. We have improved the food and improved the schools. We have a new laundry, and a new automatic dishwasher for our dining hall, which cost about fifteen thousand dollars. A new barbershop is being built, and a second public phone has been installed. More money is being allotted to send kids to college. Apple production is higher. We have mechanical cotton pickers. All our land is now irrigated, and the farm economy has reached its limit. But the young people like industrial work better than agriculture anyway. We have started a manufacturing plant. We make elec-

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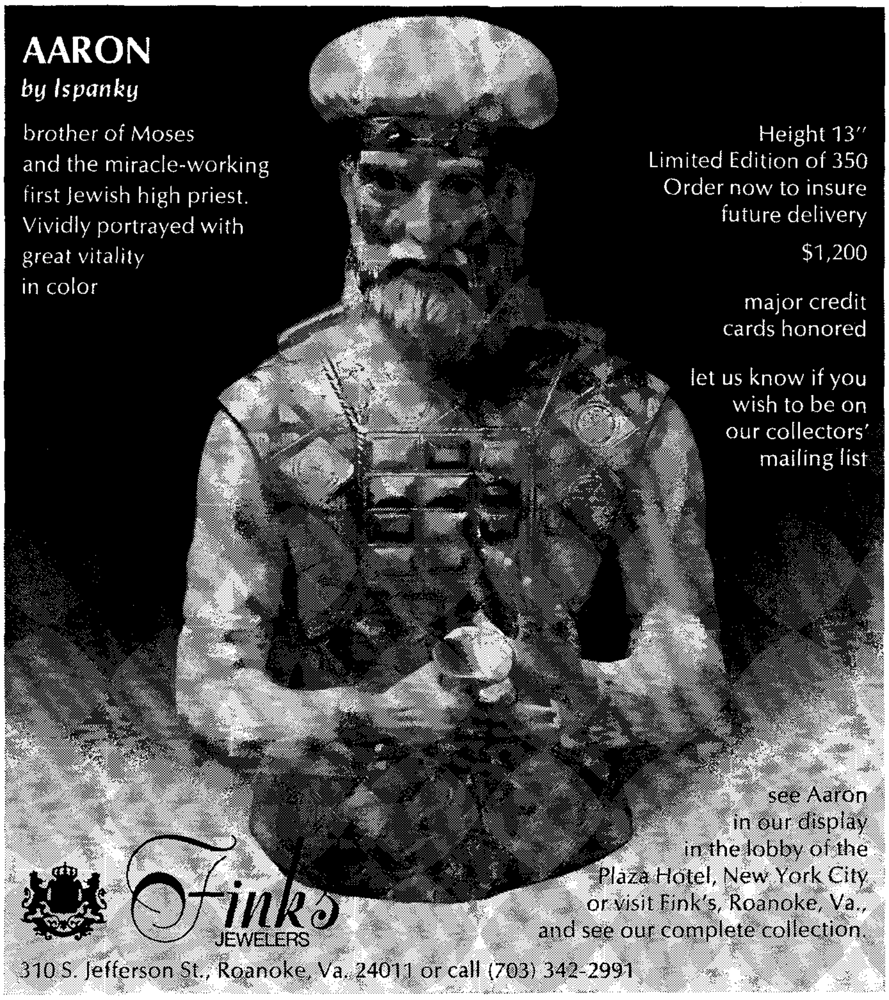

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trical control panels—what I think you call consoles. We are negotiating to set up a plant that will produce the special screws needed for the new fighter planes we are going to build in Israel."

I asked whether the easier living conditions hadn't caused a change of outlook in the kibbutz. I was told that, of course, there had been a considerable transformation. Money, which in the past was paid out to members only for stipulated purposes, such as clothing, vacations, and hobbies, is now paid out in a lump sum—several hundred dollars a year to each of the four hundred members. An even more basic change has been made in the upbringing of children, who used to be taken from their parents six weeks after birth and reared in communal nurseries; they now live with their parents until they are eight years old. Most important of all, however, is the growing distinction between the "old-timers," as everybody over fifty is called in Israel, and the generation that has come of age since independence. "It's not what it used to be," said the man from the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, who is in his fifties. "We were missionaries and idealists and pioneers. We were very political. There was the left, the semi-left, the religious left, and the secular left. We were doing a world-saving kind of thing. If you had come here in the old days, we would have told you why we were right and the whole rest of the world was wrong.

"The young ones still stay around. About a hundred and fifty of our present members were born on the kibbutz, and only a very few really leave. When our young people go into the Army, they do well. They're used to getting up early and working hard. They're used to living out in the open. They're used to taking responsibility. After the Army, many stay a year or two in the cities, or take a job with the airlines to see the world and make some money. Then they come back. But they're different. They say to us, 'You can be idealists if you want to be. Don't expect us to be idealists.' They are not out to save the world. They take everything we have done for granted. They're just building their own lives. To them, the kibbutz isn't an ideal—it's a nice way of life."

KFAR BLUM, to be sure, is not entirely typical. By the logic of what happens when bread is cast upon waters, the kibbutz, an institution born as part of a back-to-the-land movement in the last century, has turned out to be especially well suited to the

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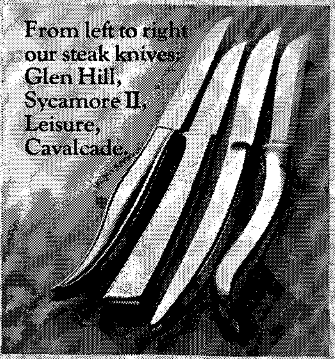
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Continue slicing across the roast until you come to the second rib. With the tip of the knife cut along the rib bone to loosen the meat from the bone.

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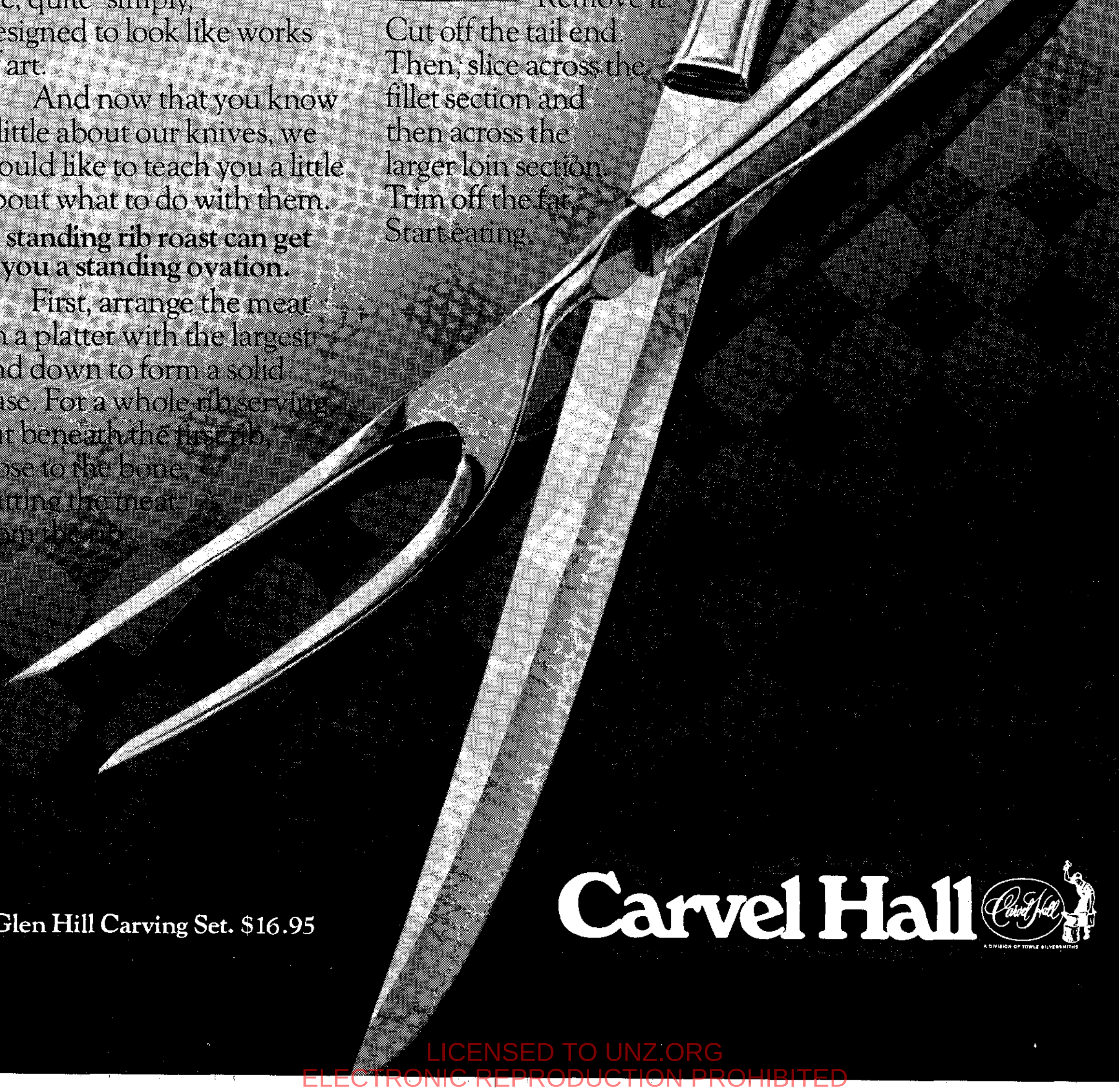

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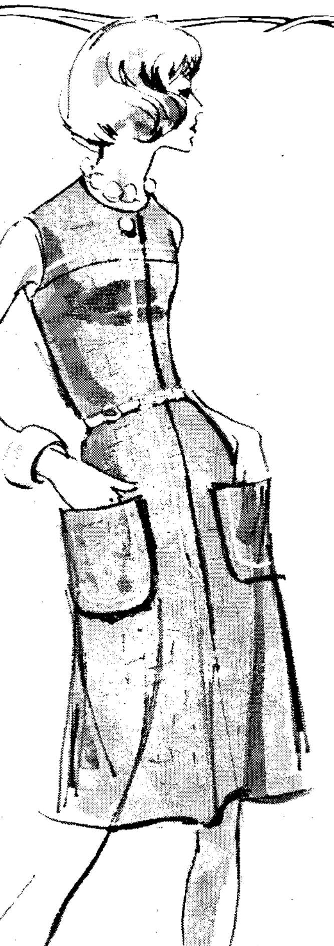

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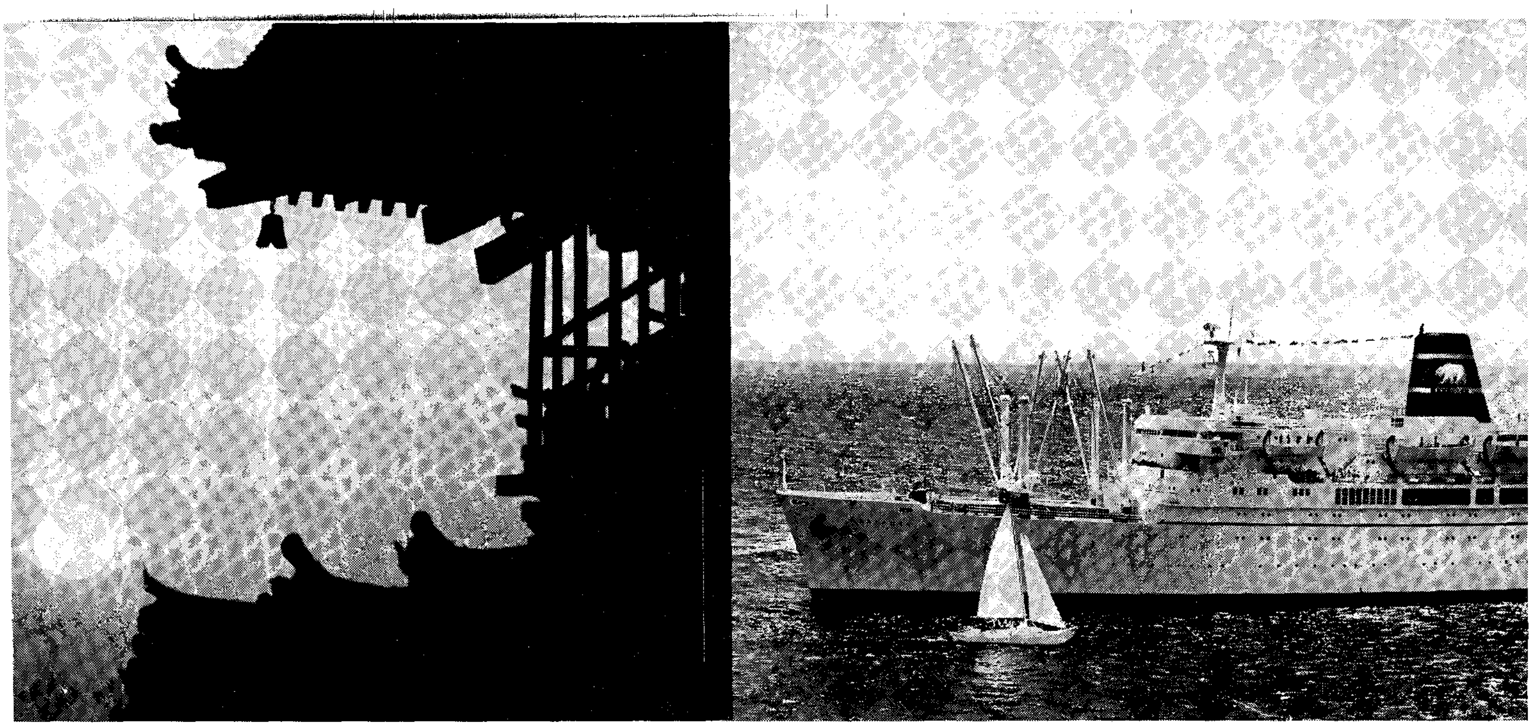
small, highly technical industries that have proliferated in the present economic era. The kibbutz supplies good managers at reasonable salaries, skilled workers who don't strike, and the basic infrastructure—education and health facilities, housing, and leisure opportunities—required for light industry. But only a small percentage of Israelis—four and a half per cent of the total population of more than three million—are kibbutzniks. Kfar Blum, moreover, is an "Anglo-Saxon" kibbutz—that is, many of its early settlers were immigrants from the United States, Canada, and Britain—and is therefore less bound by rigid European Socialist traditions. It must be one of the richest kibbutzim in Israel. Even so, the rest of the country, if it is not quite as well off, has also been enjoying boom conditions since the Six-Day War. Real growth in gross national product, which was moving forward at a rate of about ten per cent in the first five years of the nineteen-sixties, had slowed to one and six-tenths per cent in 1966 and two and seven-tenths per cent in 1967. In 1968, it jumped to fourteen per cent. In 1971, the increase was twelve per cent, and last year it was about the same. Employment is at an all-time high, and the tight labor market is absorbing over sixty thousand Arabs who commute to Israel daily from the occupied territories to work as laborers. Industrial production grew by eleven per cent last year, wages by about thirteen per cent, and exports by eighteen per cent. Thanks to heavy remittances from Jewish groups around the world, dollar reserves now amount to over a billion—more than ever before. "We have to spend twenty-five per cent of our G.N.P. for defense," Finance Minister Pinhas Sapir remarked in a recent interview, "but still little Israel is eighteenth in the world in income per person. We're ahead of Russia."

As a rule, moving up the ladder of well-being has a mixed effect on social conditions. New opportunities provide a safety valve against the very deepest unrest. At the same time, prosperity releases tensions once subordinated to the requirements of survival. In the case of Israel, which has lived so long on the edge of disaster, unrest is superficial, and the faintest whiff of a threat from the outside would doubtless drive the country together in an ironclad testudo. But, in the absence of a threat, muted conflicts have become explicit and the fault lines of Israeli society laid bare. While divisions are the familiar ones of class, race, re-



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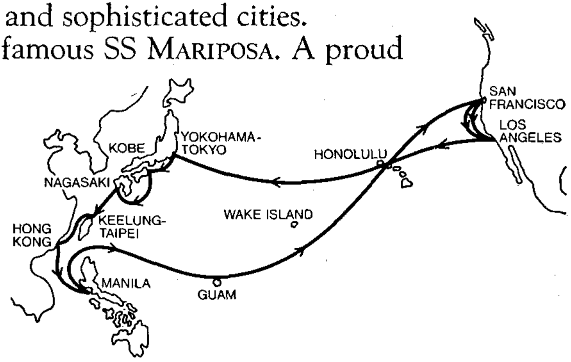

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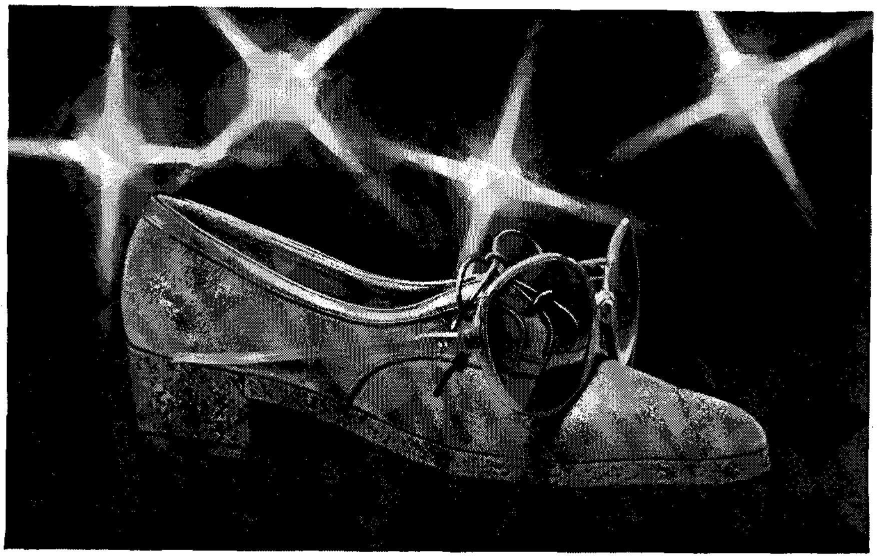

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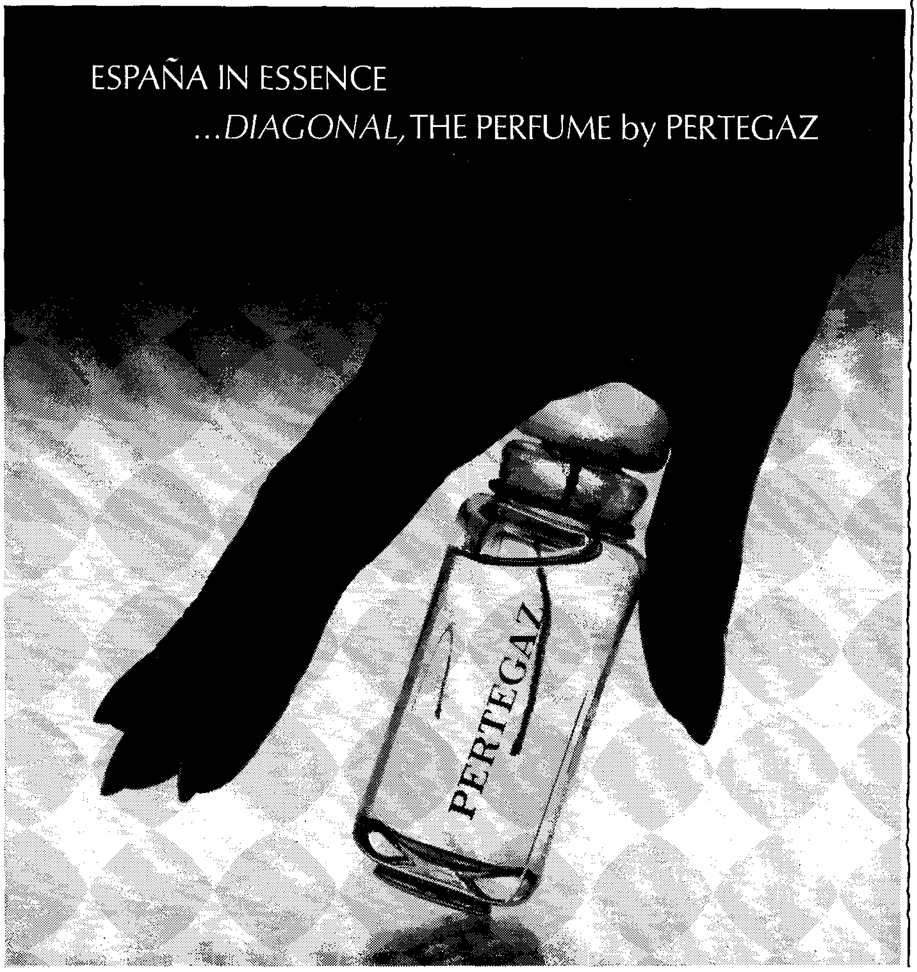


ligion, and national identity, the general atmosphere of debate is special. Argument in Israel is set against the background of the young trying to mark off their distance from the old-timers.

Amos Oz, who is perhaps Israel's foremost young novelist, expresses this generation gap in both his writing and his life. Oz lives in a kibbutz, where he writes and teaches school. When I asked to see him, he agreed to come up to Tel Aviv, and I met him in a downtown café overlooking one of the city's busiest thoroughfares. Basically, Oz looks the image of the Sabra, or native-born Israeli, which he is. His hair is light, his eyes are clear, his face is open, and his dress is informal, and he looks much younger than his thirty-three years. We ordered cappuccino, and he began talking. "I have been sitting here watching people go by," he said. "Look how quickly they move—like actors in an old silent movie. This is a country where time moves faster than elsewhere. See how many people talk to themselves as they walk by. Do you know why? They talk to themselves because there is a terrible gap between the daytime reality of a safe and prosperous country and the nocturnal memory of the holocaust. Every day we fight the Arabs and win. Every night we fight the Nazis and lose."

We talked a little about the state of the arts in Israel. I observed that there seemed to be little original theatre in the country.

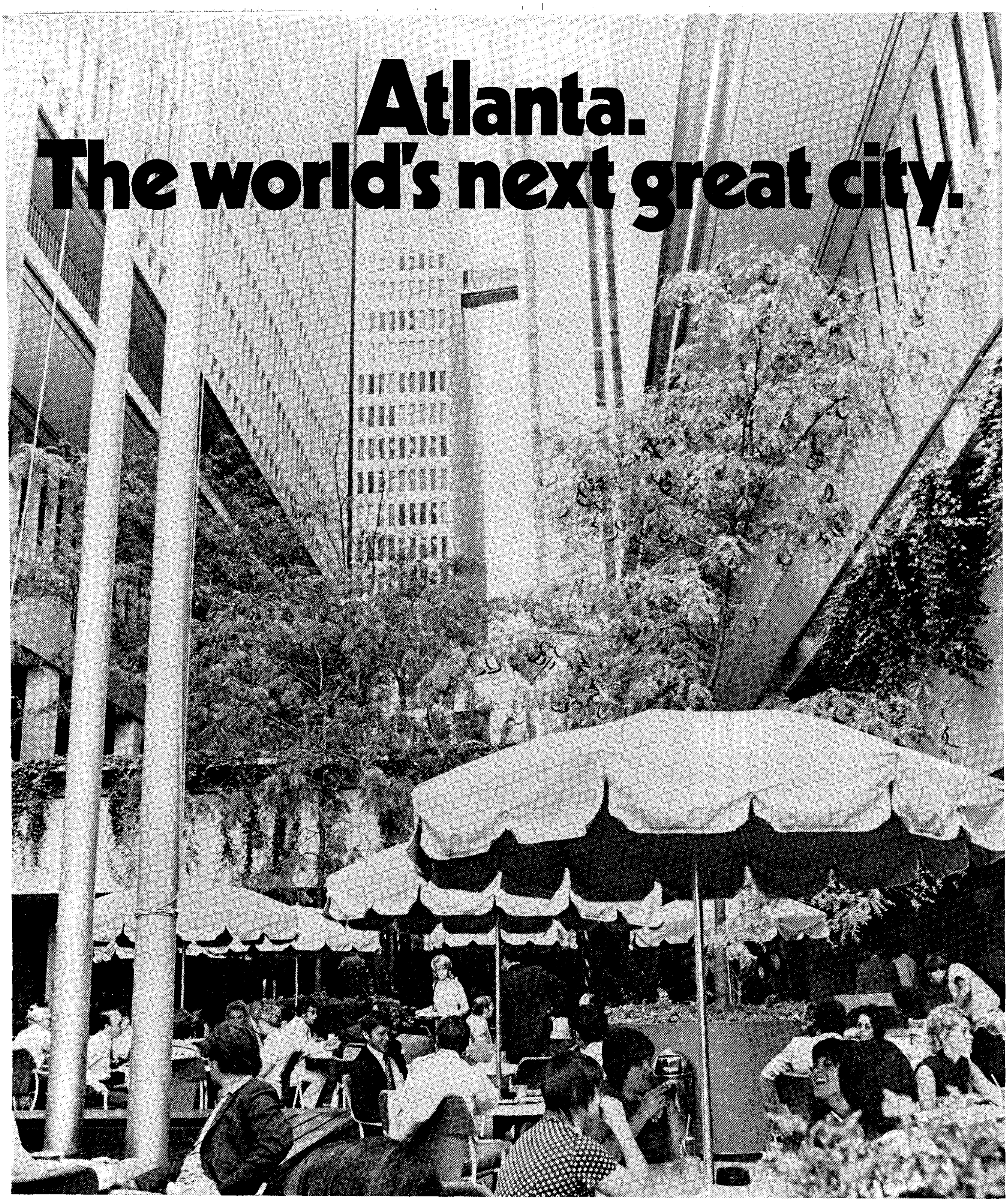
He said, "Take a walk in London. You see people who never cry or swear. They have to go to the theatre to be emotional. But here we don't need a theatre or a stage. Life is a theatre—an existential theatre of the Mediterranean."

I asked him about the attitude of young Israelis toward other countries.

"In the early days, everything Russian was considered good," he said. "Life in the kibbutz was the Russian soul enacted on earth. Our greatest dream was that Stalin would come to Israel and he would see our Socialism with his own eyes and he would say, 'You Jews did it better than we did.' But since the Six-Day War all that has changed. Now we admire everything American. The word 'new' in Israel is a synonym for 'American.' "

I brought up the matter of differences between the generations.

He said, "The early Zionists started a new country with nothing cut-and-dried. They wanted to be just the opposite of their forefathers in Russia and Poland. They wanted to be close to the earth, and not intellectual. They suc-



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ceeded beyond their wildest dreams. Now the surviving leaders, those great stone faces, look out on the monuments of their own triumphs. They are so strong, so energetic, so idealistic. How can we revolt against that? By being the opposite. By being calm and stoical and skeptical. In a sense, they, with their simple ideas, are the young ones. We are the old ones."

The protagonist of Oz's major novel, "My Michael," embodies the strange quality of the generational tension in Israel. He is an old young man. By profession, he is a geologist; by temperament, he is compulsively calm. He is identified at various places in the novel as "always tidy, always neat . . . nothing special . . . not cut out to be a dream-prince or a knight on horseback . . . hard-working, responsible, honest . . . dry and factual . . . quiet and self-restrained." His wife, who narrates the story, is a woman "full of the power of loving." But Michael's unvarying calm, through graduate school, marriage, children, war, and death, gradually wears her down. Near the beginning of the novel, she watches a game of hide-and-seek: "The game is tiring and the victory is hollow. What does victory hold in store? Night will fall. Winter will return. Rains will fall and eradicate all. Strong winds will blow again in Jerusalem. There may be a war."

Many of the themes developed by Oz in fiction are expressed in even sharper tones in the verse of Yehuda Amichai, who is perhaps Israel's best poet. Thus, against the heroic idealism of the Zionist pioneer, Amichai sets the cares and worries of the ordinary man:

I hung my clothes on a chair
For tomorrow.
He hung his kingdom
In a frame of golden wrath
On the sky's wall.

Against the Zionist injunction to do God's work on earth he sets the day-to-day need for survival:

Every day I know the miracle of
Jesus walking upon the waters,
I walk through my life without
  drowning.

Against the national pride in the armed forces as the bearer of answers to all problems he sets the crazy reality of war:

The boy soldiers
Are driven in our city's handsome
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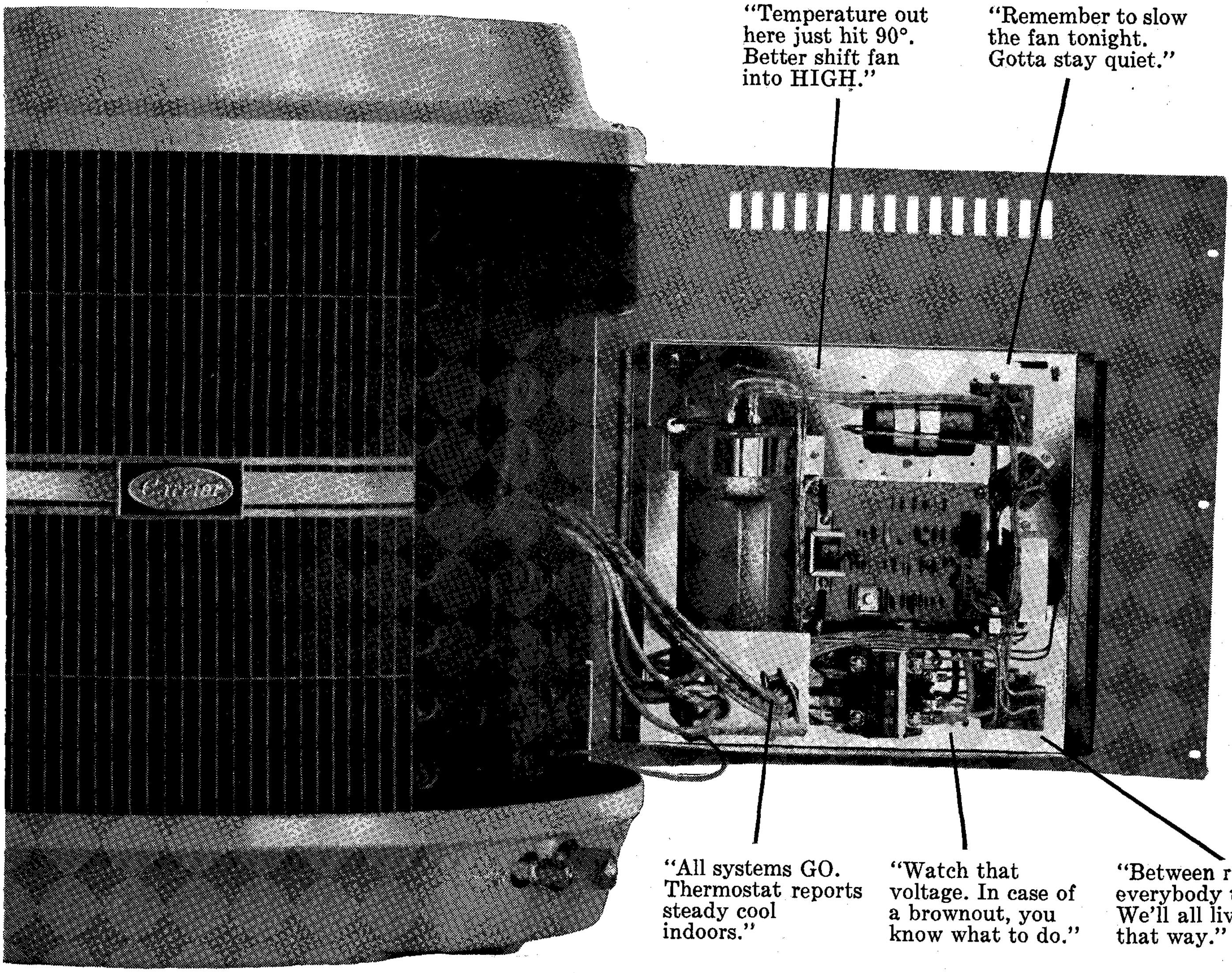

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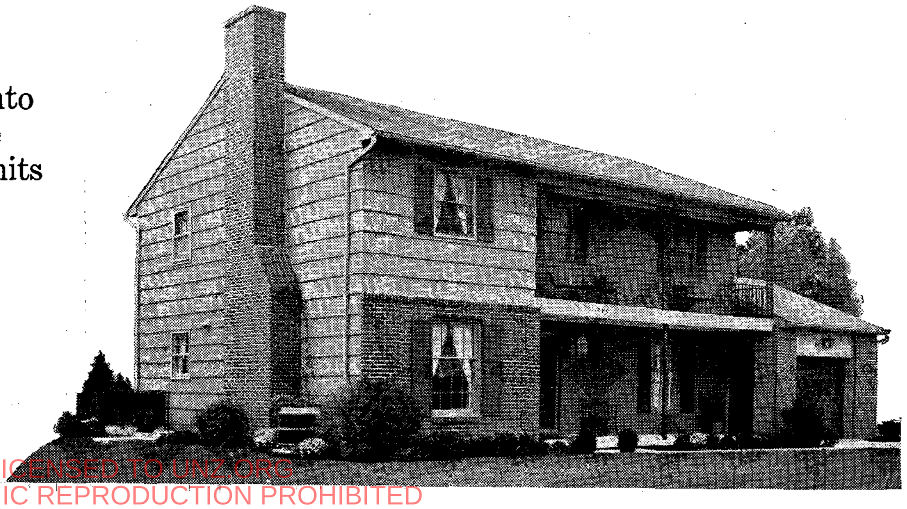

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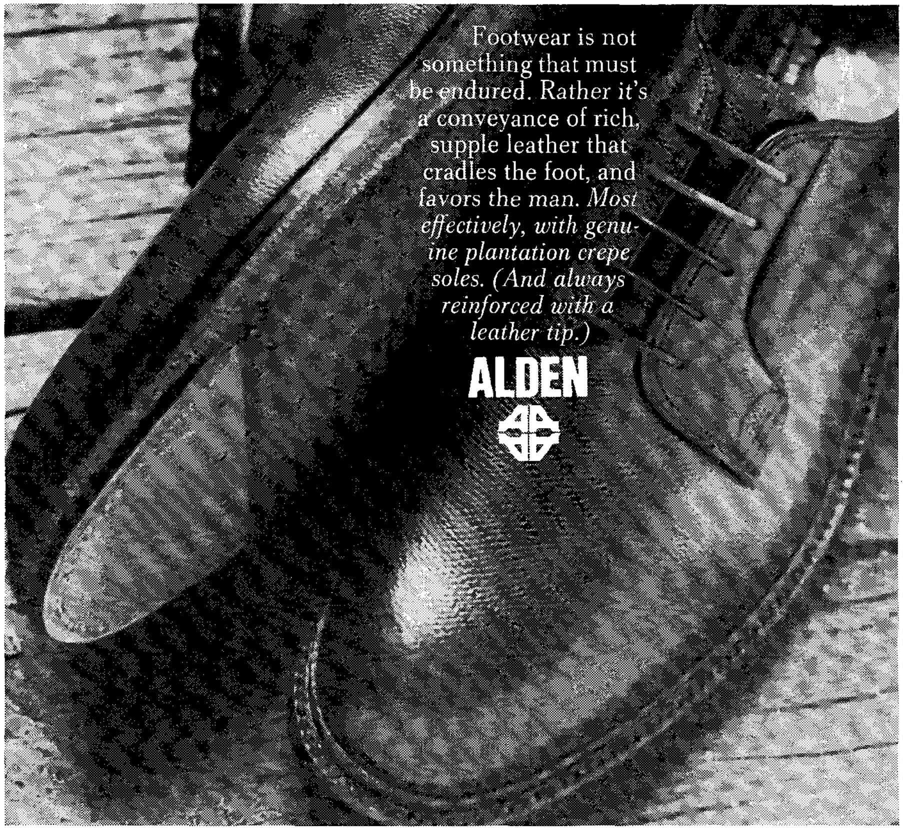

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chai sets the instinct of the lonely observer:

> As for the world,
> I am always like one of Socrates'
> disciples,
> Walking by his side,
> Hearing his opinions and histories
> It remains for me to say:
> Yes. Yes it is like that.

Against the weight of history and its sacred commandments he sets a plea to have done:

> Oh God, close your houses, let the
> world rest.
> Why hast thou *not* forsaken me?

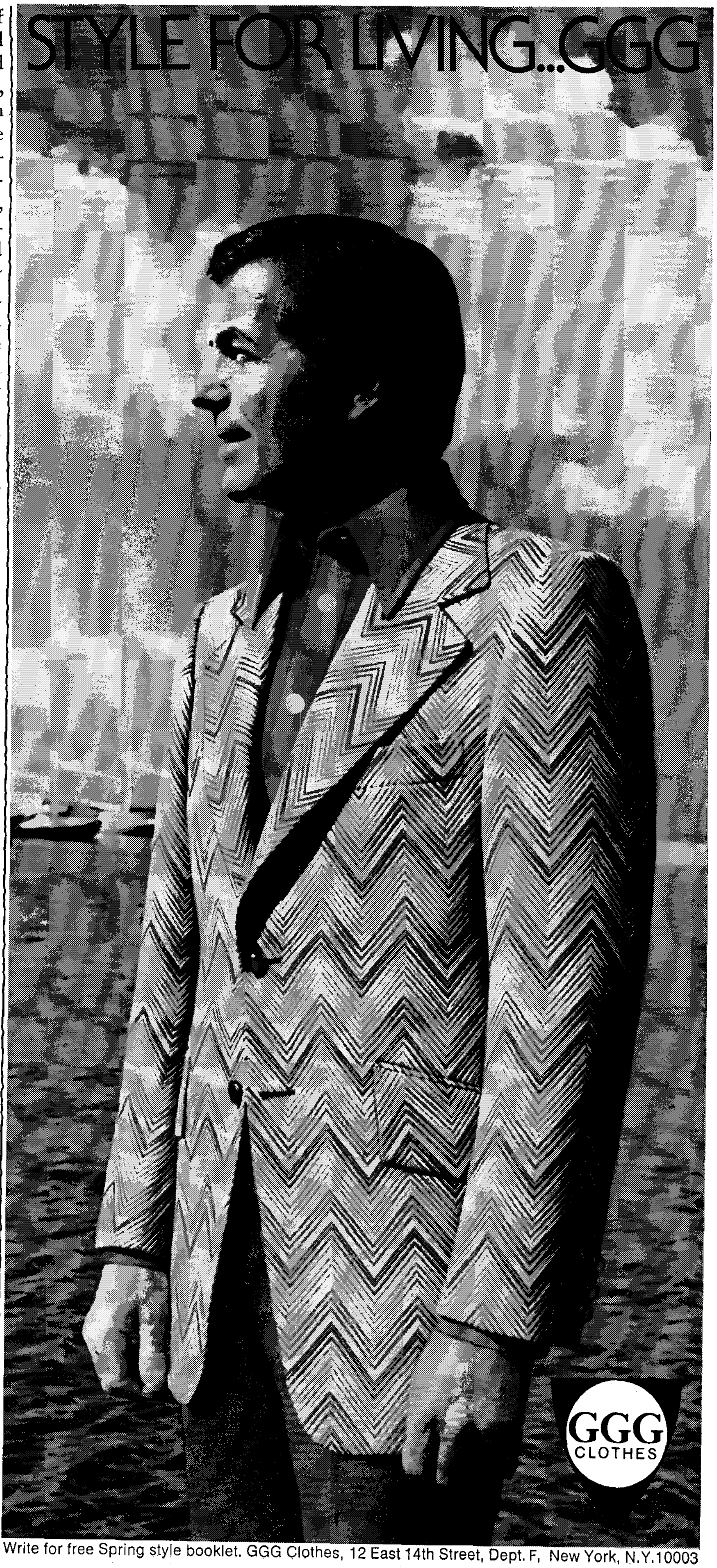
Amichai is a short, sad-eyed man, with a straight mouth and small, even teeth, who speaks softly and slowly. He teaches in an elementary school and lives, with his wife and their young son, in a modest house in an artists' quarter of Jerusalem. Though he is now forty-six, he is considered a younger poet, because Hebrew is his second language (he was born in Germany and emigrated to Palestine in 1936), and because he only began publishing poetry in 1955. He had to pay for the publication of his first book, but his latest sold fifteen thousand copies. When I called on him at his home, he made no mystery of what he was writing about.

"Life here is a constant Ping-Pong game with the past," he said. "I try to show that we are human beings, not supermen. I want us to be a nation like other nations."

While we were talking, there were banging noises from the street, where a gang of Arab construction workers were tearing up the pavement. "It makes me uncomfortable to have Arabs doing our work," Amichai said. "I still believe in the dignity of labor. But most of us in Israel have slipped into the cozy comfort of bourgeois life. We talk about what big refrigerators we have, about the TV set bought in Italy, about the amount of money spent for a suit in London, about having cars."

As Amichai's comments suggest, there is a good deal of economic jostling in Israel. It has been accompanied by inflation, which is normal nowadays in most countries, and by strikes, which have not in the past been normal here, and which seem at odds with Israel's peculiar political culture. The chief political party in the country has always been Mapai, which merged with two smaller parties in 1968 to form the Israel Labor Party. The party has won all seven of Israel's general elections with roughly forty per cent of the total vote, and it has provided all four Prime Ministers, from David Ben-Gurion through Golda Meir, and virtually every other well-known political figure in the country. As the governing party, it has perforce developed a considerable flair for ducking ideological issues. In doctrine, however, it remains firmly Socialistic, hooked on the welfare state and wedded to the principle of nationally owned corporations—the more so as a chief source of its strength is its control of the Histadrut, a federation of trade unions representing workers of all crafts and industries, which is deeply steeped in the Socialist tradition. The Histadrut has established, and now runs, about a third of the major industries in Israel. Indeed, if one lumps together companies owned by the Histadrut with such nationally run enterprises as the phone system and the airline, about forty per cent of the jobs in Israel are in the public sector. Few countries outside the Communist world have as much state involvement in the economy. Socialism in Israel, however, is conditioned by the origins of many founders of Mapai and the Histadrut—in one small *shtetl* or another of the Pale of Settlement in the Czarist Empire. Each *shtetl* was an island community in a hostile countryside, and within each everybody knew everybody else almost as intimately as members of a single family know each other. The highly personal relations of the *shtetl* were transported by the Zionist pioneers to the state of Israel. Even now, amid the thick bureaucracy required to operate the public sector in Israel, decisions must usually be made on a face-to-face basis. In its political economy, Israel practices the Socialism of the *shtetl.*

The personification of that unique system is Finance Minister Sapir. He probably comes closer than anyone else, in any country, to being a national economic czar. He is responsible for managing the economy, for drawing up the national budget, for levying taxes, for overseeing most government appropriations, and for handling international finances. He combines, in other words, the roles played in the United States by the Secretary of the Treasury and the Director of the Office of Management and Budget. But Sapir, a bulky man of sixty-four with a huge bald head, who worked his way up as an administrator in Mapai and the Histadrut, is the reverse of an organization man. He often receives visitors not seated behind an executive desk but stretched out on a couch, on which he



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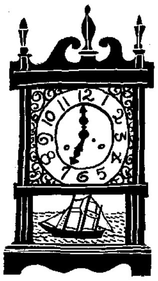
takes an occasional catnap. His schedule is loaded with trivia. On the day I went to see him, he had started work at seven in the morning with a visit to several telephone exchanges, to be in a better position to deny the Minister of Transport and Communication, whom he was scheduled to see after me, a request for more exchanges. Instead of computer print-outs, he works from a little black notebook he carries around in his breast pocket.

Before visiting Sapir, I had heard about the little black book. I had been told that its contents ranged from national income statistics, through election results, to reminders of political favors done and received. One high government official, only half facetiously, had suggested that I ask Sapir how he found information in his little book so rapidly. When I walked into Sapir's office, the black book was out on the table next to his couch. As he described the economy to me, he kept referring to the book for information on such matters as the number of cars and TV sets, of new nursery schools, and of housing projects for low-income families.

Mr. Sapir's method of dealing with inflation has been equally informal and personal. Since both the Labor Party and the Histadrut want full employment, controls on investment and credit have been lax. Earlier, there were voluntary price controls, whereby prices could be raised if wages were increased. The latter have been worked out in almost private understandings between Mr. Sapir and the secretary-general of the Histadrut, Yitzhak Ben-Aharon. For 1972, the understanding was to allow four per cent in wage increases plus six per cent in cost-of-living pay increases. But there was, and is, no formula whereby the total permissible wage increase could be allocated among the competing claims of different workers, and those in strong bargaining positions would not go along with the Histadrut leadership. The result was a wave of wildcat strikes, initiated by workers in essential services, all last fall and winter. The longshoremen went out. So did the customs officials. And the telephone engineers. And the airline personnel. And the tax collectors. And the doctors and hospital personnel. And the teachers and school principals. In something like desperation, the Jerusalem *Post* of last December 14th carried the headline "STRIKES . . . STRIKES . . . STRIKES."



In settling the strikes, the government has agreed to wages way above the original guidelines. Increases last year averaged between twenty and twenty-five per cent instead of ten per cent. Industry kicked, and at the end of the year price controls were dropped entirely. The upshot has been an inflation of almost Latin-American proportions. The consumer-price index rose by ten per cent in 1970; in 1971, the rise was greater than that. In 1972, it was fourteen per cent, and there is no levelling off in sight.

THE struggle among different groups of workers overlaps what is perhaps Israel's most acute social problem—the melting pot that doesn't melt satisfactorily. The Jewish population of Israel—about 2.7 million out of a 3.2 million total—is split almost evenly between two groups. There are the European Jews, known generically in Israel as Ashkenazim (from a Hebrew word that has come to mean "German"), comprising migrants from Europe and America and their descendants. Then there are the Oriental Jews, known generically as Sephardim (from a Hebrew word that has, somewhat confusingly for the purposes of this distinction, come to mean "Spanish"), comprising migrants from the countries of North Africa and the Near East and their descendants. Cultural distinctions between the two groups were apparent as soon as the Oriental Jews began arriving in large numbers, after 1948. In particular, the Oriental Jews were relatively poorly educated, tended to have much larger families, and were stricter about traditional religious and social customs. The Israeli leaders, reared in the utopian traditions of Socialism, were confident they could erase the differences. Their idea was to expose the Oriental Jews to education and Socialism; time was supposed to do the rest. In reality, time has widened the gap between the two communities. The average income of the Sephardic families is estimated to be about sixty-five per cent of that of the Ashkenazic families. Some sixty thousand Jewish families live in substandard housing, and most of these are Orientals. The Orientals hold down the majority of the service and production jobs in Israel. Some twenty-five to fifty per cent of the Europeans (depending on date of arrival) are in professional and managerial posts, as against only ten to fifteen per cent of the Orientals. Only one of eighteen Cabinet members is an Ori-

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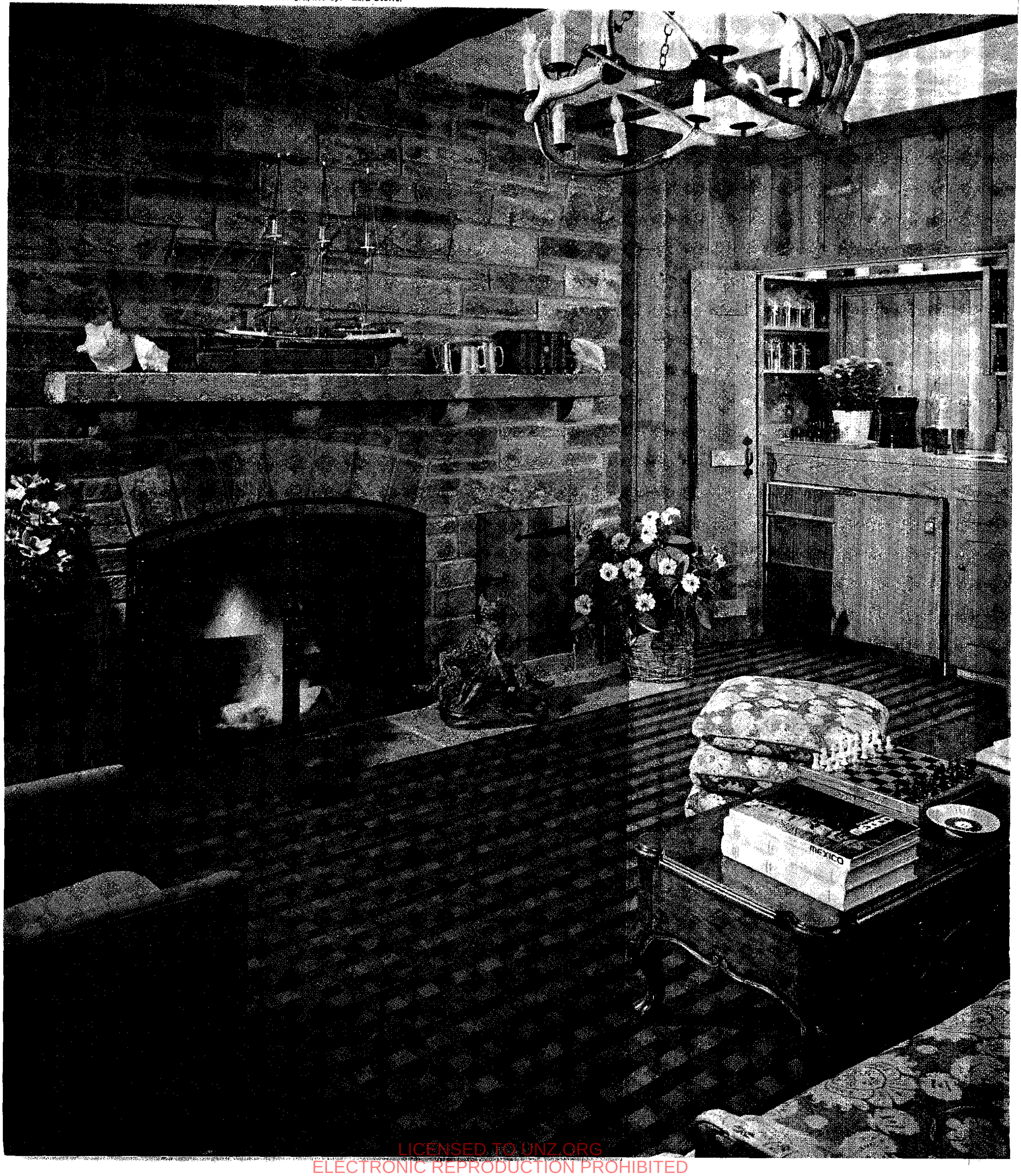

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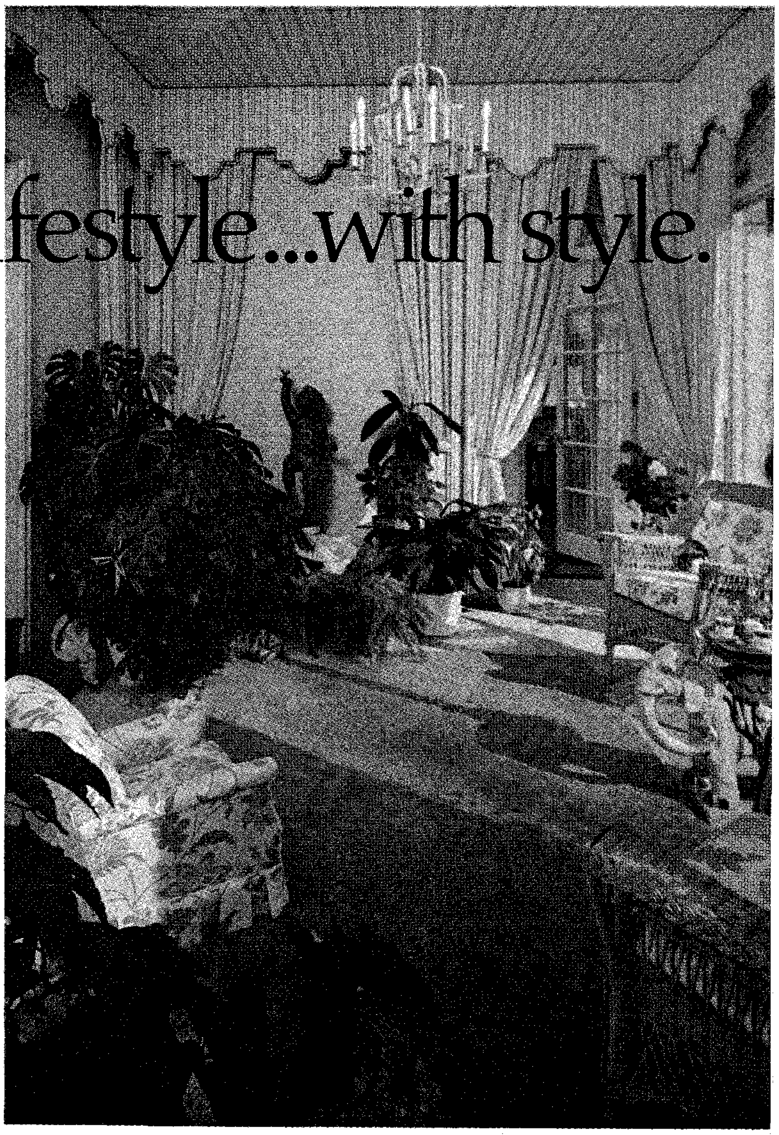

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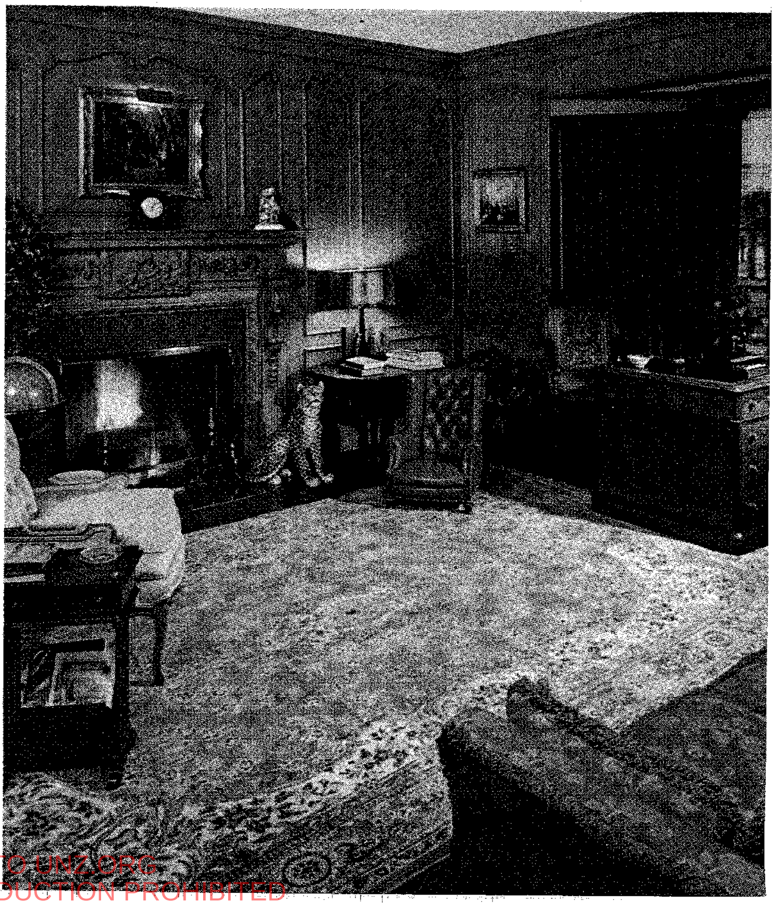

*(**Left) Momentum**—Thai silk colors translated into crossways of pure wool broadloom. In 14 colorations. $22.00 a square yard.*

*(**Above Right) Vivacious Green**—An exclusive Karastan Color—See it in wool broadloom and other fine Karastan carpets from $8.95 to $21.00 a square yard.*

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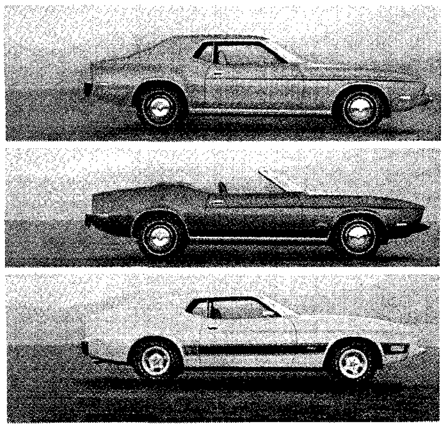
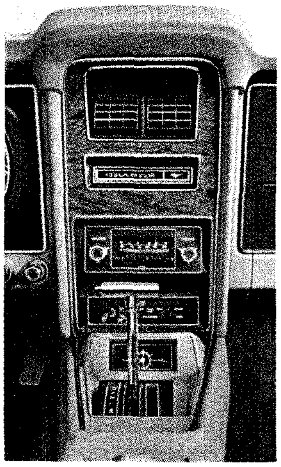
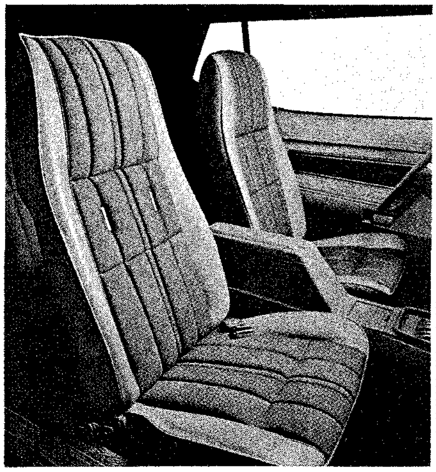


From top: Mustang Hardtop, Convertible, Mach I.





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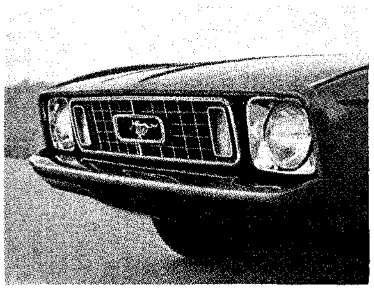

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ental, and Orientals make up only a score of the hundred and twenty members of the Knesset, or parliament. In the living quarters of about thirty per cent of the Sephardim there are three or more people to a room. Roughly sixty-five per cent of the families with more than three children are Oriental, as are roughly eighty-five per cent of the families with five or more. The Orientals, though they make up more than half the young people of university age, are only fifteen per cent of the university population. Only six per cent of the Oriental children in secondary school pass the examinations for higher education, as against thirty-five per cent of the Europeans.

The second generation of Sephardic Jews, far from moving toward assimilation, have begun to rebel against their situation in various ways. In 1971 in Jerusalem, some young Sephardim, of whom most were school dropouts and a few had records as juvenile offenders, formed a group called the Black Panthers, to agitate for equal rights. In Tel Aviv, gangs of young Oriental Jews from the slum quarter known as Hatikvah have made a regular practice of roughing up the kids in the more posh Ashkanazic sections in the north of the city. While no precise official figures are available, young Orientals are said to be mainly responsible for a recent crime wave: according to the Ministry of Police, crime has risen ten per cent since 1967. Prostitution is not uncommon, and there are daily reports in the press of muggings and burglaries. About five per cent of all Israeli university students are said to be drug users.

The government has reacted in a nononsense way to these signs of protest. Prime Minister Golda Meir personally criticized the Black Panthers, whom she called "not nice." Tough border police, including members of the Arabic-speaking sect known as Druzes, have been brought into Tel Aviv to stop hooliganism. The Minister of Police, Shlomo Hillel, who is the one Sephardic Jew in the Cabinet, has encouraged the imposition of stiff sentences for crimes of violence and has called for the death penalty, which is now forbidden, in certain cases. Special programs to improve housing and education for the Oriental Jews have also been put into effect, but everybody understands that the problem now has complex ethnic as well as economic components. The recognition of this fact, according to a well-known Israeli sociologist, S. N. Eisenstadt, of the Hebrew University, in Jerusalem,

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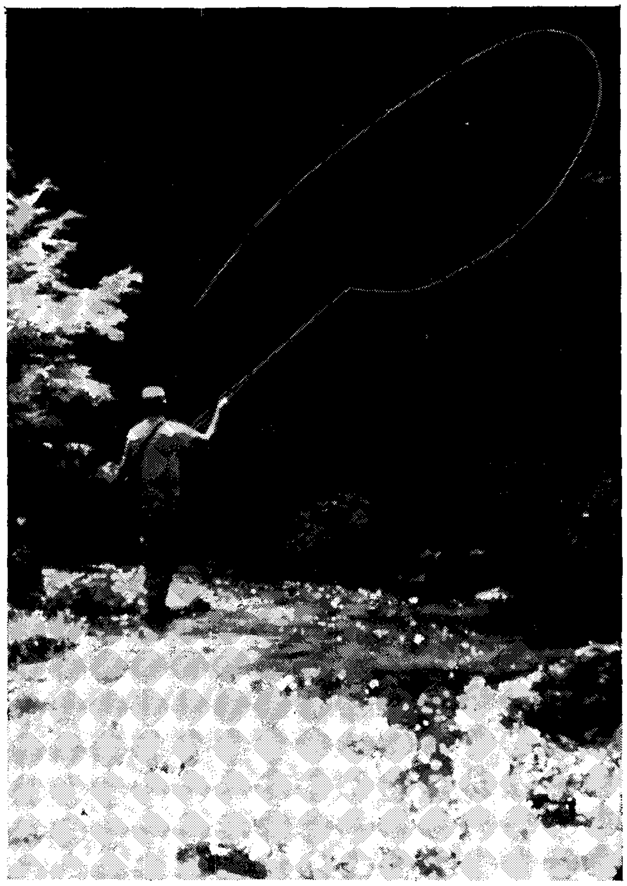

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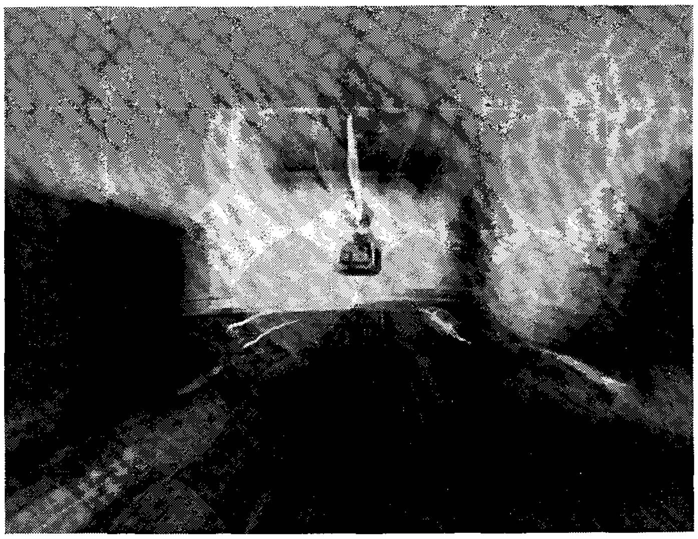
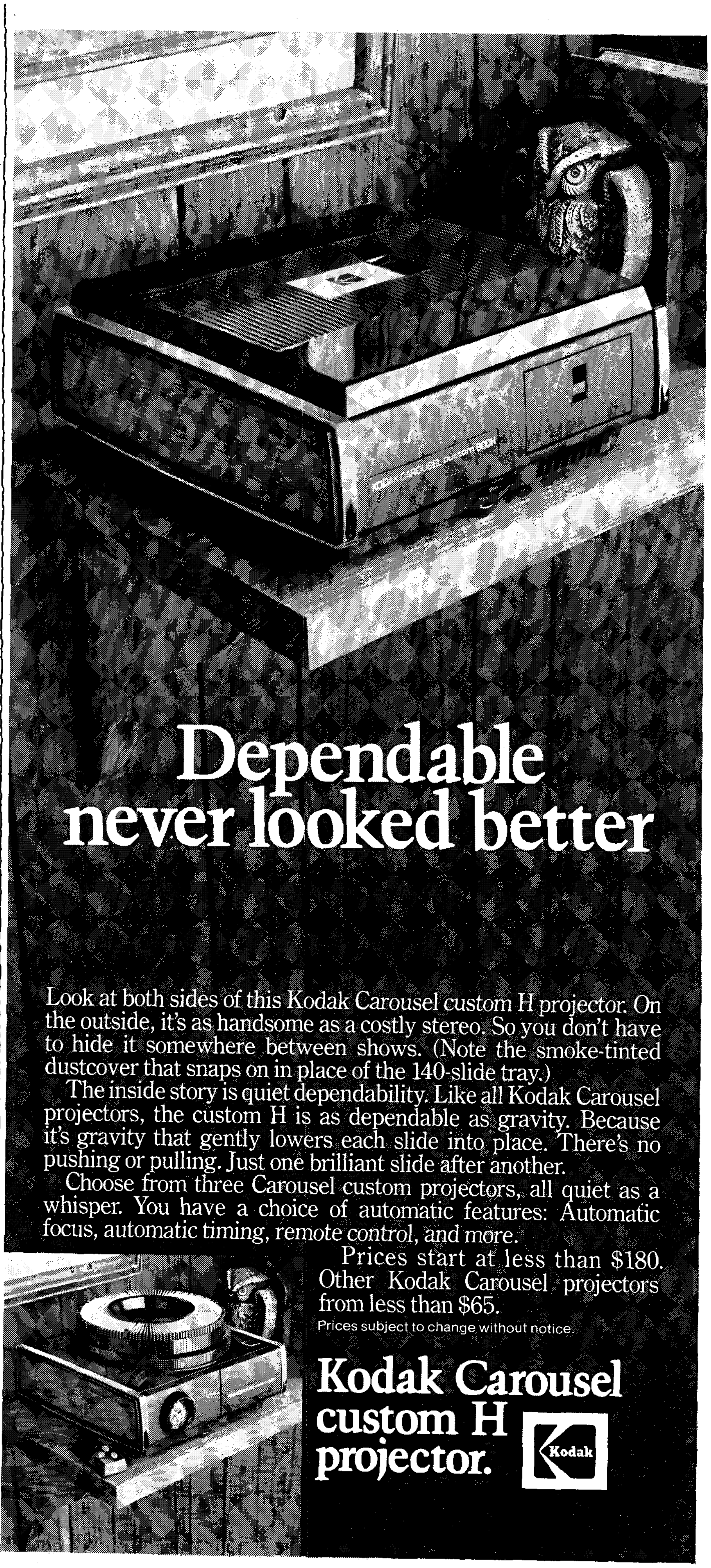


has made it easier for the Israeli leaders to face the issue. "When you call a problem social, to them that is a charge that Socialism has failed," he says. "But if you call the problem ethnic, then it is kosher."

Kosher or not, the problem of the Sephardic Jews is now being aired constantly and in a matter-of-fact way. The mayor of Tel Aviv, an old-line party boss named Yehoshua Rabinowitz, who has sometimes been called the Mayor Daley of Israel, told me, "You can't run a city and not deal with the problem of the Oriental Jews." Teddy Kollek, the mayor of Jerusalem, who has some of the charm and energy of John Lindsay, pointed out to me that you could always tell the residential quarters of the Oriental Jews because, with their big families, they had so much laundry hanging out to dry. Professor Eisenstadt said he thought the Oriental Jews were doing far better than was generally imagined, because they had reaped big benefits from a building boom, and from the growth of smaller cities, notably Beersheba, where they now control the local government. In one of the skits of a satirical revue that opened the other day in Tel Aviv, a TV reporter asks a European Jew, "What do you think of the African Jews?" The answer is "Well, I think they're nice and polite. But I think in future we should bring in only European Jews. There's no rush to bring in more African Jews. Only, don't use it on TV. Just keep it between us." A new Israeli film, "Salomonico," tells the story of a middle-aged Sephardic Jew who works in Ashdod as a docker. He is unfairly subjected to all kinds of snubs by the European Jews, but in the end everything comes out all right: his daughter marries a European Jew. Corny as that ending sounds, it probably says the last word about the Oriental Jews. Compensatory education and improvement in housing are only very slowly bettering their conditions. But intermarriage is going on—probably at a rate of more than fifteen per cent. In time, the problem of the Oriental Jews is going to disappear at the altar.

IF marriage offers the solution to one Israeli problem, it has recently been the focal point of another. Seven years ago, one Hanoch Langer, a young man serving in the armed forces, applied to the rabbinate for permission to marry. His request was denied. So was a similar request made a couple of months later by his sister Miriam. The reason for the refusal was that they were con-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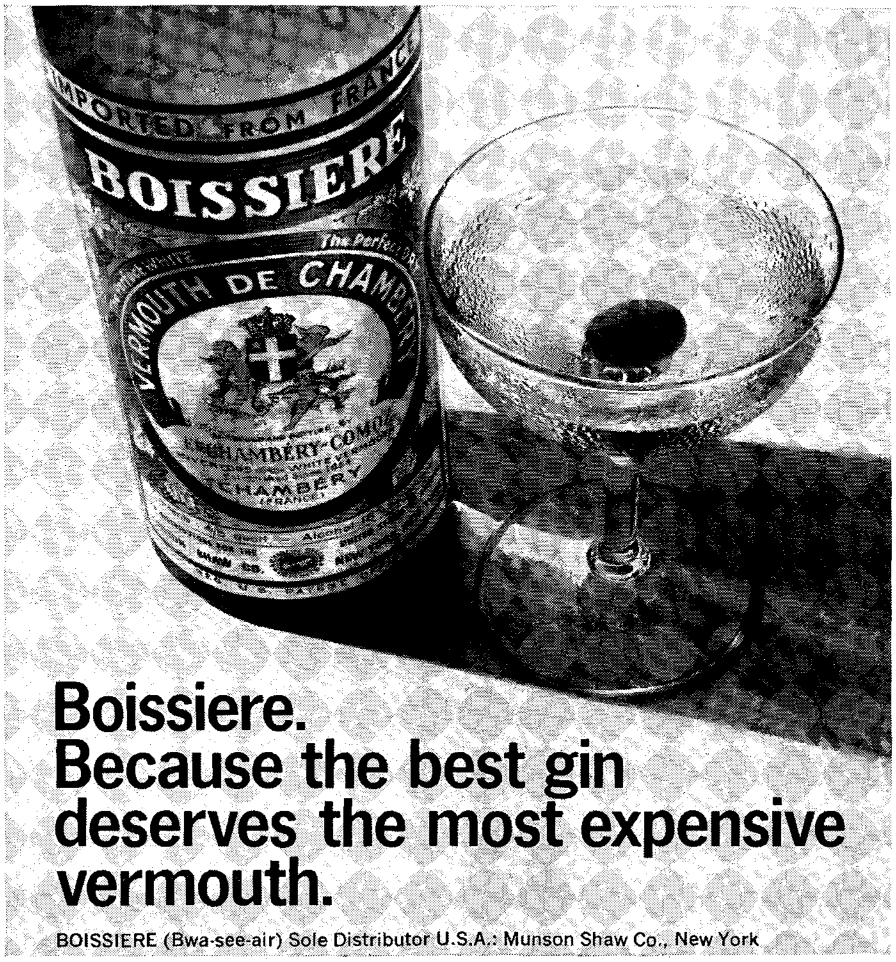
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sidered illegitimate. Their parents had been legally married, but Mrs. Langer had previously been married to a former Gentile who had been converted to Judaism. According to strict Jewish law, her children by her subsequent marriage were ineligible for a religious wedding. The Langer children appealed the ruling through the highest rabbinical courts, to no avail. At that point, their case became a political issue.

On the basis of the same sort of thinking that leads Americans to consider their country a Christian state, most Israelis vote for parties that favor a Jewish state, but a few of the country's dozen or so functioning parties, including Mapam and the Independent Liberal Party (which makes up a tiny fraction of the governing coalition), support separation of church and state in the vigilant way dear to our own Civil Liberties Union. By contrast, a significant minority of Israelis favor an outright theocracy, believing that the basic code of the state should be the Bible and the Talmud, and that great secular power should be vested in the rabbinate. They support a group of religious parties, and in Israel's seven general elections to date these have always won more than ten per cent of the total vote, participating throughout much of Israel's history with Mapai in the governing coalition. David Ben-Gurion, Israel's first Prime Minister, took the religious parties into the government as a counterweight to the left-wing Socialists, on the implicit understanding that if they gave him a free hand in national-security matters he would let them have the chief say in maintaining religious tradition. The result has been the preservation of strict laws defining religious matters. Thus, on the Sabbath public transportation, including the arrival and departure of planes, is banned. The law bars civil marriage in Israel, and this works powerfully against mixed marriages, because only Jews can marry in a religious ceremony, and even conversion is complicated, being subject to strict approval by a rabbinate that jealously guards the right to say who is and who is not a Jew.

The case of the Langer children put a crowbar in the hands of the hard-line advocates of separation between church and state. They introduced into the Knesset a bill that would have allowed civil marriage for the Langers and others stymied by the strict interpretation of the religious law. The Langers themselves said they would have no part of a civil marriage, but the bill was pushed ahead anyway. By

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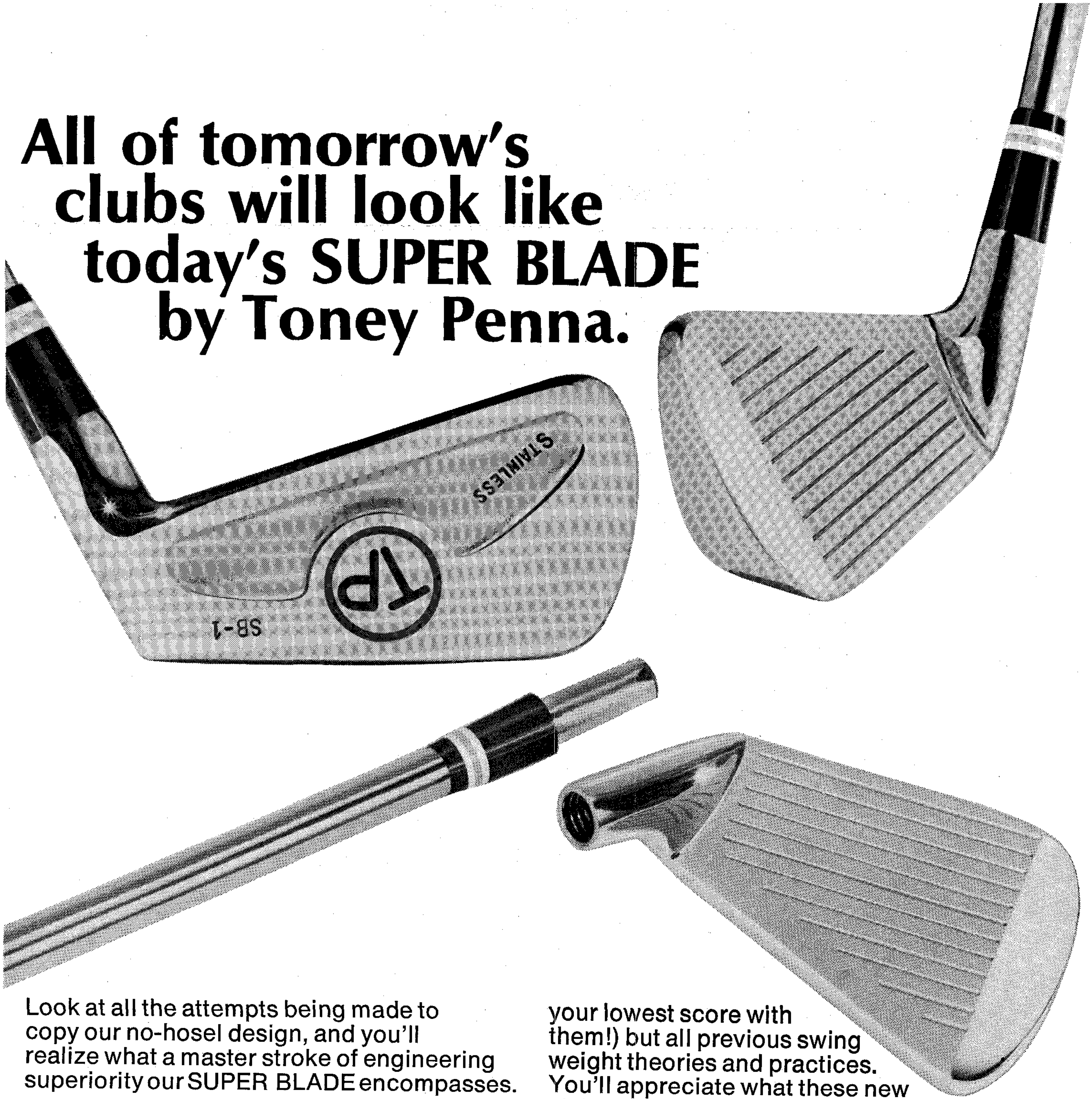

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last November, it was threatening to split the governing coalition. Then there supervened a swift, decisive act abetted by an Israeli figure famous the world over for lightning moves—General Dayan.

As Minister of Defense, General Dayan had supported the Langers in their efforts to be married with full religious rites. He had enlisted in their behalf the chief chaplain of the armed forces, Rabbi Shlomo Goren—a parachutist well known for taking his place with the ordinary soldiers in the front lines. The first efforts of General Dayan and Rabbi Goren on behalf of the Langers had not moved the rabbinate, but subsequently Rabbi Goren was elected Chief Rabbi of the Ashkenazic community. At the time the projected law was threatening the coalition, Rabbi Goren, in complete secrecy, convoked a religious court to reconsider the case of the Langers. On the basis of its ruling, Rabbi Goren, on the afternoon of November 19th, in his private residence, with General Dayan as a witness, united Hanoch Langer and his bride. A few minutes later, another rabbi (whose name was kept secret) married Miriam Langer and her fiancé. That evening, before a finger could be lifted in protest, Rabbi Goren announced both the court's decision and the marriages.

The rationale offered by Rabbi Goren for the reversal of the earlier rabbinical decision was, to say the least, Talmudic. He argued that the conversion of Mrs. Langer's first husband to Judaism was improper, so her first marriage was invalid, and her second marriage, to the father of the Langer children, was legal. That ruling defused the political issue, and the proposed new law was buried. But the ruling did not satisfy the true believers. A stream of protest and abuse was directed at Rabbi Goren. In Mea Shearim, the orthodox quarter of Jerusalem, some five thousand people, many of them rabbinical students, listened to more than two hours of speeches denouncing Rabbi Goren for desecration of religious law. Then they rent their garments in the traditional ceremony of woe. Threatening letters and phone calls were addressed to Rabbi Goren, and three rabbinical students tried to assault him physically. A kind of order was restored only by the public intervention of the Prime Minister. Mrs. Meir threatened, in typically blunt terms, to draft the rabbinical students into the Army if they continued the fuss. She said, "It seems to me that young men like the ones who tried to

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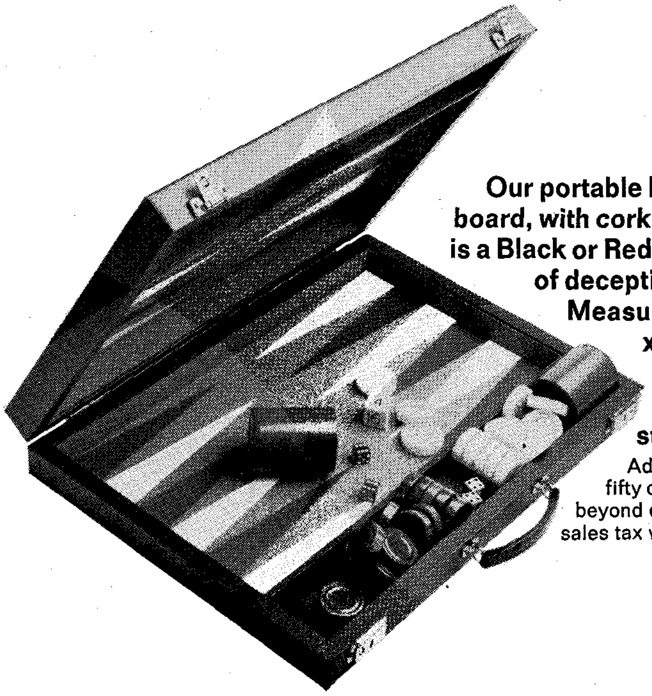

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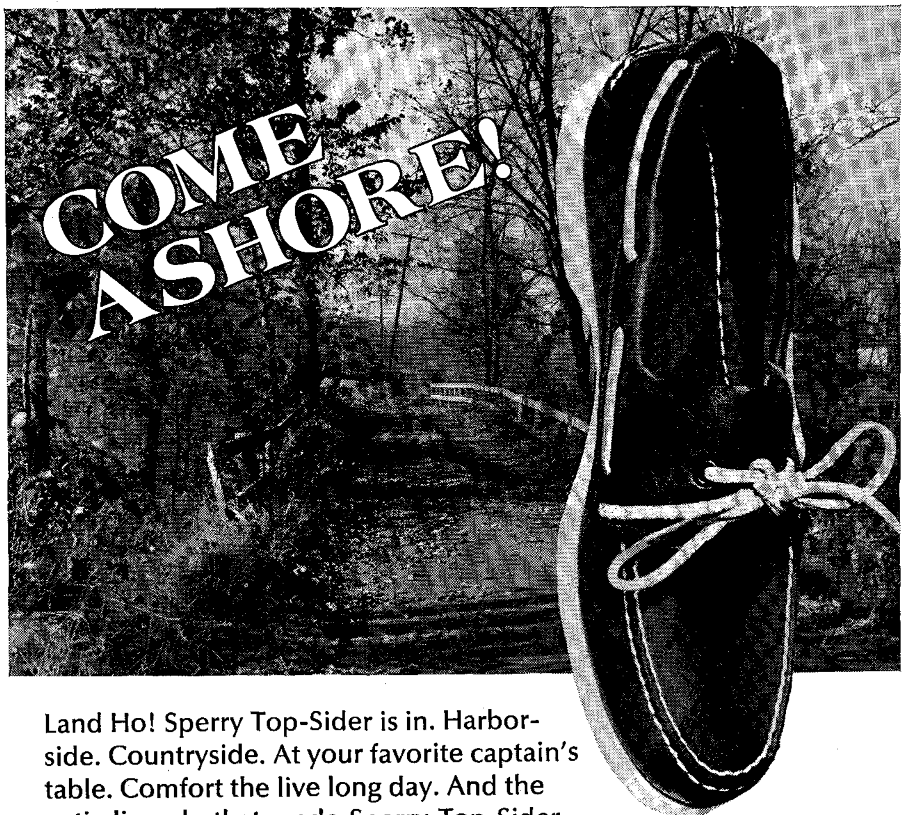

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assault Rabbi Goren last week were not exempted from Army service in order to be free to fight their own battles."

Mrs. Meir's ability to silence the angry rabbinical students is a good example of her authority. Although she had retired from political life when she was called on to fill the Prime Minister's office, left vacant by the sudden death of Levi Eshkol, in 1969, she has been a very strong leader, having her way in matters great and small. Only recently, for example, she arranged, over the head of Foreign Minister Abba Eban, to have her political secretary and long-time protégé, Simcha Dinitz, named Ambassador to Washington. Power obviously agrees with her, and there is a saying in Israel that she is an example of "psychosomatic wellness." I once met her by chance as I was waiting to see someone else, and remarked that she looked very well. She replied cheerfully, "That's because I have no problems." Still, Mrs. Meir is seventy-four. She has said that she will leave office when the mandate of the current Knesset runs out, in November of this year. So there is an inevitable jockeying for position among would-be Prime Ministers. Not long ago, the succession maneuvers came to the surface in a high-level debate on the delicate, almost taboo subject of policy toward the so-called administered territories—the Arab lands that have been occupied by Israel since the Six-Day War.

These territories include the Sinai Peninsula, which is virtually empty of people; the West Bank of the Jordan, which is the home of about six hundred thousand Palestinian Arabs, and which used to belong to the kingdom of Jordan; and the Gaza Strip, which has a population of about three hundred and fifty thousand Palestinian Arabs, mainly refugees. The Israeli Army garrisons the main strategic points in the administered territories, and Israeli settlements have been scattered in various places, but local administration has been left largely in the hands of Arab officials. The policy has been to try to keep order by progress rather than bayonets. Israeli capital has been fed into the administered territories, and my impression is that there has been an improvement in their public services. The fifty or sixty thousand Arabs who commute daily from the administered territories to jobs in Israel proper benefit from the high Israeli wages and from such Israeli social services as health insurance and social security.

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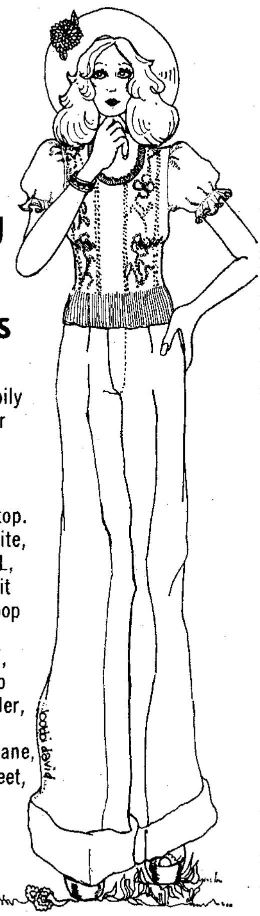

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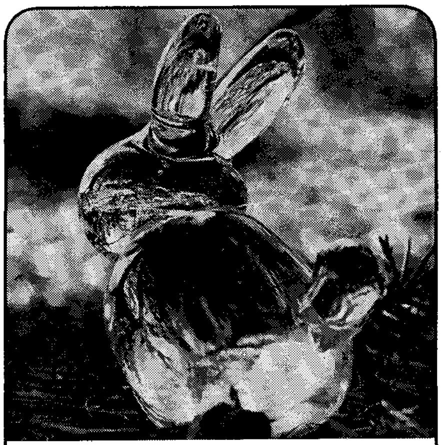

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salem, which has been annexed, and the Golan Heights, which the Israelis also plan to hold, a definitive policy for the administered territories has never been announced. Behind the silence lie mixed motives. Those Israelis who are eager to annex the territories believe they can best accomplish that purpose by not talking about it. They are, as the saying goes, "creeping annexationists"—satisfied, as another saying goes, to "let facts determine eventualities." Those who would like to return the territories to Arab sovereignty as part of a peace settlement have also been reluctant to show their hand, arguing that since the Arab leaders have not come forward to negotiate, it would be foolish for Israel to announce its position. Foreign Minister Abba Eban said to me not long ago, "Why should we play chess against ourselves?"

The policy of having no explicit policy has come under some challenge. Ever since 1967, intellectuals and pacifists—Israel's doves, as they are known nowadays—have been putting pressure on the government to seek peace with the Arabs. They have recently been joined by Arie Eliav, a former officer and protégé of the late Prime Minister Eshkol, who has held many posts in the Labor Party, including that of secretary-general. In a new book, "Land of Glory," Eliav argues that Israel should make a unilateral declaration stipulating what strategic points it wants to hold and making the rest of the disputed areas available as a homeland for Palestinian Arabs, who could then negotiate whatever terms they wanted with Israel. The book has enjoyed a remarkable success, selling twenty thousand copies in the past four months. Many Labor Party regulars, including Mrs. Meir, have reacted to it with angry comments. They would probably not have entered into any sort of debate on borders except for a sudden move by General Dayan, who is widely believed to be a candidate for the succession, and is also supposed by many to be a creeping annexationist. During the preparation of the 1973 national budget, a dispute arose between him and Finance Minister Sapir over funds for the occupation. Feeling squeezed, Dayan at one point complained publicly that progress in the administered territories was being blocked by what he called an "ideological freeze." He called for an "open discussion" within the Labor Party on policy toward the administered territories. Other would-be successors to Mrs. Meir were delighted. For three weeks in November, the wraps were off the forbidden subject, and Labor Party

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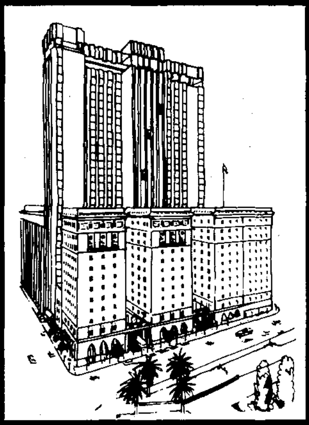

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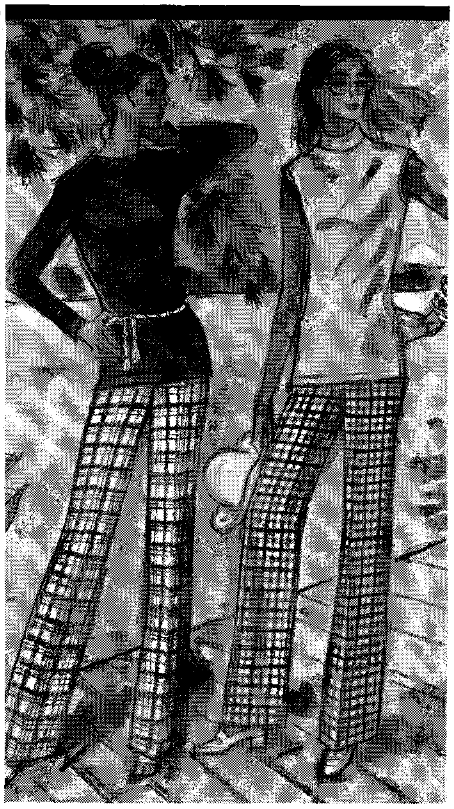
leaders opposed to General Dayan came forward one by one with sharp denunciations of creeping annexation. Yigal Allon, a former general now serving as Deputy Prime Minister and Minister of Education and Culture, who is perhaps Dayan's foremost rival, claimed that any ambiguity about territorial ambition would obstruct chances for peace. "Let no one delude himself that it is possible to have—whether *de jure* or *de facto*—both peace and all the territories," he recently said. Foreign Minister Eban warned that Israel would rule over a large Arab population only at her peril. "Absence of dissension and civil revolt should not be taken for granted," he said. Haim Bar-Lev, a former chief of staff who recently became Minister of Trade and Industry, also stressed the need for a territorial settlement that would involve rule over "the minimum number of Arabs." Mr. Sapir, the heavyweight in the anti-Dayan camp, was even more blunt. He raised the spectre of the Jewish state overwhelmed by the Arabs of the occupied lands. He told a meeting of the Labor Party executive body, "For heaven's sake, let's not be like the boy who ties himself to a tree and then squawks that the tree won't let go of him. . . . Israel simply does not want to rule over people who do not wish to be her citizens. In order to continue pursuit of the traditional ideals the nation has sought, it is incumbent upon us to retain the present Jewish character of the state."

In the face of that assault, General Dayan gave ground. He compromised on the issue of the budget, and ducked the debate—"like a mischievous boy who rings a doorbell and then runs away," one of his rivals said. Mrs. Meir also avoided the debate. In an interview with me, she came down on both sides. "Nobody in the government," she said repeatedly, in terms that General Dayan could well applaud, "wants to go back to the 1967 borderlines." At the same time, she endorsed Mr. Sapir's insistence that in the final territorial agreement the state should retain its Jewish character. She said, in the crude way that gives her pronouncements such force, "I don't want to wake up in the morning wondering whether the baby born in the night was an Arab baby or a Jewish baby."

Though the debate settled nothing, subsequent events have only aggravated the central question of whether this country should be a Jewish state with severely limited territory or a multinational state with more comfortable borders. A spy ring, involving both



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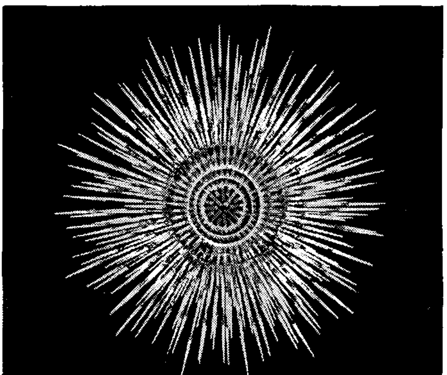

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Jewish and Arab-Israeli members of an extreme left-wing faction, and allegedly working for the Syrians and Iraqis, was uncovered, and its members have now been tried, convicted, and, in several cases, given long jail sentences. On a trip to Europe, Mrs. Meir was pressed by leading statesmen, including the Pope, to make territorial concessions. The affair of the Libyan airliner underlined a new tension between Israel and the Arabs, and when she went to Washington Mrs. Meir acknowledged that it was "high time" to move toward settlement with the Arabs. The trouble is that there is no consensus about what a proper settlement would be.

That point was driven home to me in a talk I had with the distinguished historian J. L. Talmon. He indicated that he was not sure how events would turn out, but he expressed fear that by avoiding a settlement Israel would "turn the Arabs into a morbid, neurotic race." He described the history of man as a series of "falls from blinding splendor to moral disaster." He spoke of "the proximity of physical death" for all Israelis, and said, "This is the only country in the world whose neighbors are sworn to destroy it."

As I got up to leave, Dr. Talmon said he wanted to tell me a story. In the Second World War, a Polish general serving with the Allied forces passed through Palestine. He had asked to see a rabbi who was famous as a seer of future events. When the rabbi appeared, the general asked him how the Allies could win the war. "There are two ways," the rabbi said. "You can win by a miracle or you can win in a natural way." The general, somewhat irritated, observed that since the age of miracles was over, he wanted the rabbi to define only the natural way. The rabbi said, "The natural way is by a miracle."

—JOSEPH KRAFT

•

Fontainebleau, incidentally, is pronounced many different ways (most of them wrong). You'll hear it called the foun-tain-blow, fon-tane-blew, fon-tan-blur, to name a few. Mrs. Brooks sticks to bon-tan-blew.—*Wauhillau La Hay in the Pittsburgh Press.*

Well, if you have the guts . . .

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(23) IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST John Greenwood, Michael Redgrave. (1953) A wealthy rancher vows vengeance after he finds his wife murdered. —*Fort Lauderdale News.*

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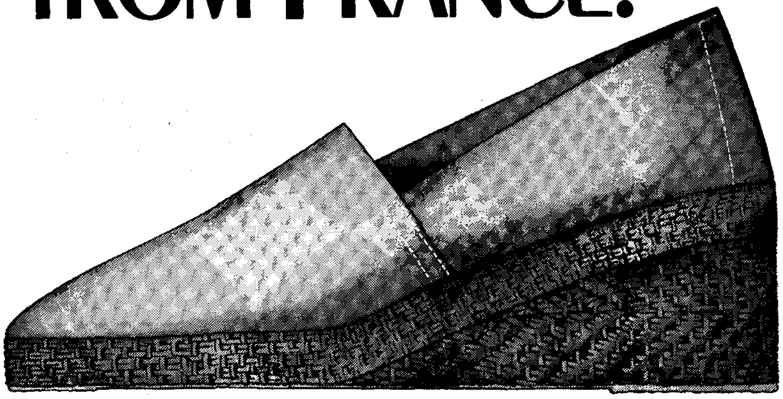

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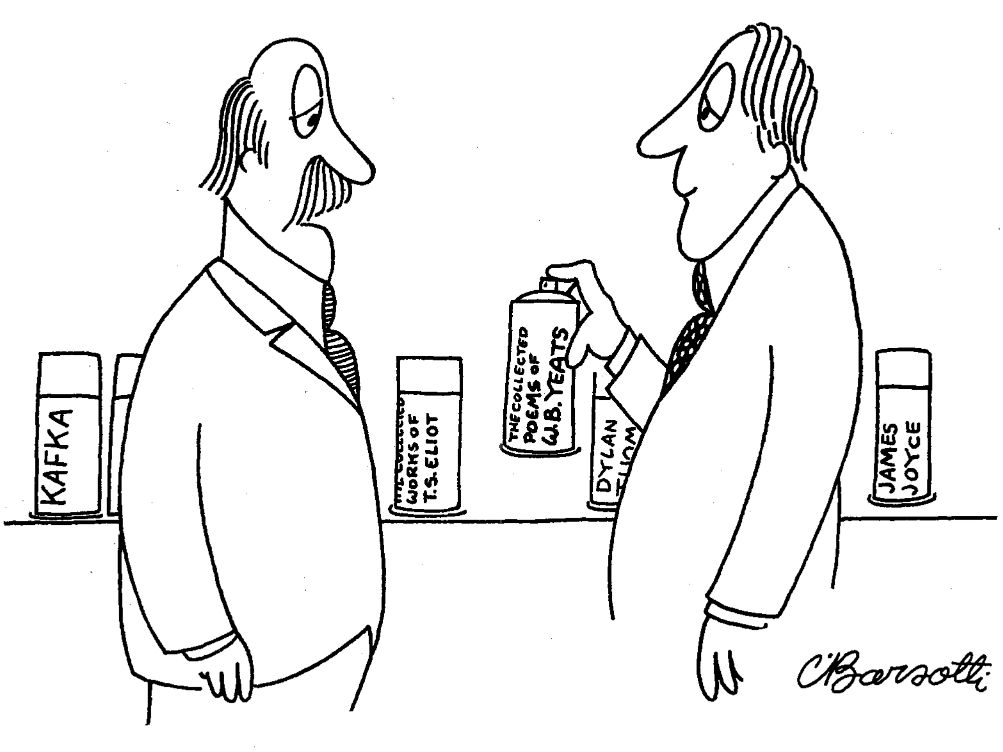
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

IT could be argued that more life is to be found this spring in hats, bags, shoes, hair styles, and other attachments to a girl's extremities than in the fusty linen suits, the dowdy shirtdresses, and the evening gowns, built like tennis sweaters, that are supposedly "in" for the parts of her body in between. So far, though, much of the new vitality in accessories must remain theoretical, and trapped between the covers of *Vogue*. Where are the new-looking handbags? Where are the funny little hats, like air-raid wardens' helmets, that had been expected to alight in swarms by now? Perhaps, Frisbee-like, the small flat titfers have skimmed into millinery departments and out again. However, I did succeed in tracking to the second floor of Bloomingdale's a covey of these new, shallow-crowned felt hats that are to be worn to the side, with their two-inch brims tilted rakishly over one eye. They may be seen in many colors, and cost $15. Those who feel up to rakish tilts but not ready to graduate to a hat that perches and may need pins might gain confidence with a pull-on, hand-crocheted beanie that has a mushroom stalk on its summit. This hat, also in many bright colors, may be bought for $12 at Eve Lost, Ltd., 956½ Lexington Avenue, at 70th Street. The revolution in hats is not unrelated to the revolution in hair styles, and it may be observed that many of the Bright Young Things around town have lopped off their hair—sometimes to the extent of a neck-length pageboy, sometimes all the way to a schoolboy crop. Among the new breed of establishments that tend these short, shiny manes is La Coupe, at 694 Madison Avenue (62nd Street). The theme of the décor is functional simplicity, and the place stands in relation to an old-school coiffeur as carrot juice does to a sundae oozing artificial flavoring. The partners of the shop, Charles Booth and Peter Green, are both English and both graduates of Vidal Sassoon's—a familiar curriculum vitae for the new hair people—and either will shape up your hair for $15; a humble shampoo and blow-dry is a bargain at $4.50, and a full-scale shampoo and set is $10. Those who go in for rollers and stuff may take solace in the presence, beside each dryer, of a television set that looks like a Panasonic marshmallow.

The editors of fashion magazines must be in possession of a single clutch bag, which they whisk by fleet-footed messenger from one location to the next, so frequently does it show up in fashion theory and photographs, and so rarely in the shops. With very few exceptions, these are still full of the too familiar dumpy shoulder bags. Once again, though, Eve Lost has come up trumps with a good selection of handsome and reasonably priced envelopes. And there is nothing remotely dumpy about the fine leather goods in Bottega Veneta, 655 Madison Avenue, at 60th Street. This shop has a flawless, unornate kidskin clutch measuring fourteen inches by seven and in a choice of colors that includes burgundy and yellow as well as more predictable handbag hues. The envelope flap is trimmed with a restrained square of unshiny brass that bears a knob of what seems to be walnut at its heart. The price is $95. A second, equally streamlined kid bag—this one with a brace of handles—measures fourteen inches by nine, and has a zippered opening as well as two slim outside compartments. Some versions of this bag involve two-tone schemes of dark brown and tan, navy and white, or black and white. The price is $120. Bottega Veneta's selection of shoes is small but distinguished. It offers a further pursuit of the contrast game: a pair of black-and-white oxfords with white laces and four-inch stacked heels. These are $55.

The spectator shoe is one of the few heralded novelties that have actually shown up. This is probably because the avant-garde of shoe design (the elevator-sole crowd) has had enough influence to encourage open-mindedness in this branch of the fashion industry, which is not the case in millinery or handbags. At Lady Continental, 836 Madison, at 69th Street, I found an entertaining and comfortable-looking version of a golf shoe, with a fringed tongue over the vamp and set on a three-inch heel. The tongue and the yoke it conceals are in a color that contrasts with the rest of the shoe: among the combinations are red and navy, sea green and navy, and white and navy, and the price is $45. A lace-up shoe in a gentle blue-gray kidskin, and set on a crêpe wedge, is also $45, and well suited to exploratory strolls among the cobbles and museums of Europe. (The same shop has shirts by Frank Olivier in a light crêpe that is almost sheer, and with very Gallic prints on dark backgrounds. These, too, are $45.) Pursuing the subject of shoes, I dropped into Bonwit's second-floor shoe department and came upon a pair of high-heeled sandals that looked new but not extreme and that would adapt well to occasions at all levels of formality, or lack of it. They are in red or white kid or black patent leather, and they have a middle-of-the-road half-inch platform and a three-and-a-half-inch heel. Two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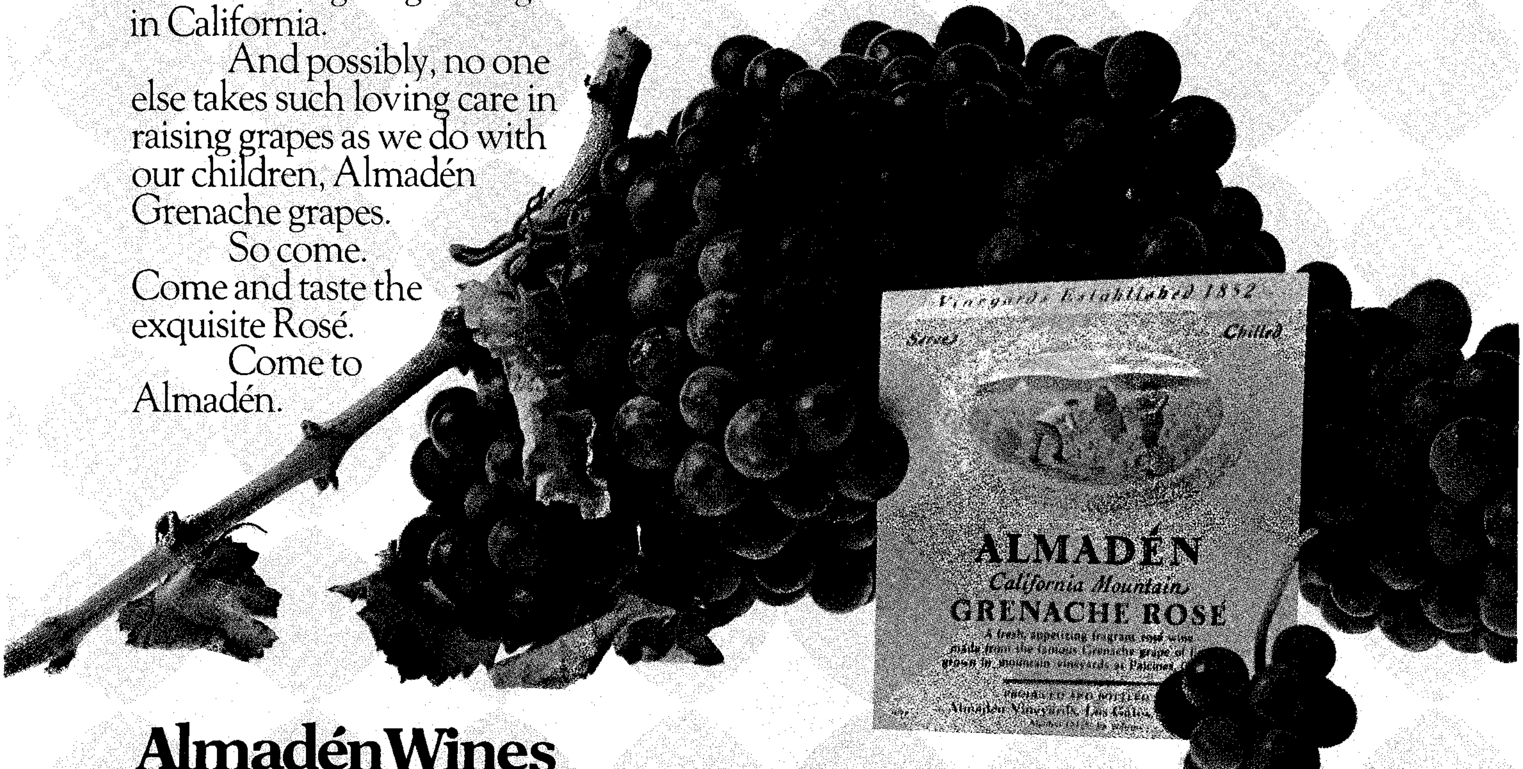
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back-to-back C-shapes secure the ball of the foot, and front and back ankle straps anchor the heel; $32. Ultrasuede—the material that, thanks to Halston's use of it, has done so much to reconcile the ideas of ersatz and the couture—reaches ground level in a pair of pumps with a two-and-a-half-inch crêpe-bottomed wedge. The range of colors includes such vibrancies as pink and orange as well as navy, chamois, or brown; the price is $38. Pure-silk stockings with the nude toe and heel that sandals call for come from Japan by way of Bergdorf Goodman, and they are $6.

AND what of clothing for the parts between head and toe? Well, there are plenty of shirtwaist dresses around, and these are much vaunted for being highly wearable. They are clearly a lot easier to get into in the morning than layers of things, but they are not so easy to wear well, as they have the power to make you look very hippy, bosomy, and frumpy. I'm a bit bored by man-tailored shirts with long sleeves and collars and cuffs, and would like to see dresses break away from that mold. There are so many possible treatments for sleeves (cape, puffed, elbow-length, and cuffed or gathered) and necklines (square, U-shaped, modified sweetheart among them) that it seems a pity not to exploit them. And although I can't reconcile myself to the chemise, I would like to see more of the A-shaped tent as an alternative to the fitted-shirt-and-pleated-skirt silhouette. John Kloss, who is very innovative in his quiet way, has produced a refreshing tent affair in cotton vertically striped in pale green, pink, and white. This dress is in Sutton Place, at Bloomingdale's, for $48. The neckline is square, and the sleeves end just above the elbows. This department also has tent dresses (for greatest effect, such styles must fit neatly through the shoulders and bust) in cotton knit, a wonderfully comfortable fabric. A long, high-necked, long-sleeved tent designed by Diane Von Furstenberg has a simple dignity and an orange-and-yellow flower print; $75. The prints on a group of cotton-knit clothes by Katje of Sweden, to be seen on the seventh floor of Saks, are bold, bright, and naïve. One example particularly fits such adjectives, being an arrangement of foot-high, inexplicably winged figures in a combination of red, yellow, blue, and white. These jollities go into a frisky over-the-head tent with short sleeves and two patch pockets on the hips; $44.

Many of the new shirtdresses either are French or pretend to be, and they are often absurdly expensive. But Pierre d'Alby, at 769 Madison Avenue (66th), has a trim-waisted little cotton-poplin *numero* that is genuinely French and costs a mere $40. Among its pleasing details are short cuffed sleeves, mock-tortoiseshell buttons, and a shoulder yoke and an inset pleat in the back. A gay choice of colors includes periwinkle blue, apple green, and strawberry. Here, too, are V-neck shirts in Indian muslin, which blouse gently over elasticized waistbands. Some of the shirts are in narrow, multicolored vertical stripes. (The French have been sending over waves of stripes of late, both vertical and diagonal; they always succeed in making you feel that these are the first stripes the world has ever seen.) The shirts are $17 to $20, and a pair of sailcloth overalls to wear with them is $30.

Turning to some rather more worldly trousers, I found at Manning Silver Design, at 760 Madison Avenue (65th), an exceptionally helpful salesgirl and some lightweight wool-flannel trouser suits. These are designed with thought but not trickiness, and they are cut and finished in a manner worthy of the couture; this makes them an excellent buy at $130. There are models in red, navy, pastels, or ivory, and these last are superb. Purchasers are given the choice of two styles of trousers—wide-legged and mock-pleated or straight-legged and high-waisted. The jacket above these is belted and double-breasted in a most feminine way, and has slimming, curving seams. Among this shop's small but admirable stock are crêpe shirts with satin collars and cuffs and in colors that match the flannel suits, for $35, as well as side-wrapped evening outfits in silky matte jersey, with the restrained stylishness that is characteristic of the creations of the house designer, for $105.

Back at Eve Lost, Ltd., I discovered one of the new elongated clutch sweaters, in a wool knit, with raglan sleeves and cable-stitch details. This is by Krizia, an Italian firm worth looking at. In white, which is handsome, or mint green, which is perhaps a slightly better bet for travel, and $90. And fresh treatment of the matter of dresses is to be found in a two-part one of matte jersey with a long middy top in cream and a V neck trimmed in navy over a navy accordion-pleated skirt; $185. Another two-piece dress at Eve Lost bears the Krizia label, and it comes in a light-blue silklike material dotted with little diamond shapes filled by

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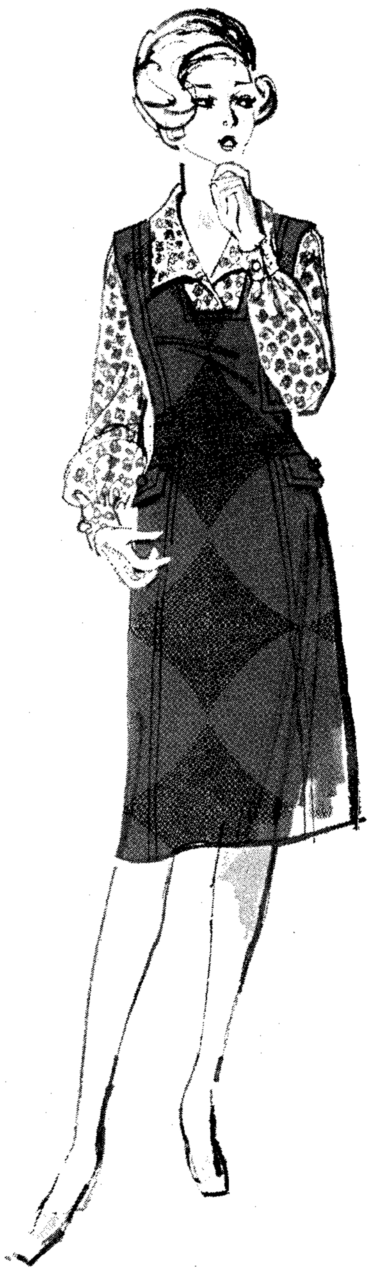

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dots of aqua and purple. This is $120.

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—KENNEDY FRASER

•

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—*Ridgewood* (*N. J.*) *News.*

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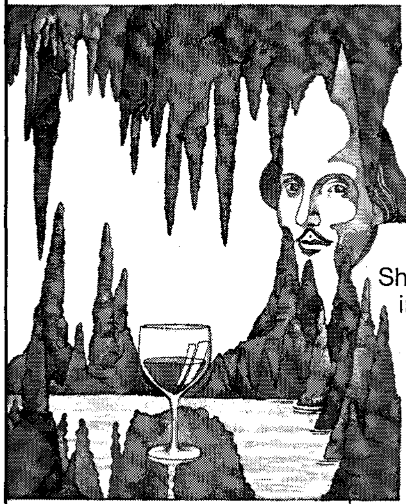

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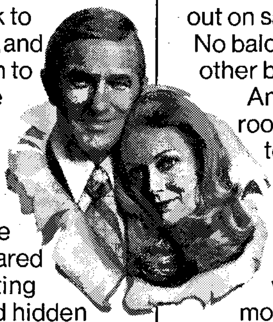

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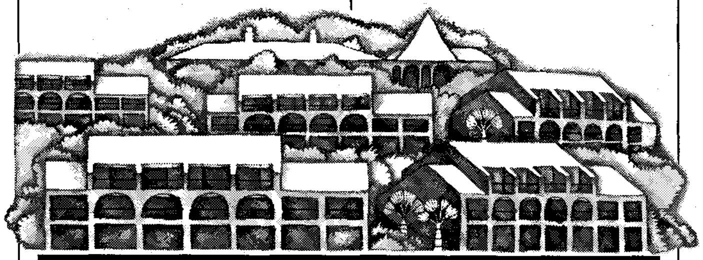

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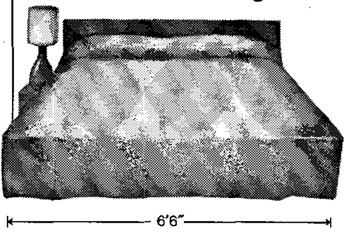

cracking of two hundred years of tradition. But styles change, why not in Bermuda?)

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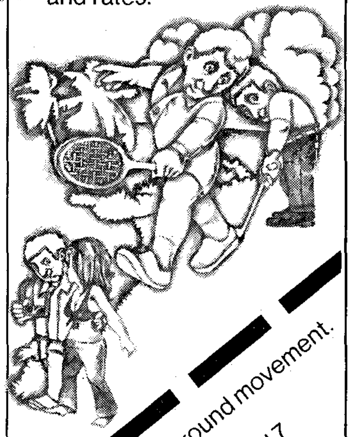

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THE PLUNDERED PAST

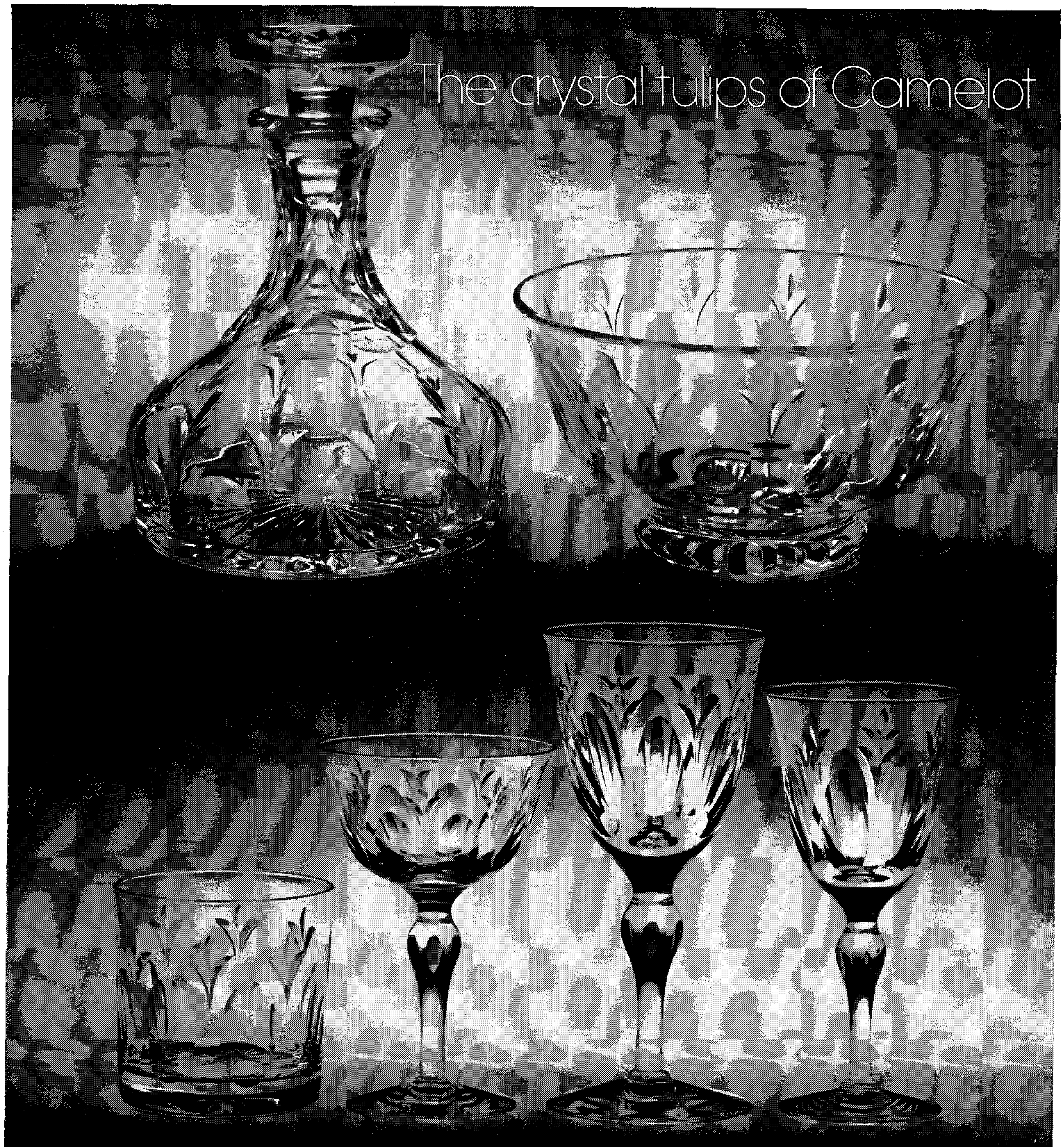
III—CASINO, PALACE, AND SLUM

For every dollar spent on the acquisition of art, less than a penny is spent on its preservation. This discrepancy is appalling to scholars and unknown to the public. Art acquisition is a growth industry—such a flourishing one that the *Wall Street Journal* published an estimate that eventually the potential market for fine arts in the United States alone could climb to five billion dollars a year. By contrast, the preservation field has roughly the glamour of czarist bonds, and as much immediate prospect of greater cash increments. The result is that at the moment, when the demand for art of every kind is soaring, a pittance is spent on its maintenance and no proper inventory list of the world's important pieces and collections really exists. To a businessman, this would seem worse than irrational; it would seem insane. Without undue exaggeration, one can say that the world of art consists of three elements: a casino, a palace, and a slum. The casino is the international market, with its perfumed chic and its golden counters, where buyers wager on tomorrow's taste. Here no price seems outrageous. "In its upper reaches, the art market has been afflicted with a kind of collective hysteria, a St. Vitus's dance of zeros across the checkbook," Robert Hughes, the art critic of *Time*, has written. Thus, the National Gallery of Art, in Washington, has been able to raise upward of five million dollars to buy a Leonardo da Vinci portrait from Liechtenstein; Norton Simon, the business executive and collector, has written a check in excess of three million dollars for a Raphael Madonna; and J. Paul Getty has offered four million for a Titian. Even antique furniture commands astronomic prices; in 1971 an Iranian oilman paid $415,800 for a Louis XVI table, the most expensive bit of furniture in auction history.

Some of the prizes go to the palace—the great museums of the world, the richest of them being in the United States. Here lovely things are sumptuously displayed and their attributes lavishly published. But next to the palace is the slum—the decaying patrimony from which much of the art is taken, a place of squalor and ignorance where things of beauty and importance are routinely stolen or negligently permitted to crumble away. The focus of the inquiry that follows will be on the art slum, of which the most flagrant area is Italy.

Italy, in Byron's phrase, has the fatal gift of beauty. Nowhere else is so much of supreme interest in art, extending over so many epochs, visible to us. One calculation is that the cultural resources of Italy are worth something like fifty billion dollars—the value of objects in thirty thousand churches, twenty thousand castles, sixty thousand religious buildings, and two hundred state museums, not to speak of uncounted archeological sites. Still, the monetary measure is degrading. What is Michelangelo's "Pietà" worth? Its market price might be set at fifteen million dollars, but its value to humanity is incalculable. Yet deficient security permitted the statue to be attacked last year by a demented vandal, who, claiming he was Jesus Christ, smashed it with a hammer, shattering the Virgin's face and one of her arms. There was an international outcry; the Vatican has since improved its protective measures, and the statue has been more or less restored. Little else in regard to the neglected art treasures of Italy has changed. In that same year every conceivable plague visited the Italian past. In September, the Colosseum was closed when thirty large blocks toppled from its upper vaults as a result of heavy rains, traffic vibrations, and air pollution. At the same time, the Roman Forum, flooded by storms, was closed for safety reasons. An ominous crack opened in the fourth floor of the Leaning Tower of Pisa. "The tower is ill, very ill," said Pisa's superintendent of monuments; it seemed, furthermore, that no basic remedial work could be done before 1975. Meanwhile, the Italian press reported that sonic booms from jets were flaking the Giotto frescoes in Assisi, while humidity was fading frescoes by Mantegna in Padua. Milan Cathedral is crumbling; Ghiberti's "Doors of Paradise"—damaged by the 1966 floods in Florence—are deteriorating; and the total work of art that is Venice is sinking away.

Thefts have increased. The official estimate is that in the past thirty years fifty thousand works of art valued at four hundred million dollars have been stolen. In 1971, there were two hundred and ninety thefts, and last year



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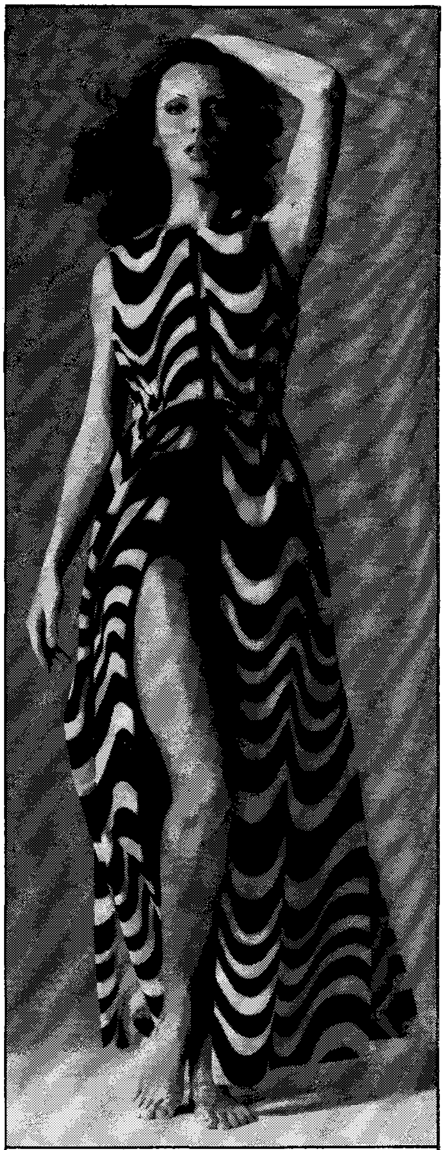
the total, which only includes verified thefts, was three hundred and forty-two. A symptomatic episode was the theft, in December, 1972, of one of the few paintings universally attributed to Giorgione. His "Madonna Enthroned" had always hung in the Cathedral of Castelfranco Veneto, about thirty miles from Venice. The church had no alarm system, although on at least three occasions the Italian Fine Arts Administration's superintendent for the region had urged the installation of one; even after an attempted break-in at the cathedral, nothing was done. The church was easily entered by the thieves, who removed the Giorgione from the wall and simply carried it through the main door to a waiting van. (The painting was later recovered, and, it is said, an alarm system has been installed.) So slight are Italian security precautions that art thieves work with a certain nonchalance. While taking a Titian and thirteen other works from a church near Cortina d'Ampezzo in 1971, the brigands paused to drink Communion wine. (Later the Titian was recovered.) No less carefree are the *tombaroli*—as tomb robbers are called—who for a century have been stripping Etruscan sites. A skilled *tombarolo* knows the surface indications of a tomb and pilfers the treasure inside after using an ingenious probing device known as an *asta* ("lance") or *chiave* ("key"). The tombs are nearly always unprotected, and when police are around a ritual game is played, for hunters and hunted both know that there is usually only a small fine for being caught. "We have no special judges or courts for those who steal from tombs or traffic in antiquities," one officer has explained. "And our courts are as crowded as anywhere else in the world. You can imagine: a judge who deals mostly with cases of assault or fraud doesn't think stealing a vase is so very bad."

An Italian who has watched the pillage with special sorrow is Carlo Maurilio Lerici, an engineer and industrialist, who retired in 1955 as head of a Milan geophysical-exploration firm and, after a chance visit to the Etruscan collection of the Villa Giulia, in Rome, decided to apply his technical skill to archeology. He invented electronic "spades" for the location of Etruscan tombs—a potentiometer for finding cavities in the earth and a periscopic drill that could scan and photograph unopened tombs. Within a decade, Dr. Lerici and a trained staff were able to identify a thousand Etruscan graves in the necropolis of Cerveteri and fifty previously unknown painted chambers



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in that of Tarquinia. Far too often, thieves had preceded the scientists. In a 1958 speech to the Rotary Club of Rome, Dr. Lerici reported that of five hundred and fifty chamber tombs he had discovered in Cerveteri nearly four hundred had been previously stripped by *tombaroli*—who, he said, clumsily destroyed a good half of what they found, sometimes demolishing painted walls with picks. He bitterly remarked that in one site plagued by brigands his team could not even get a permit for a survey from local authorities—who, his audience did not need to be told, were in the pay of the looters.

Dr. Lerici nevertheless pursued his work. He attempted an analysis of all the forces that together were destroying the Italian past, and published the results in a rigorous monograph in 1969. He identified four major destructive factors: inadequate funds for the maintenance and protection of sites; water and air-pollution damage; public works and urbanization; and illicit excavations. Of the four, it appears, the first is by far the most devastating. He wrote, "It is inconceivable that the country with the most important archeological heritage in the world should have an administration and resources inferior to those of a single museum in the United States (the Metropolitan of New York)." In 1972, an austerity year, the Metropolitan employed a staff of seven hundred and sixty-one. In the same year, the Italian Fine Arts Administration employed ninety-two art historians, ninety-five archeologists, a hundred and seven architects, and fifty-eight technicians. The financial comparison is still more incredible. A Metropolitan professional will earn in a week what his Italian counterpart gets in a month; a qualified state archeologist in Italy will receive the equivalent of two hundred and sixty-five dollars a month, meaning that most men doing this work must take a second job to support families. Those in the service refer ironically to their remuneration as "*stipendi stupendi*."

Even if more money were available, the difficulties would surely persist, for there is a worldwide shortage of trained art conservationists. Until a few months ago, one of the leading training centers was the Central Institute of Restoration, in Rome. The Institute was housed in a crumbling Franciscan convent, which had fallen into such disrepair that an extra state appropriation beyond the Institute's usual forty-three thousand dollars would be required to restore the building. The Italian parliament failed to vote the additional mon-

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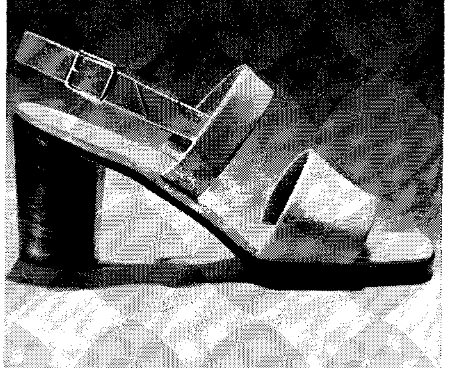

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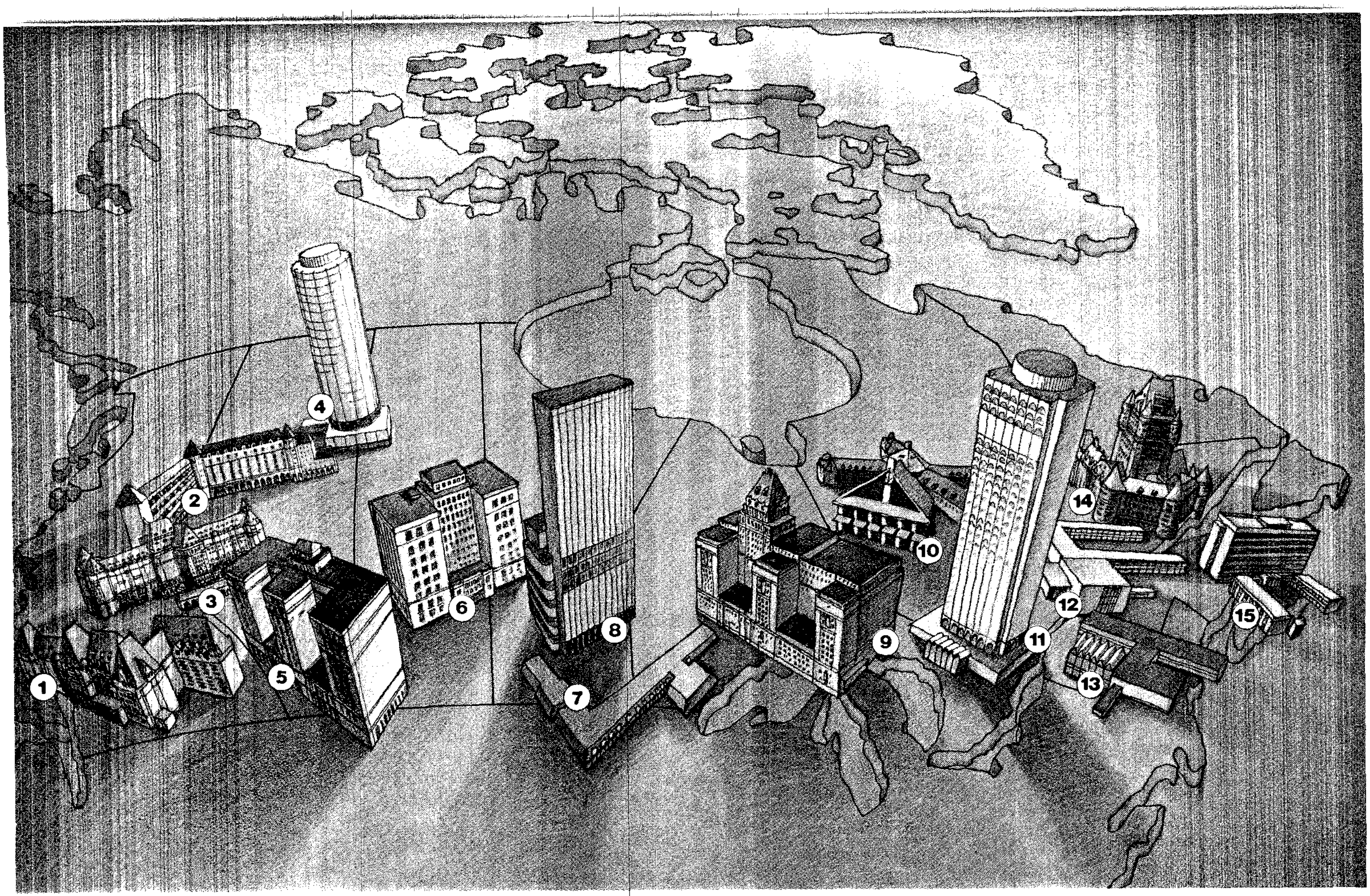

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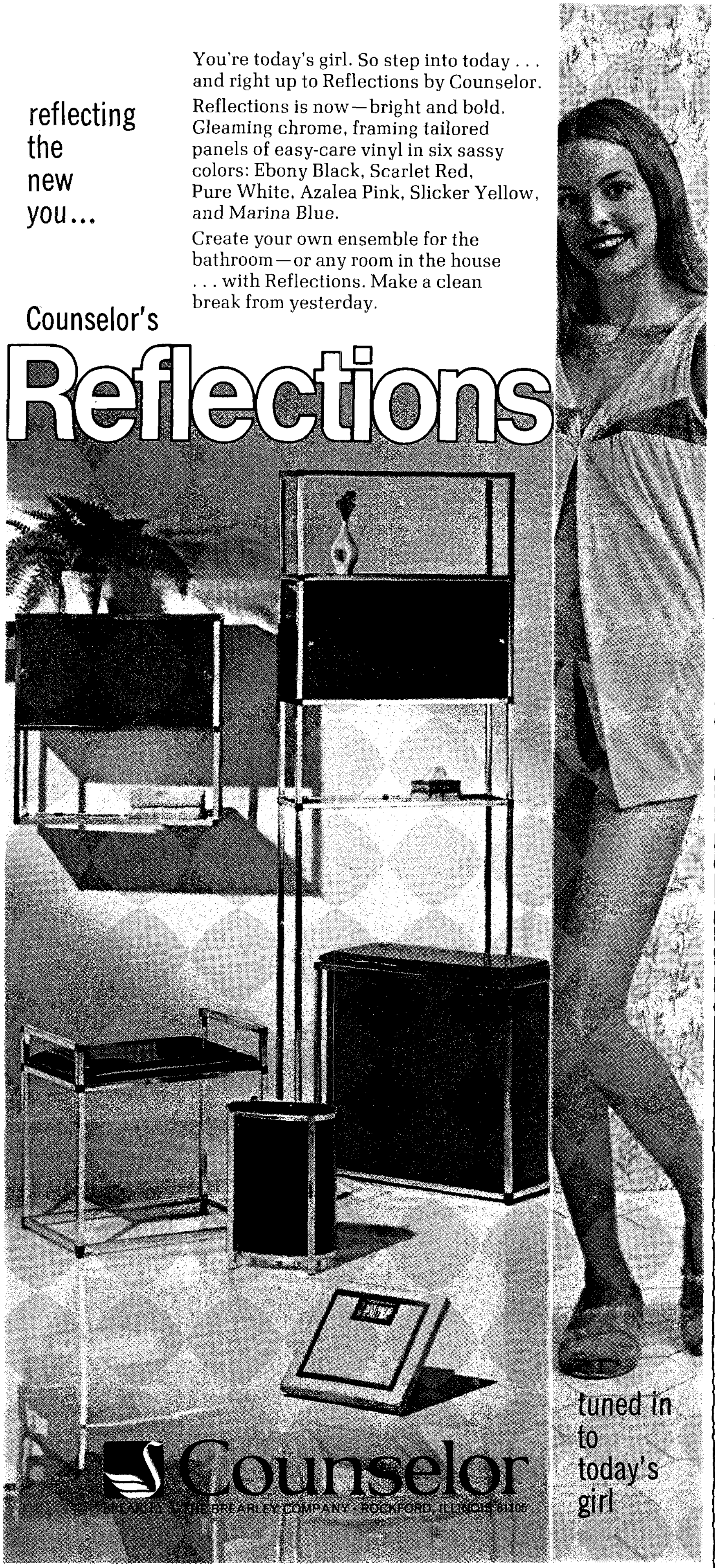
ey, and the Institute was forced to close. That was in the fall of 1972, when the Colosseum was collapsing, the Leaning Tower had cracked, and the Roman Forum was barred to tourists for the first period in peacetime memory.

Italy's failure to protect her own cultural heritage evokes a patronizing contempt from those who buy what the Italians show no willingness to guard. At one point, a California financier, Thomas Merrick, impudently offered to buy the Colosseum for a million dollars, saying that he would patch it up, charge admission, and split the profits with the Italians. Merrick's million-dollar offer was treated as a bad joke, but, shortly before it was made, a great antique vase, of probable Italian provenance, was en route to the United States because a similar sum had changed hands. The transaction underlined with embarrassing clarity how much money is available internationally for acquisition, how little for conservation. It also threw light on the behavior of those in the palace when they go slumming.

At a museum conference in June, 1970, Thomas P. F. Hoving, the director of the Metropolitan, said that the smuggling of looted art was not simply growing but leaping. It created, he said, "the most serious issue facing the museum profession." He went on to assert that the Metropolitan, for its part, had decided that it would respect the export laws of pillaged countries, and that whenever there was any doubt about provenance it would consult with the appropriate authorities. Mr. Hoving's subsequent failure to take account of such doubt contributed to the worst turmoil in his museum's history.

The episode opened publicly on a festive note. "A NEW (6TH CENTURY B.C.) GREEK VASE FOR NEW YORK," said the headline of an exclusive account in the *Times* Sunday magazine for November 12, 1972, which proudly reported that the Metropolitan had acquired what its classical curator would later call "the finest Greek vase there is." The director was quoted in the article as saying that "histories of art will have to be rewritten" as a result of the purchase of an entirely unknown calyx krater executed by two great Athenian artists, the potter Euxitheos and the painter Euphronios. Later, writing in the Metropolitan *Bulletin*, Mr. Hoving said that the vase was "majestic without pomp, poignant without a shred of false emotion, perfect without relying on



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mere precision." It was, he declared, one of the two or three finest single works ever obtained by the museum, and he added, "Appropriately enough, this unsurpassed work was acquired with funds obtained through the sale of ancient coins of its realm and time, which had not been on exhibition for many years." The price of the krater was revealed to be about a million dollars, but the museum was vague about its origin. The official story was that the vase had been in a private European collection since about the time of the First World War, and that the name of its owner could not be divulged, because he was a potential source of future acquisitions. This account was repeated by Mr. Hoving, appearing with Dietrich von Bothmer, the curator of Greek and Roman art, on the N.B.C. "Today" show.

A few months passed, and on February 19th of this year the *Times* published an entirely different account of the origin of the Euphronios vase. Nicholas Gage (who normally covers the Mafia for the paper) cabled from Rome that the pot had been sold to the Metropolitan by an expatriate American with a record of legal difficulties who lived in Rome, and that European scholars and dealers believed that it had been dug up in 1971 from an Etruscan tomb by bootleg excavators—an accusation put forward three days later by the Italian police. As the story unfolded, in increasingly bizarre installments, many Americans came to understand for the first time why Mr. Hoving had said that buying suspect art was "the most serious issue facing the museum profession."

The chief supporting figure in the drama was Dr. von Bothmer. He has glacial eyes, a massive square jaw, and blond hair, and only the absence of a monocle spoils his resemblance to the archetypal movie Prussian. But appearances mislead; the fact is that Dr. von Bothmer takes on a positively Mediterranean animation when visitors show an informed interest in his lifelong passion, Greek art. His words cascade, his eyes flash, his gestures become emphatic. One believes him when he says that in an instant he can transport himself back to the fifth century B.C. He was a boy of twelve when he first visited a Berlin museum and saw Greek art, including a Euphronios vase, and he decided then and there to become an archeologist. As one of the last German Rhodes Scholars at Oxford in the inter-war years, he studied under Sir John Beazley, the reigning authority on Greek pottery. Dr. von Bothmer came

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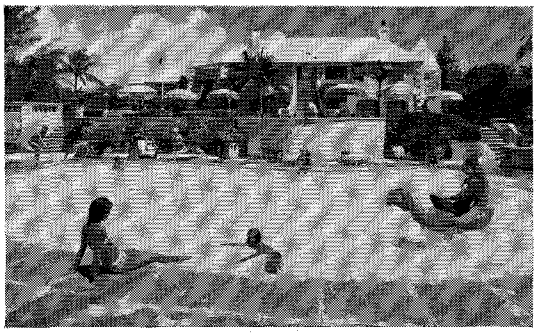

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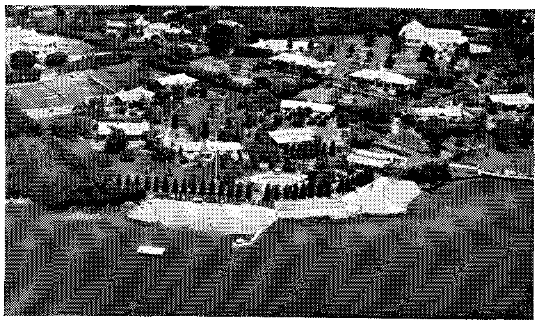

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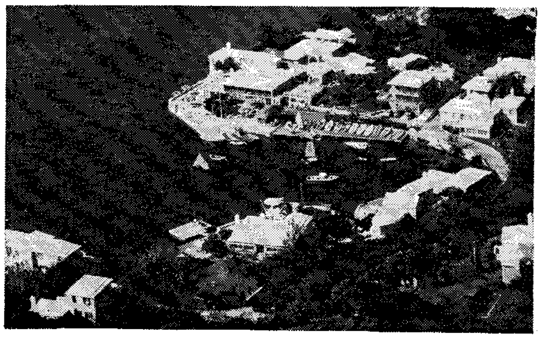

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to America in 1939, earned his doctorate at the University of California at Berkeley, and later enlisted in the United States Army, where he won a Bronze Star for saving a wounded comrade in the New Guinea campaign. He became an American citizen, and after his demobilization, in 1946, he applied for a job at the Metropolitan and was named an assistant in the classical department. (An older brother, Bernard, is an Egyptologist, and is now a curator at the Brooklyn Museum.) At the Metropolitan, Dr. von Bothmer quickly became known for his uncanny visual recall. As departmental curator—a post he assumed in 1959—he could determine by merely a glance at a pot its authenticity, its date, and its kinship to all other known vases. His sharp eye also enabled him to quickly decipher the alphabetic codes written by modern dealers on Greek ware to show the original purchase price. In these codes, a letter stands for a number. At Spink's, in London, the revealing phrase was "Come and Buy," and Münzen & Medaillen, in Basel, used the key word "Goldschmit." Ancient potters also used to code their vases, and, to his amusement, Dr. von Bothmer would sometimes find himself reading classical and modern price inscriptions on the base of the same pot.

Dealers learned to respect Dr. von Bothmer's acumen and to cater to his passion for the best. In February, 1972, he received a letter from a dealer who was an old friend, Robert E. Hecht, Jr., of Rome, asking if the Metropolitan would be interested in buying a krater of a quality comparable to the Louvre's G103 and suggesting that the price would be in the range of that asked for a first-class Impressionist painting. The curator did not have to consult a reference book; he at once recognized the catalogue number of the Louvre's Euphronios vase showing Hercules wrestling with Antaeus. He replied immediately, "The answer is yes. Tell me more." Mr. Hecht had sent an identical letter to the Cleveland Museum of Art and had also approached Copenhagen's New Carlsberg Glyptotek. He knew that the Metropolitan was about to sell its ancient coins and would therefore have purchase money; he knew that the Cleveland Museum, with its Hanna bequest of thirty million dollars, had ample acquisition funds; and he knew that the Danish museum was unusual in Europe in its private resources, thanks to its having been founded by a brewer with a passion for archeology. (Every bottle of Carlsberg beer that anyone drinks contributes to the Glyptotek's funds.)

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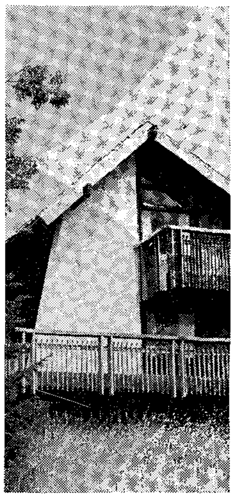
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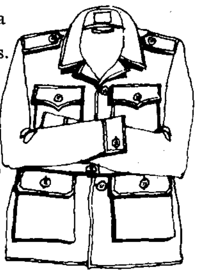

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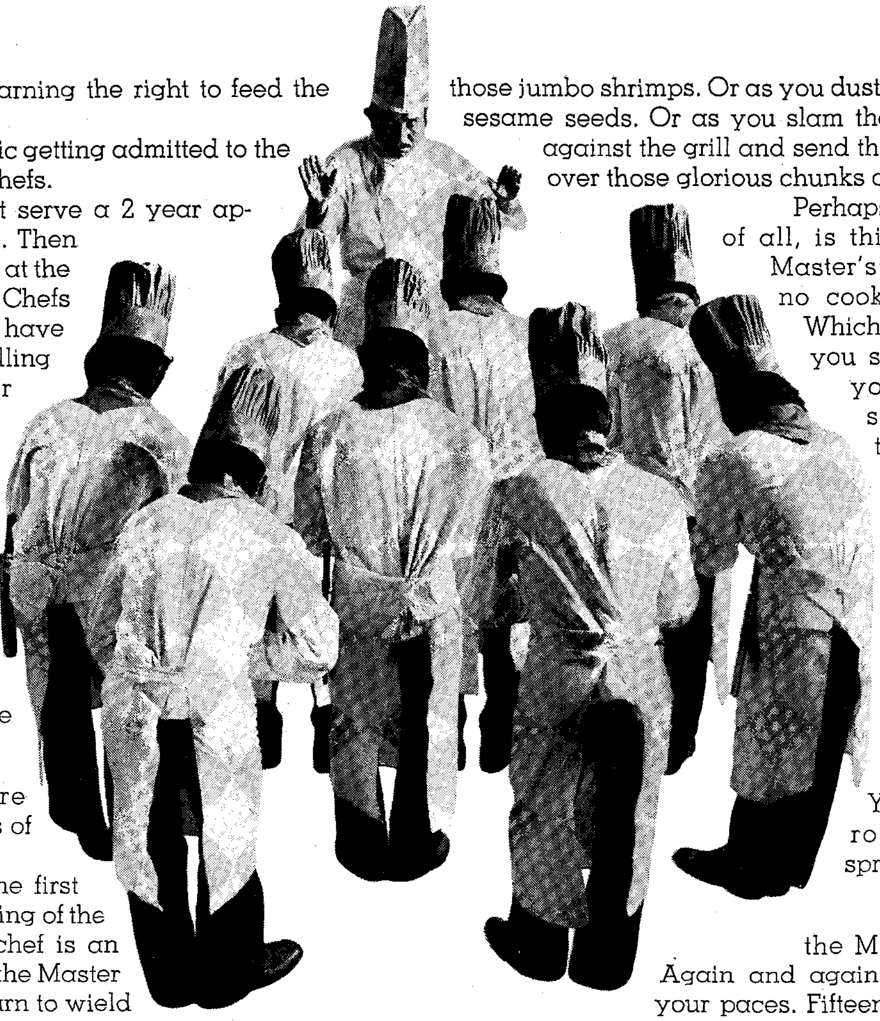

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Cleveland asked for photographs, and then decided that the asking price was unreasonably high, while the Danish museum reached the same conclusion, so the Metropolitan had a clear edge. Early in June, Mr. Hecht checked into the Stanhope, the genteely ornate hotel, facing the Metropolitan, that has become the art dealers' canteen. On Sunday, June 6th, the dealer took photographs of the krater to Dr. von Bothmer in Syosset, Long Island, where he has a weekend home. On Monday, in high excitement, the curator showed the pictures to Mr. Hoving and to Douglas Dillon, the former United States Secretary of the Treasury and the president of the museum's board of trustees. It was decided that Dr. von Bothmer should fly to Switzerland immediately to examine the vase. In Zurich, the curator saw the vase for the first time in the garden of a private home, and it was for him an overwhelming experience. He was, according to the *Times* magazine article, "speechless, bowled over." He saw a vivid depiction of the death of Sarpedon, a Homeric hero, with the gods Thanatos and Hypnos holding the bleeding body. It was, he said, like a new work by a great composer: "You're prepared for heavenly music, but you don't know how heavenly until you've heard it." On his return to New York, he strongly urged purchase, and Mr. Hoving then flew to Europe to talk with Hecht. By the director's later account, he asked first what the price was and then he asked whether the vase was a "hot pot." He was assured that it belonged to an "old collection" and that its owner—an Armenian living in Beirut—did not want his identity known, because he planned to move to Australia and there might be tax problems.

At this point, it is necessary to observe that the "old collection" and the owner in difficult straits are among the hoariest dodges in the illicit trade. When the Dutch forger Han van Meegeren was selling fake Vermeers in the nineteen-thirties and forties, he said that the paintings belonged to an "old Dutch family" living in Fascist Italy, whose name he invented. Cornelius Vermeule, the acting director of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, says that he has invented a fictitious Polish family—impecunious aristocrats with bad luck—whose misfortunes can explain the otherwise doubtful pedigree of all the suspect art in the world. "Despite their bad luck," says Dr. Vermeule, "the family was somehow able to get its art to the vaults of a Zurich bank." It would have been simple prudence to

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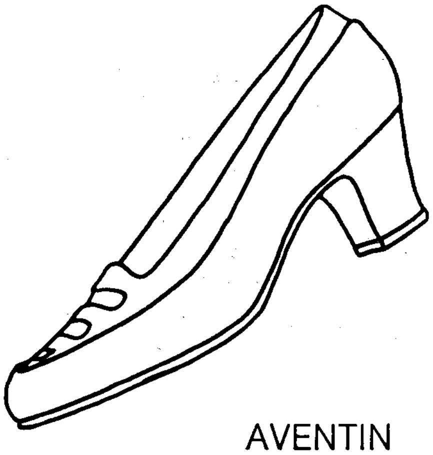

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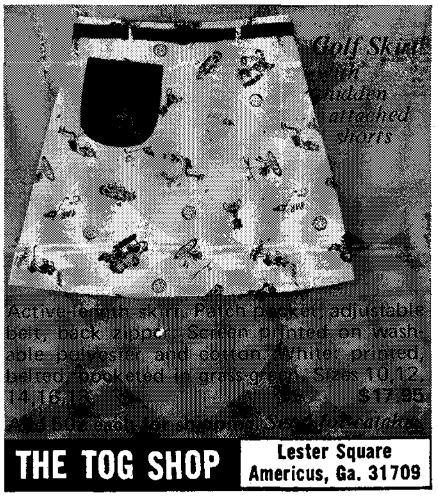

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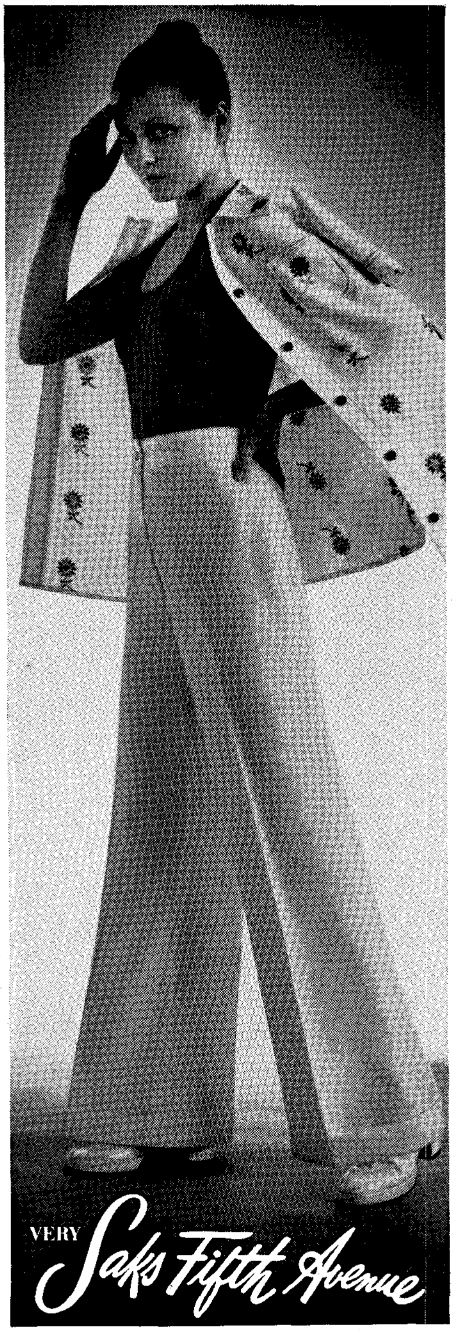

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inquire further into Hecht's story, especially since it was asserted that the vase's purported owner had other objects of such importance that his name could not be revealed.

As Hecht may have known, the Metropolitan by this time had a one-and-a-half-million-dollar guarantee from Sotheby's on the sale of its coins. The bargain was sealed, and on August 31st the vase was flown from Zurich to New York on a T.W.A. 747, in the company of Hecht. The crate filled a seat; as Dr. von Bothmer proudly remarked later, "Euphronios went first class." Mr. Dillon was among those at Kennedy Airport when the pot arrived, and he was especially pleased when the customs inspector said, in effect, "I don't know anything about Greek art, but you've really got something beautiful here."

THE Metropolitan had every reason to believe that it had brought off a coup, and for Dr. von Bothmer the announcement of the purchase was the high point of his curatorial career. He had long deplored popular indifference to his specialty, and he saw in the Euphronios purchase a way of giving deserved glamour to Attic painted vases. His mood was exultant when, on December 27th, he headed for Philadelphia to attend the annual meeting of the Archaeological Institute of America, the chief forum for archeologists in the United States. By chance, he had just been nominated to be a trustee of the A.I.A., and he was also giving a talk on the great acquisition. He was prepared for congratulations, but in Philadelphia he encountered what to him was inexplicable hostility.

"Archaeology is not a science, it's a vendetta," the British scholar Sir Mortimer Wheeler has written. Envy may have played a part in Dr. von Bothmer's humiliation, and scars resulting from his sometimes peremptory manner may also have been involved. But there were more substantial reasons. To begin with, few believed that the krater had come from an "old collection." The study of Greek pottery has a long tradition, dating to the time of Lucien Bonaparte, a brother of the Emperor's, who, in the eighteen-twenties, was among the first to find magnificent vases in Etruscan tombs. (His discoveries inspired an Italian pun: when one asks how many Italians are likely to steal antiquities, the answer often is "*Una buona parte*"—"A good many.") So much has been published about Attic vases that few of the Metropolitan curator's peers were prepared to believe that so magnificent a work could have been utterly unknown for half a century. The presumption was, rather, that the vase had recently been looted from an Etruscan tomb. Laymen are generally unaware that the greatest Greek pottery has been found in Italy, but everyone in the field knows it. (The point was ably made by Dr. von Bothmer himself, in a 1957 catalogue for the William Randolph Hearst collection of such works when it was displayed at his museum: "Almost all the vases shown in this exhibition were found in Italy, where they had been exported in antiquity. So preponderant in fact is Italy among the known provenances of Greek vases, that early excavators took them to be of local Italian, or Etruscan, manufacture.") Archeologists concluded, then, that *tombaroli* had come upon a magnificent cache, in which there most probably were other objects of great value. This conviction was reinforced when it was learned that the Boston Museum had obtained another important Greek vase, for around twenty-five thousand dollars, and that a previously unknown Euphronios cup, far smaller than the krater, had been placed on the international market. (The whereabouts of the cup is still a mystery; Dr. von Bothmer says it may be in Norway, and Mr. Hoving confirms that a photograph of it was shown to him.) When Dr. von Bothmer made private explanations about the Armenian owner who was emigrating from Beirut to Australia, the story was greeted with derision. "Why not an Eskimo moving to Florida?" inquired a New England curator, while a Harvard archeologist, when a reporter sought his view of the Metropolitan story, replied, with a smile, "My boy, there is an old Russian proverb that the earth is kept warm by people who believe."

Equally troubling to archeologists was the price. The reported cost of the vase represented an immense increase in existing levels, since the highest known asking price for a Greek vase up to then had been a hundred and sixty thousand dollars—the price sought by Münzen & Medaillen in 1968 for a piece decorated by the Greek artist known as the Berlin Painter, which was exhibited at the Emmerich Gallery, in New York. There were no buyers, and the vase subsequently went—probably for around a hundred thousand dollars—to a German collector, and is now on loan, as Item 300, at the Antikenmuseum, in Basel. The implications of a tenfold increase in prices were set forth in the fall, 1972, news-

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letter of the Association for Field Archaeology:

> The inflation brought to the antiquities market by such a price . . . cannot fail to encourage speculators whose objectives in acquiring ancient art may have nothing to do with resale but lie in the tax benefits to be gained by donating the objects to museums. . . . And the thieves; not merely the thieves who may assault picturesque castles with dusty old private collections, but the brigands whose work has scarred archaeological sites around the world? What visions of quick riches are not conveyed to them in this one transaction?

Lastly, there were doubts about the wisdom of the sale of much of the museum's coin collection. One of the critical archeologists at the A.I.A. meeting was Margaret Thompson, a former president of the organization and the chief curator of the American Numismatic Society. Some eleven thousand coins and medals owned by the Metropolitan had been on deposit at the society's quarters, in New York, until the museum suddenly decided to sell the great majority of them. Miss Thompson pointed out, in a letter to the society's members dated December 12, 1972, that most of the coins had little commercial value but had great importance as a study collection. She wrote:

> As we began to withdraw the material from our trays, the full extent of the loss to scholarship became apparent. Whereas we had formerly had one of the most comprehensive cabinets in the world in certain areas, such as Roman Alexandria and Southern Asia, we now discovered that certain Moghul rulers were disappearing entirely and other series were being drastically reduced. Although we had known that the coins involved were here on loan and therefore subject to "de-accessioning," we had never been in a position to use our scanty coin-purchase funds, ranging from $10,000 to $15,000 a year for all departments, for the acquisition of duplicates against what seemed the remote contingency of future recall.

Miss Thompson, a spirited and dedicated woman, pointed out that the contents of the Metropolitan collection had never been published, and that its dispersal to private collectors and dealers therefore meant that no record would remain of what had been lost. (Her campaign had some effect; there are indications that the Metropolitan may cancel the sale of some of the coins that have lower market value but considerable scholarly value.)

All these reservations, perhaps combined with personal factors, contributed to a decision to oppose Dr. von Bothmer's candidacy as a trustee. On Saturday, December 30th, the A.I.A. council met in closed session, and in the vote the Metropolitan curator was defeated by a floor nominee, James

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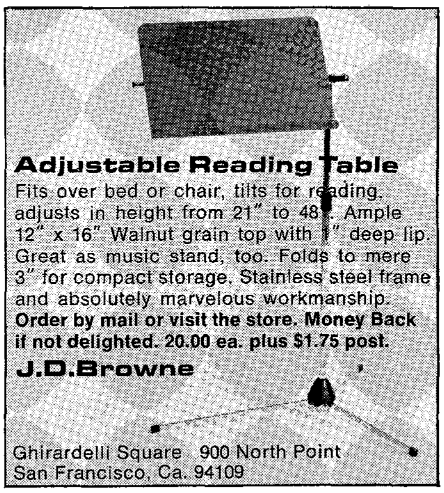

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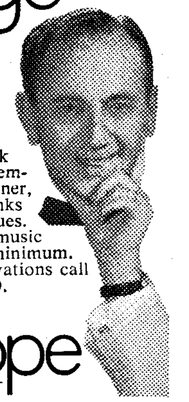

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McCredie, of the American School of Classical Studies in Athens. It was a personal humiliation for Dr. von Bothmer, and a hint of trouble to come.

Mr. Hoving, of course, had long been aware of rising concern about American museum acquisition policies. He had, among other things, attended, in April, 1970, a meeting of experts to study the ethics of museum acquisition. The meeting, held in Paris, was sponsored by the International Council of Museums, and one of the papers presented was entitled "Indirect Museum Acquisitions: Through Middlemen." The author, Xavier de Salas, the director of the Prado in Madrid, had this to say:

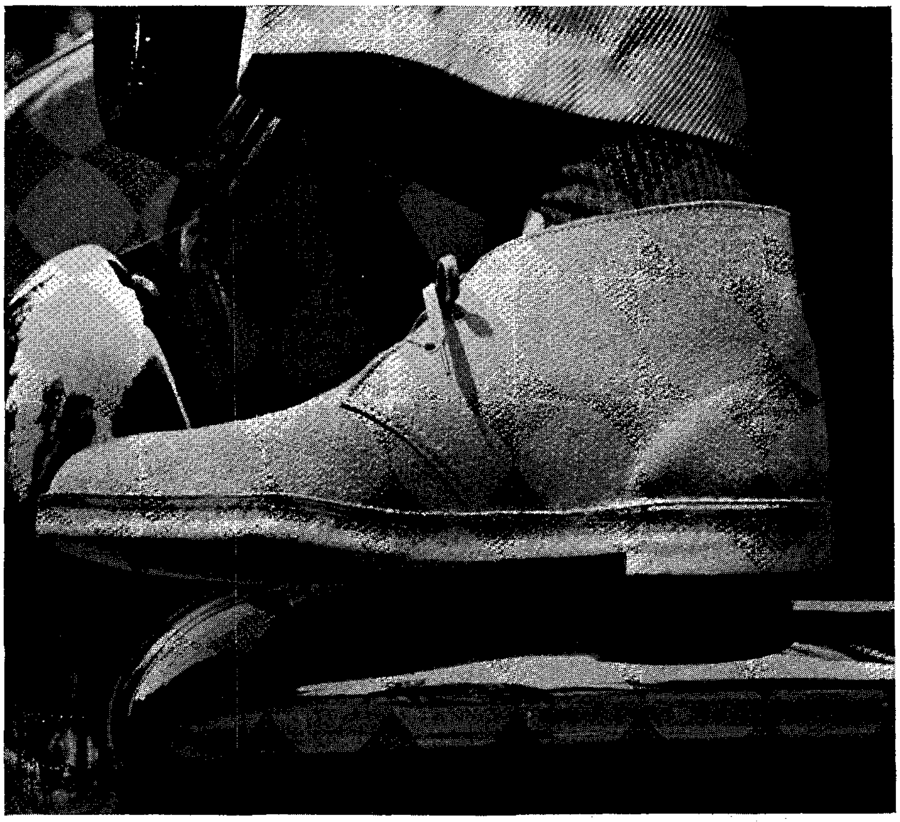
> One of the greatest temptations to which a museum director or curator may succumb is that of buying objects from middlemen. The exhibits made available in this way may be of interest to the museum, are easy to obtain if one has the means and are sometimes offered on the very best of terms. Thus circumstances unite to create a strong desire to buy them and a temptation to do so.... Whether they were honestly or dishonestly acquired by the owner or intermediary who offers them for sale, it is difficult—and even in most cases impossible—to reconstruct their history or guarantee that their owner has the right to possess them.

In a closed session, Mr. Hoving himself presented a paper discussing the problems of acquisition. He also supported the draft conclusions, one of which was that museum workers ought to observe "the highest ethical standards not only in the very important process of acquisition but also in the other fields of their professional activity."

In due course, as Mr. Hoving had promised, the Metropolitan instituted a new policy in regard to the purchase of unpedigreed objects. Although the change received little publicity at the time, it was announced by Dr. von Bothmer in a speech given in November, 1971, at a conference in Florence called to counter the illicit traffic. The curator said:

> Whenever such an object without bibliography or pedigree is proposed for acquisition, a letter is sent to the responsible governmental offices in the countries that might consider the object part of their cultural or artistic patrimony. In this letter, the object under consideration is described briefly, the condition and the dimensions are given, and a photograph is enclosed. Only if no claim is made within forty-five days after receipt of the letter does the museum feel free to go through with the acquisition.

The new policy indeed marked a change in hitherto uninhibited museum



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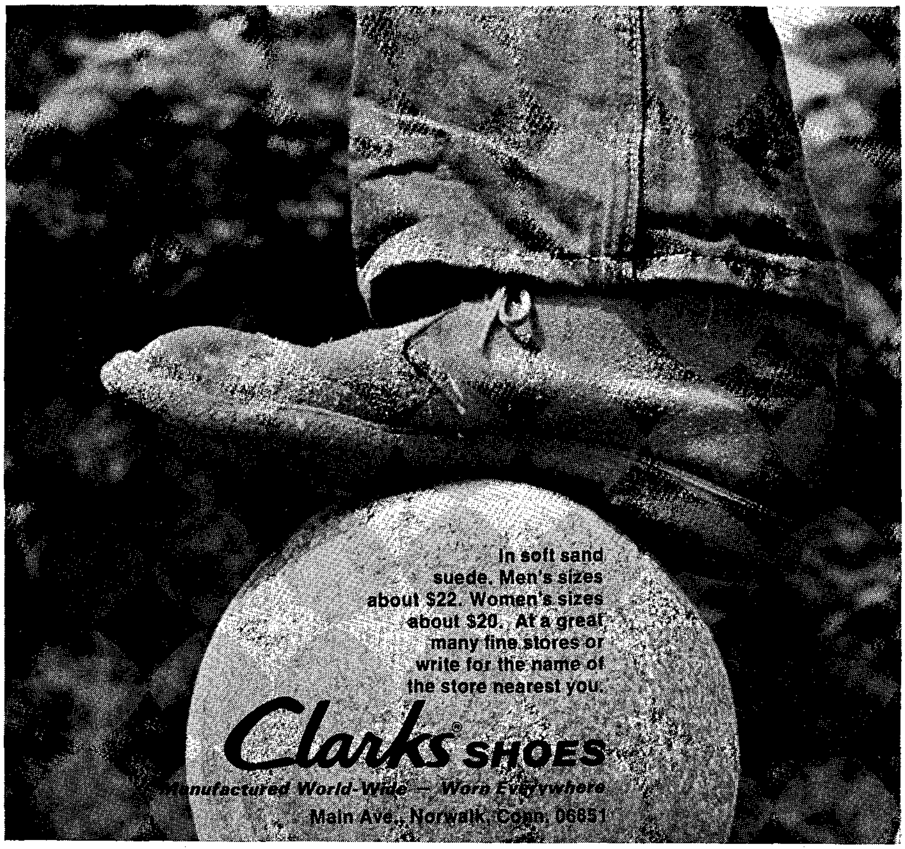

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traditions—traditions in which both Mr. Hoving and Dr. von Bothmer had been trained. Much of what was done, even as recently as the nineteen-sixties, looks worse in the light of these changing standards than it did to the most scrupulous curators at a slightly earlier time. Implicit in the new policy is an awareness that museums must now operate within stricter legal limits, and that foreign countries must be given a chance to reclaim suspect pieces.

But the new policy, for all its merits, had two loopholes. If an object has been illegally excavated, the country of origin will have no record of its existence, and therefore will be unable to make an effective claim; this is particularly the case where Greek art is involved, since such ware is to be found in a score of Mediterranean countries. A second loophole is that the museum is its own judge as to whether a piece has an adequate pedigree, and its judgment hinges on its willingness to believe a dealer's story.

The vital question in the Euphronios affair is whether the Metropolitan exercised sufficient care in inquiring into the story about the calyx krater's origins and previous ownership. It is pertinent to say that Mr. Hecht—known to friends in Rome as a man of urbane charm and quick temper who loved tennis—had a good reputation in the art world for connoisseurship and for returning money promptly and without question in the event a question arose about the authenticity of any piece he had sold. But also pertinent is the fact, known to everyone in the field, that Hecht had had his problems with Italian and Turkish authorities. According to official Italian records, he has lived in Rome for most of the time since 1955 and has a moderate private income (his grandfather founded department stores in Baltimore and Washington). In 1961, he was accused of being a receiver of looted antiquities, but the charge was dismissed in June, 1967. In May, 1963, he was asked by the Ministry of the Interior to leave Italy, but in the absence of a formal expulsion order he was able to return later. From 1967 to 1971, he was on the "frontier list," which is to say that his baggage was routinely checked as he left the country—something that rarely happens in Italy. He had been a frequent visitor to Turkey, where his antiquarian activities had been watched with increasing suspicion, and he was banned from that country in April, 1967. A few years earlier, the Turkish authorities had found in his possession a hoard of an-

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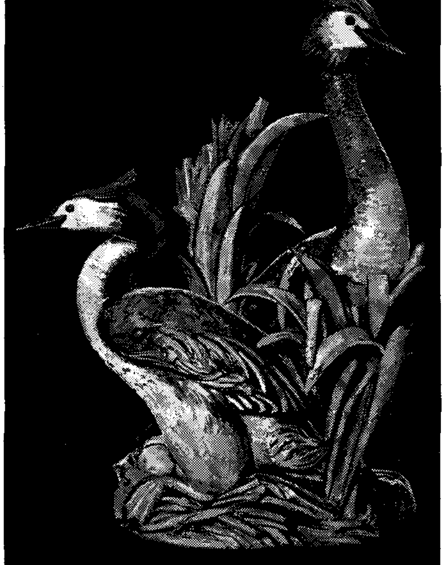

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cient coins. Although he had quickly explained that he had been about to present the coins to a Turkish museum, when he subsequently attempted to get into Turkey he was denied entry. (For all his troubles, he recently was able to say, "I have never spent one minute in a cell.")

Mr. Hecht told Mr. Hoving that the man he was acting as an intermediary for was Dikran A. Sarrafian, an Armenian coin dealer living in Lebanon, and that Sarrafian's father had bought the vase in London in 1920. The director was purportedly shown documents to this effect, but it does not appear that there was at any point a serious effort to meet Mr. Sarrafian and find out how he had obtained so extraordinary a work of art. Possibly one reason was that at the time Mr. Hoving was particularly anxious to bring off a coup. The vase purchase occurred as the Metropolitan was in the midst of a controversial de-accessioning process, for which Mr. Hoving was being attacked by John Canaday, the chief art critic of the *Times*. In defending his museum's sale of "surplus" works, Mr. Hoving pointed out that without adequate funds the Metropolitan might risk losing forever a masterpiece when it appeared on the market. The vase, clearly, was such a masterpiece; during his appearance on the "Today" show, Mr. Hoving said, in part, "This is one of these moments in museum collecting that in my opinion is the perfect example and the perfect justification for trading out the stuff that we no longer want to show and to put in their place things that indeed will be one of the top pieces in the entire museum, which has three million works of art in it." It happens that the publisher of the *Times*, Arthur O. Sulzberger, is a Metropolitan trustee and a member of the museum's acquisition committee. With some enthusiasm, Mr. Hoving told the publisher about the vase, and proposed that the *Times* carry an exclusive report on the acquisition. The *Times* Sunday department duly assigned a reporter to the story, without informing Mr. Canaday—who, on his own, had already learned of the purchase, and had an article in type. A man with a sturdy sense of independence, Mr. Canaday was furious when he learned of the Sunday-magazine project—the more so because he felt that facts from his story, including the reported price of the vase, had been borrowed for the magazine article. He told friends he was counting up his savings to see if he could afford to resign. As a mollifying gesture, the

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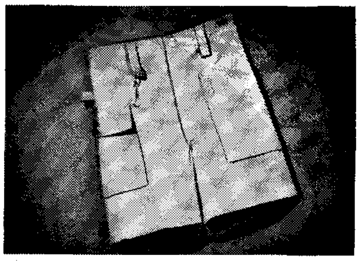

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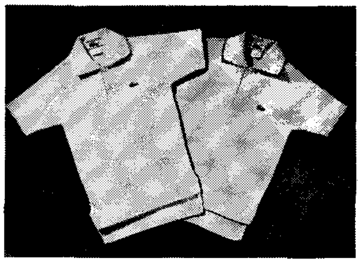

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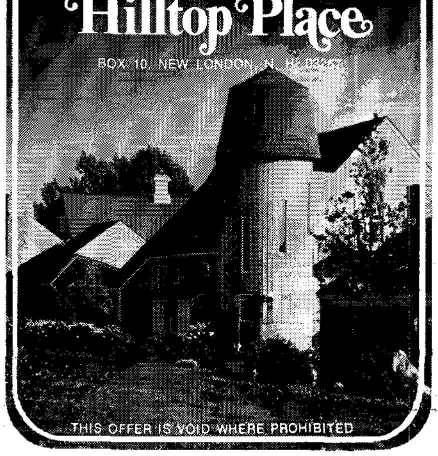

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editors suggested that his article, in truncated form, be run the same day as the Sunday piece. He was not mollified. He sent a memorandum to the editors saying, among other things, "It is bad enough to be castrated, without showing my wounds in public."

Later, when the *Times* began publishing a less reverent version of the vase's acquisition, it was suggested that the paper had a vendetta against Mr. Hoving. Mr. Canaday is not known as a hater of museums or as a petty or vindictive person. There was, in fact, a strongly felt disagreement on principles between the museum and Mr. Canaday. Many who have dealt with the Metropolitan have been offended by what they regard as the institution's arrogance and its air of conspiratorial secrecy. Though the museum enjoys tax exemption and occupies a public park, though it is asking for a three-million-dollar city appropriation for its expansion program, and though its building is largely maintained by the city (it received $2,414,499 of municipal funds in the fiscal year ending in June, 1972), it tends to regard itself as an autonomous duchy, accountable to no one but its trustees.

The question of whether, as the Italian police believe, the Euphronios was found in a looted Etruscan tomb is a criminal matter, which will presumably be decided in court. No court finding is needed to determine that the museum failed to inquire fully into the clear title of a suspect piece. Enough discrepancies have appeared in varying accounts of the vase's history to blemish the Metropolitan's title to it and to increase distrust in the utterances of all privately supported art museums. When Mr. Sarrafian was finally tracked down, he said that he was not emigrating to Australia. There was no evidence of any other great art objects in his home, a fourth-floor walkup apartment in Beirut. He reportedly said that his father had acquired the Euphronios vase "by exchange with an amateur," and that he himself had never seen it intact. The krater had been lying in pieces in a hatbox, he told Mr. Gage, the *Times* reporter, adding with charming insouciance, "I wasted most of my life with whores and archeologists." The line is worthy of Aristophanes.

EVEN if Mr. Hoving had followed his own precept and had sent a photograph of the Euphronios to the Italian authorities, it would have made small difference. An attribute of the slums of art is that no inventory

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exists—not even of objects in museums, to say nothing of pieces in the clandestine market. For years, the Italian Fine Arts Administration has, in theory, been working on a national catalogue, but not one finished section has appeared, and completion of the project seems light-years away. Recurrently, Greek and Etruscan pottery is stolen from the crowded cellars of the Villa Giulia, in Rome, and on several occasions Dr. von Bothmer has been offered pieces he recognized as part of that collection. (He was able to bring about their return.) Once, Dr. von Bothmer was visited by two Italians who showed him a travel brochure of Sicily that included a picture of the famous Ephebus of Selinunte, a life-size bronze owned by the town of Castelvetrano. Did he want to buy the statue? When Dr. von Bothmer replied that it was Sicilian property, the visitors said he must be crazy to pass up such an opportunity. Later, the Metropolitan learned that the Ephebus had been stolen, but that no news of the theft had been sent out. (The statue was recovered in 1968, five and a half years after its theft.) Not only is there no inventory of what exists but there is only the scantiest information on what has been stolen. Interpol, the international police organization, maintains at its Paris headquarters a tiny office specializing in art thefts, but, at best, it serves as a post office, to circulate flyers describing major missing pieces. The strange truth is that the best intelligence service on the whereabouts of art is operated by a leading international dealer, the Wildenstein gallery, which has cultivated a network of confidential informants.

Against this shadowy background, one can better understand a scandal that recently took place in Boston over a Raphael. As with the Euphronios, the affair began publicly with a festive announcement. On December 15, 1969, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts announced a sensational acquisition—an apparently long-lost portrait by the Renaissance master Raphael. It had taken extended negotiations, and an outlay that was reported to be around six hundred thousand dollars, but the museum had somehow found the lost masterpiece just in time for its forthcoming centenary exhibition. The painting's authenticity was attested by an English scholar, Dr. John Shearman, who was a reader in the History of Art at the Courtauld Institute; he said that the portrait (which measured only eight and a half inches by ten and a half) was "unquestionably" a Raph-

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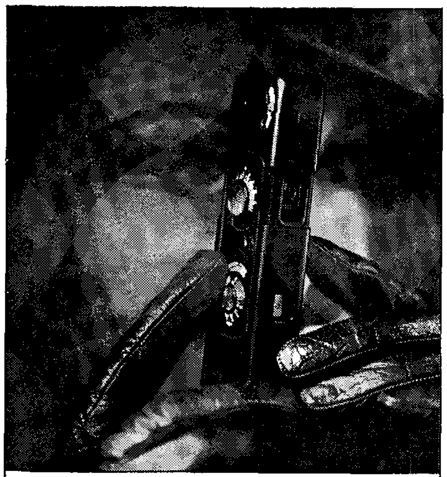

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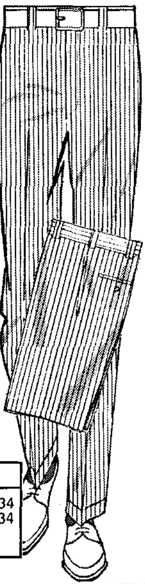

ael, and that the attractive young girl depicted was very likely Eleonora Gonzaga, daughter of Isabella d'Este and Francesco Gonzaga. It was probably painted, Dr. Shearman said, on the occasion of her betrothal, in 1505, to the future Duke of Urbino. And, as with the Euphronios, the affair ended with an uproar. On January 7, 1971, United States Customs officials entered the museum and impounded the tiny portrait, pending a decision to return it to Italy, from which it had been illegally smuggled. At the same time, the painting's authenticity came under serious attack, and it was later conceded that the portrait, even if by Raphael, had been heavily overpainted. The same sort of question about over-extensive restoration has clouded the Metropolitan's claims as to the excellence of the Euphronios krater. There were other parallels in the two controversies. The then director of the Boston Museum, Perry Townsend Rathbone, was an older, tweedier version of Thomas P. F. Hoving. Even the jokes heard about the two directors were similar. The most familiar one about Mr. Hoving (he had made it on himself) was that his middle initials stood for "Publicity Forever." Of Mr. Rathbone it had been said that he shared more than his initials with P. T. Barnum. A Harvard graduate (Mr. Hoving is a Princetonian), Mr. Rathbone had made his name in the museum field as director of the City Art Museum in St. Louis, a post he assumed in 1940. In St. Louis, Mr. Rathbone—an affable man of considerable charm—had indeed used circus techniques to increase attendance. He had hired a band of Comanches to perform tribal dances in order to publicize an exhibition entitled "Westward the Way." He had a Dutch windmill installed on the museum grounds to promote the van Gogh centenary. For a show called "Italy at Work" he had dispatched a Sicilian donkey cart, filled with pretty girls, through downtown streets, and a circulating show on Viennese treasures had been promoted with knights on horseback. When he came to Boston, in 1955, Mr. Rathbone used less flashy means to promote the museum, but his concern with attendance and publicity persisted.

Mr. Rathbone's great coup, though, was the Raphael. The painting was offered to the museum by an Italian dealer named Ferruccio Ildebrando Bossi, then in his eighties, who lived near the village of Recco, about twelve miles east of Genoa. Mr. Bossi, it later developed, had a police record in Italy

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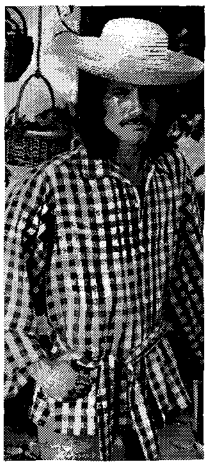

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going back to 1924. He had been convicted of smuggling both currency and works of art, had served five years in jail for smuggling antiques, and had been outlawed as a dealer by both the Italian police and the official Italian art dealers' association. All this emerged after a photograph of the Boston Raphael appeared in the international press. Among those who saw it was Rodolfo Siviero, who heads Italy's Commission for the Recovery of Works of Art. Signor Siviero, a Florentine in his sixties who lives in a house beside the Arno, became involved with art during the Second World War, when he kept records of works stolen both by the Germans and by the Allied liberators, and he has served in successive postwar governments. A stolid man who looks a bit as one imagines Hercule Poirot might, Signor Siviero has, over the years, cultivated an acquaintance with everyone in the Italian art world. What struck him about the Raphael was the frame. According to historical records, such a portrait had been done by Raphael, but it had at some point lost its frame; therefore, the handsome gilt carving around the picture had to be modern. Signor Siviero consulted with members of the Florentine art community, and found a dealer who said that he had sold the frame to Mr. Bossi in Genoa. Hotel registers were searched, and it was learned that on July 12, 1969, Mr. Rathbone had checked into the Aquila Reale, in Genoa, along with John Goelet, a Boston trustee, and Dr. Hanns Swarzenski, the museum's curator of European decorative arts and sculpture. Under direct questioning, and on being confronted with his criminal record, Mr. Bossi finally admitted that he had sold the painting to Boston.

In Boston, meanwhile, Mr. Rathbone was sticking to his original story—that the Raphael had come from an "old European private collection" and had been legally imported into the United States. When he was asked about Signor Siviero's initial charges, he said, "Pure supposition on the part of that fellow in Rome. How can he make such a claim when the painting was entirely unknown, uncatalogued, unlisted, unillustrated, and unpublished up till now?" Unfortunately for Mr. Rathbone, Signor Siviero had a strong case. And then, amid general astonishment, it was found that the Boston Museum had failed to declare the Raphael when it was brought into the United States. This meant that in addition to Italian law, which prohibited the export of un-

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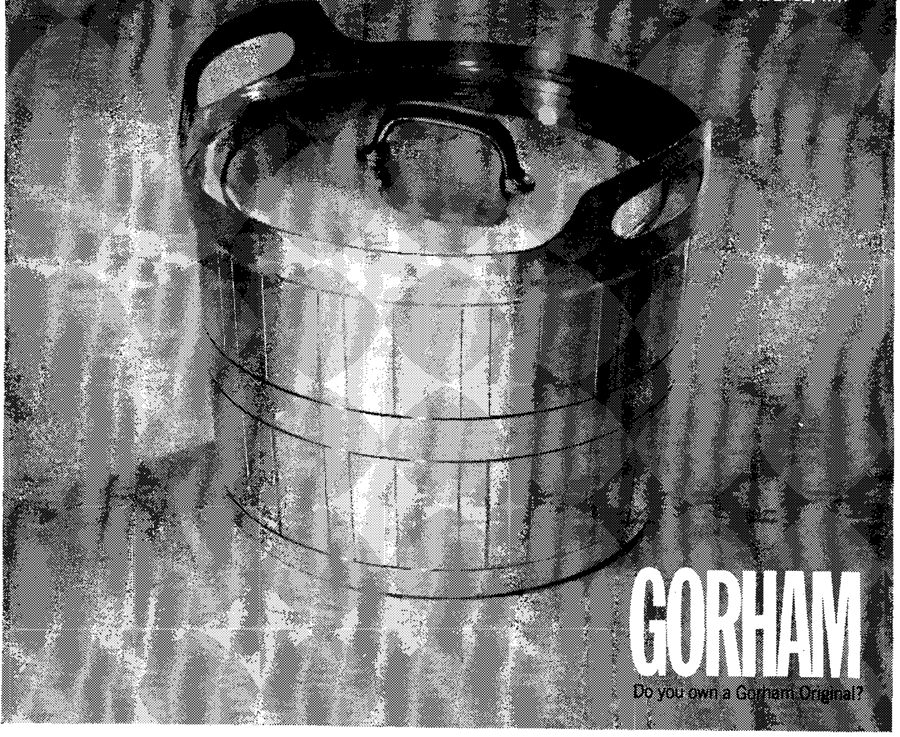

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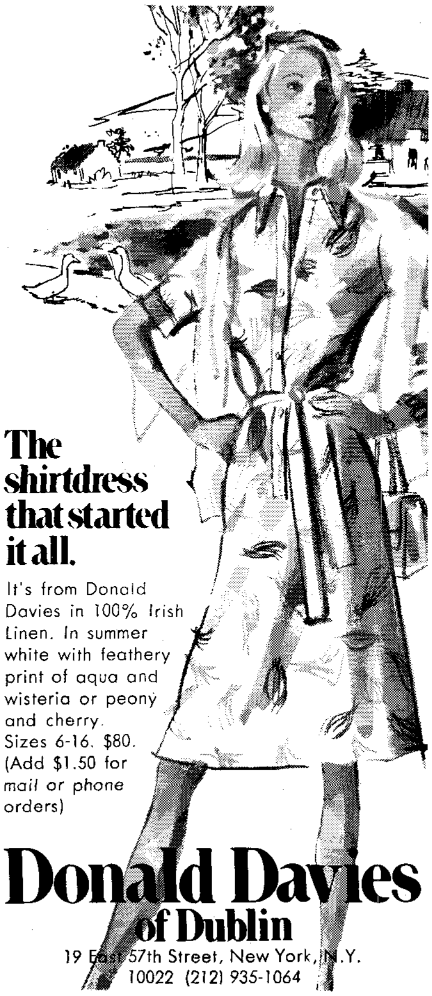

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licensed works of art, American law had been violated. The small painting, the Italians charged, had been tucked in a suitcase carried by Dr. Swarzenski. In October, 1971, Dr. Swarzenski retired as curator, remaining at the museum as a senior research fellow. In December of that year, Mr. Rathbone announced that, having reached the age of sixty, he was retiring, "in order to write and pursue independent research." Bossi had died in the meantime, and the Boston Museum found it had lost not only the painting but a substantial part of the price paid for it. (Bossi's estate is still in the courts.) Early in 1971, the Raphael controversy was brought to the attention, in Washington, of Eugene Telemachus Rossides, then the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury responsible for the Customs Bureau. Mr. Rossides is of Greek ancestry, and has strong feelings about the Elgin marbles, but otherwise he is not involved with the art world. (He was a football star at Columbia University, and a racket-busting investigator for the New York County District Attorney's office before joining the Treasury.) He met with the trustees of the Boston Museum to discuss the smuggled painting, and he was surprised to discover that they were so obviously ashamed of what had happened that they were very willing to do anything that might make matters right. As a result, the return of the painting to Italy was smoothly negotiated, and, pending final determination of its ownership, the portrait now hangs in Signor Siviero's office in the Palazzo Venezia.

There was, however, a further embarrassment. The very authenticity of the Raphael for which the museum had risked so much had come into serious question, beginning with a letter to the London *Times* on March 3, 1970. The letter was signed by Sidney F. Sabin, a London art dealer, and said flatly that the picture was "entirely meretricious and demonstrably a fake." In language equally warm, the portrait was defended in another letter, from its original authenticator, John Shearman. And yet Shearman, after listing all the technical points in the painting's favor, did make this admission:

> Faking (which is something I meet too) has its own evolution. I would not deny that an exceedingly clever faker in 1970 could reproduce most of the physical properties that I have described. But every year backwards from this date makes the suspicion less plausible. So far all that has come to light in the way of facts, not traditions, about the history of this picture is that it was in the collection of the Fieschi (an ancient family based in

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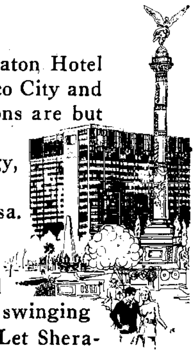

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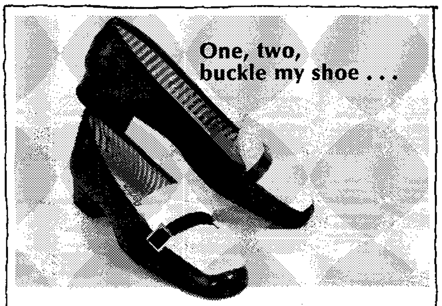

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Genoa and Rome) until about 1946, and that when it had been in their hands it was seen and approved by a number of distinguished Italian scholars.

Here, surely, one comes to the gravamen of the scandal—that a painting responsibly attributed to one of the supreme masters of Italian art could be swallowed up in darkness only to reappear on the walls of the Boston Museum, its provenance a mystery to be solved by diligent police work. There is no unified, comprehensive inventory even of the works of Old Masters, though all experts agree that the very first step in any practical preservation campaign must be to compile such a register. The technique for compiling the inventory exists. What is lacking is the money.

The key to such an inventory is the computer. In 1967, a promising program aimed at using computer technology for recording art was initiated when fifteen New York museums and the National Gallery of Art, in Washington, formed an unincorporated consortium known as the Museum Computer Network. The idea was to create a unified, indexed data bank for cataloguing the collections not only of the world's museums but also, ultimately, of major art in private hands. Of the many potential benefits of such listings, the first would be that a scholar having access to such a unified index could get a print-out summary of, for example, every known painting by Raphael, by the School of Raphael, or attributed to Raphael. Each work would be briefly described and its whereabouts identified. Or, to take another example, an archeologist studying Attic red-figure pottery depicting the death of Sarpedon could likewise get a print-out locating and describing all known specimens. A further benefit would be that a computer inventory would provide an opportunity for a rigorous appraisal of the world's art. Optimistic attributions could be reëxamined and fakes weeded out, in a systematic study of mankind's cultural legacy. Emphasis on scholarship could supplement the already sufficient emphasis on acquisition. Finally, an inventory would be an obviously useful security measure. If the Villa Giulia's cellar were rifled, a record of its contents could be consulted, and descriptions of what had been taken could be instantly transmitted to museums and dealers—a vast improvement on the rudimentary informational network that now operates.

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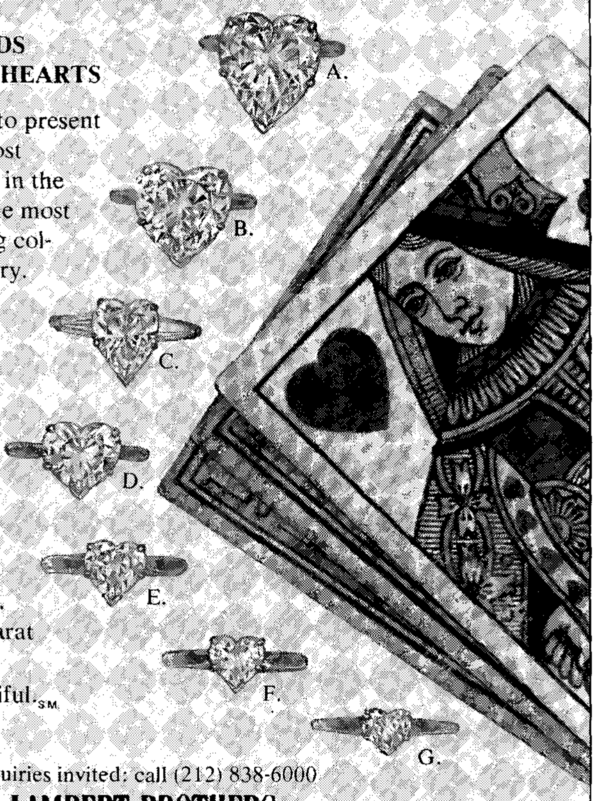

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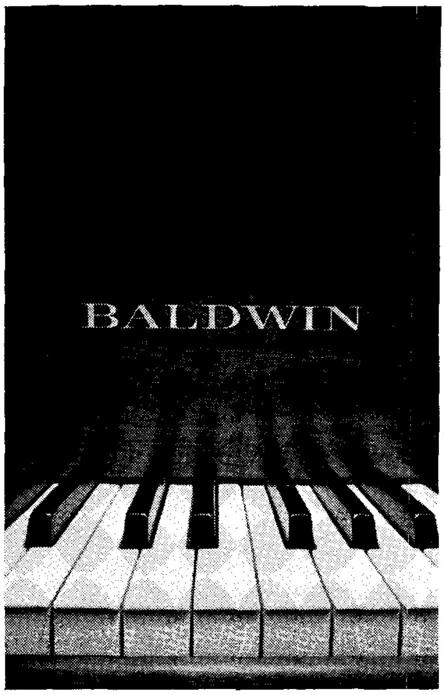

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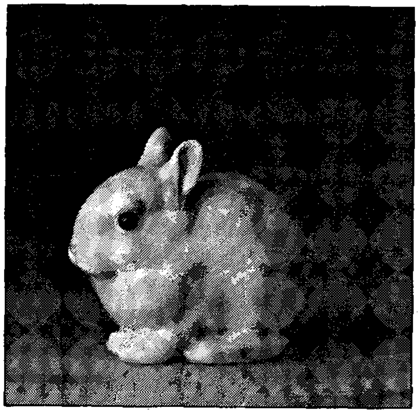
seum Computer Network, and the feasibility of such inventories was confirmed. In 1970, funding for the project, theretofore provided from a foundation grant and the New York State Council on the Arts, was not renewed, and the group has since proceeded in low gear. In a complementary initiative, prominent members of the New York art community founded, in 1968, an organization called the International Foundation for Art Research. A nonprofit body with a distinguished, and unpaid, board of directors, the foundation has as its major purpose the gathering of information on controversial works of art that are brought to it for examination. It could, in theory, evolve into a multinational clearing house for the exchange of computer data, or of descriptions of lost, stolen, or plundered art. The foundation's aims are as widely applauded as they are *indifferently* supported. With funds from public contributions and some small grants from foundations, it maintains a small office in New York, which has a staff of one—its executive secretary, Mrs. Margery Torrey, who is a trained art historian. Mrs. Torrey says she has an annual budget of about twenty thousand dollars, of which seven thousand goes for office rental. Much of her time is necessarily devoted to raising money to keep the organization going. The foundation has been forced to subsist in the slum of art.

THE prevalence of fakes is the venereal disorder of the illicit art market—the punishment for bad judgment and excessive desire. When a piece is exposed as a fake, the usual museum practice is to hide it away, as if its mere presence would infect the worthier works around it—and, in the process, years of scholarly labor may be wasted in arguments over the virtue of an important object. Italy, without question, has been the world's première fake factory. In the days of Hadrian, Roman artisans were already making cunning copies of Greek art for sale as originals to imperial collectors. When antiquity came back into fashion in the Renaissance, the forger's art was reborn, its greatest practitioner being Michelangelo. One of the Master's earliest works was a marble god of love lying as if asleep. When Lorenzo di Pier Francesco de' Medici saw it, he slyly told the sculptor, "If you arrange to make it look as if it had been buried under earth, I will send it to Rome and it will pass as an antique, and you'll sell it much more easily." An



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early biography (1553) of Michelangelo, by Ascanio Condivi, continues the story:

> Hearing this, Michelangelo, from whom no techniques of craft were hidden, immediately fixed it up so that it seemed made many years ago. Then it was sent to Rome. The Cardinal di San Giorgio bought it as an antique for two hundred ducats, although the man who took so much money wrote to Florence that Michelangelo should receive thirty ducats, such being what he had received for the Cupid, deceiving both Lorenzo di Pier Francesco and Michelangelo.

When Michelangelo later learned that he had been underpaid, he was furious, and on a visit to Rome he went to the Cardinal and recovered the fake.

With a single essential difference, the episode anticipated the experience of Alceo Dossena, the greatest modern Italian master of the fake antique. The essential difference is that Dossena, a simpleminded stonemason who died in 1937, was by all accounts not a party to deceit. He had a passion for every kind of ancient art and could uncannily imitate the style of any period, producing works that were never literal copies but, instead, brilliant originals. Dossena said of himself, "I was born in our time, but with the soul, taste, and perception of other ages." His work caught the attention of local dealers, and during the nineteen-twenties he was given small sums for pieces he thought were being sold as modern imitations. Orders flowed in to his Rome workshop, and Dossena happily turned out Etruscan terra-cottas, hewn Greek gods, and Gothic saints by the dozen, often adding to the work an ancient patina, of subtle perfection. Eventually, he learned the truth—that dealers were inventing pedigrees for his pieces and selling them as originals at large prices. The naïve artisan was appalled and angry at being cheated and at having his art misrepresented. By then, Dossenas were on exhibit in museums throughout the West; some of his production is still displayed as ancient art. When Dossena learned what had been happening, he swore he would make no more antique sculpture, but, according to a son, he did do one more—a terra-cotta Diana, in the Etruscan manner—around 1937. The best evidence is that this figure appeared on the art market and may have been sold, in 1953, to the City Art Museum in St. Louis, then under the directorship of Perry T. Rathbone. The museum had an affidavit of authenticity, asserting that the sculpture had been found in a heap of fragments north of Rome in 1872. According to the affidavit, the heirs of

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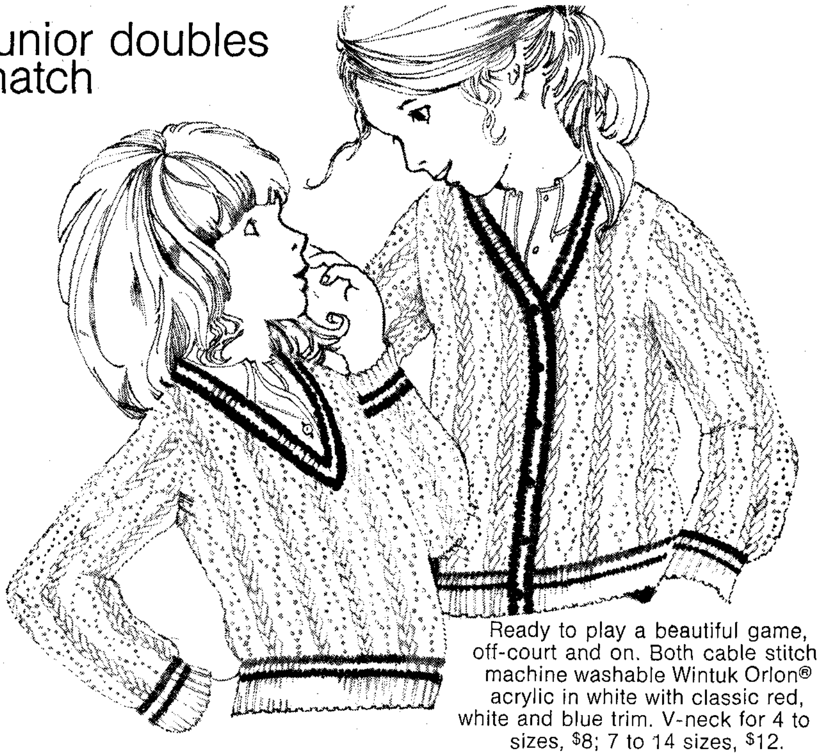

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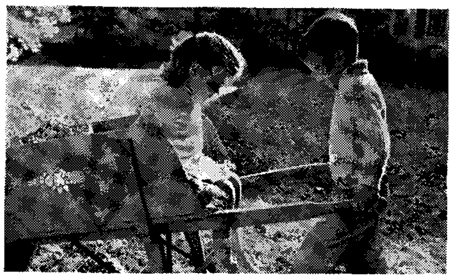

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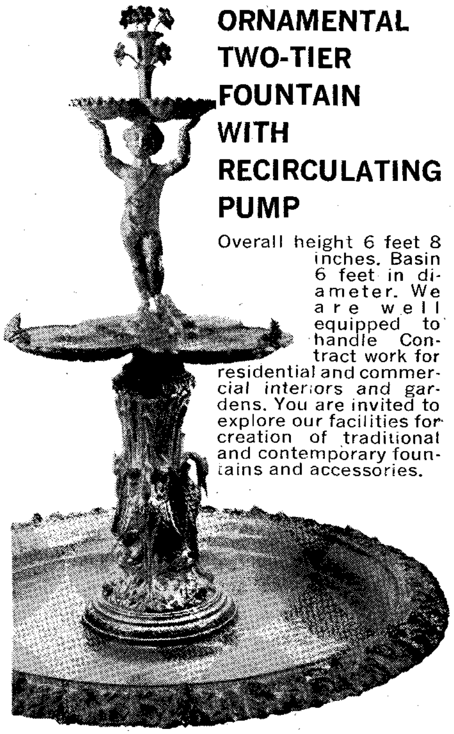
the original owner sold it to a Swiss private collection, where it remained for years. There were also authenticating statements from the man who was then head of the Etruscan Museum in Rome and from three reputable German scholars. The City Museum was reported to have paid fifty-six thousand dollars for the statue, which had its old Etruscan colors still apparently visible on it. When it later developed that the museum had quite possibly acquired Dossena's last work, the director of the Etruscan Museum denied that he had ever authenticated the statue. A few years later, the Diana was quietly withdrawn from exhibition.

Museum curators talk about the work of eminent forgers with an affectionate relish—that is, when it is someone else's fake that is exposed. The products of various workshops have come to be known by their stylistic kinship; for example, there were the Riccardi cousins of Orvieto, who collaborated with Alfredo Adolfo Fioravanti in creating three Etruscan warriors that were exhibited at the Metropolitan from 1933 until the early sixties. The reigning master today is a superb workman living in an ancient town not far from Rome, whom I shall call Alfredo Kappa. His work is on display in many museums, and he made some Etruscan wall paintings on terra-cotta which cost a European collector a million two hundred thousand dollars. Kappa is in his forties, a good-looking, ruddy-complexioned man. I spent an evening with him in May, 1972, at the home of friends in Rome, and when I asked how he had acquired his skill he said he had learned nothing in school, but in his twenties, while employed as a furnace worker in a tile factory, he was befriended by *tombaroli* and went on their tomb-hunting forays. He became acquainted with dealers, learned the rudiments of the market, and then tried his hand at making fakes, using firing techniques he learned at the factory. He quickly showed a gift for making a convincing Greek vase or an authentic-looking Etruscan terra-cotta. But he found there was a problem—a need to provide a provenance for his pieces. A man of superior intelligence, Kappa devised a brilliant solution: to fabricate his own Etruscan site. In the nineteen-sixties, working with twelve other men, he began to dig a tomb; as luck would have it, he hit the remains of an authentic ancient chamber. He now had a place to which he could bring dealers, and he sowed it with his own wares, coating his pots with the



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site's distinctive earth. In a four-year period, he sold hundreds of objects to leading dealers. He followed the progress of his art with satisfaction; sometimes pictures of it appeared on the covers of archeological books or magazines.

Kappa's technique improved. He bought and studied carefully a handsome book written by Joseph V. Noble, the operating administrator of the Metropolitan Museum—"The Techniques of Painted Attic Pottery," published in 1965 and intended for scholars. At this time, too, Kappa met a leading European collector whom I shall call Pedro Sigma—American-educated, Paris-bred, and now living in Geneva. Though Sigma's specialty is classic bronzes, he collects everything antique and knows all the dealers in the field. Having suspected that he was being overcharged because he was wealthy, Sigma had decided to bypass middlemen and go directly to the source—the *tombaroli* themselves. Sometimes this led to trouble; in 1963, he was accused by Italian police of attempting to smuggle a truckload of antiquities out of Italy. The Italian press reported that he was associated at the time with Robert E. Hecht, Jr., then in enforced exile from Italy. It was during his explorations that the collector met Kappa, and Kappa told him he had something incredible that could be seen *in situ*, in an underground Etruscan temple. Kappa, according to one account, led his victim to his contrived site, and, with flashlights, showed him some extraordinary painted terra-cotta plaques, which, the collector was told, could be transported to Geneva. There were tortuous negotiations, and Sigma eventually agreed to pay the equivalent of a million two hundred thousand dollars for the unique treasure. In due time, it was sent to his villa in Geneva.

Just about the time this purchase was being made, the collector came to know Dietrich von Bothmer. The acquaintance developed by accident after Dr. von Bothmer questioned the authenticity of a piece owned by Sigma, which was being exhibited at the American prep school the collector had attended. There was a correspondence and a meeting, which resulted in an invitation to Dr. von Bothmer to come to Geneva and see some of Sigma's new acquisitions. On Dr. von Bothmer's next visit to Switzerland, he was shown the Etruscan finds. He sadly informed Sigma that they were probably fake. (Kappa, it should be noted, says that Dr. von Bothmer is one of

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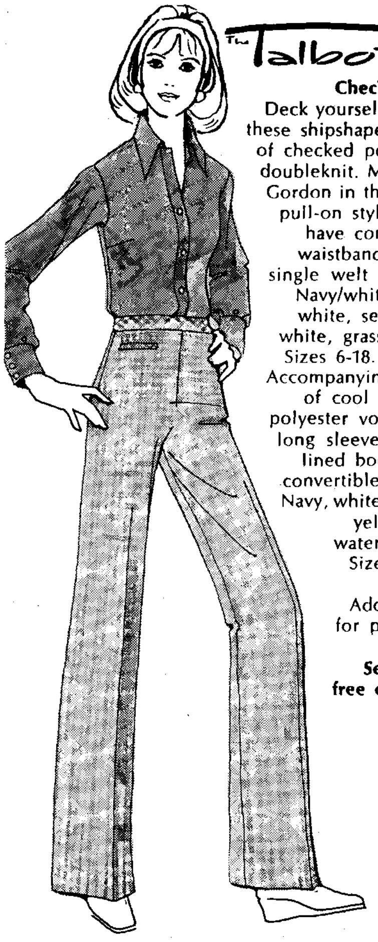

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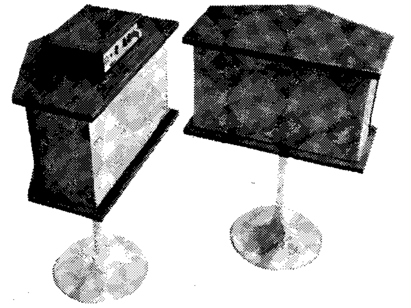
the few scholars he has been unable to deceive.) The collector was indignant. He was sure his terra-cottas were original. An opportunity for a decisive test arose when a new technique, known as the thermoluminescence test, was developed by scientists at Oxford and Cambridge. In the test, a crushed sample of ancient pottery is heated, and its age is determined by its glow. A sample was taken of Kappa's Etruscan terra-cottas, along with other suspect art. In July, 1971, the scientists reported that their tests showed the terra-cottas to be of recent manufacture. Their report was carried in an issue of *Archaeometry*, whose pages were carefully studied by Kappa. He has since told me he has figured out a method of defeating the thermoluminescence test.

In the case of the Etruscan terra-cottas, only money was lost. More serious is the mindless waste of time as curators spend years arguing about the authenticity of major works. The most celebrated instance is the debate over a Greek horse that the Metropolitan Museum acquired in 1923 from a Paris dealer for a still undisclosed sum. The dealer's story was that the provenance of the horse was "the famous *shipwreck discovered near Mahdia, in* Tunisia, in 1908." This, he said, was "very confidential" information, not to be disclosed, because if it were, "Paris journalists might cause trouble." The horse is undeniably beautiful, and from 1923 to 1961 was proudly displayed by the Metropolitan as one of its supreme prizes, along with the Etruscan warriors. A plaster cast of the horse was exhibited at the Berlin Olympics in 1936, and for years it appeared in every new volume on Greek art. Nevertheless, there were doubts. The leading skeptic was Mr. Noble, of the Metropolitan. To him, the style of the horse was not ancient Greek, and on technical grounds he was suspicious of the casting methods used in its making. In 1967, he announced that X-ray photographs showed iron wires and a sand core within the horse, which were not consistent with known ancient casting techniques. In an issue of the Metropolitan *Bulletin* devoted to art forgery, Mr. Hoving said that the "tension of apprehension" over the authenticity of any piece was a normal part of museum work. It takes study and expertise to prove that something is no good, he said, but "at the same time you have to watch very carefully that you don't commit the sin of branding something a falsehood when it is, in fact, a genuine piece." What Mr. Hoving did not



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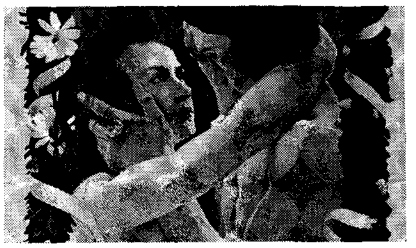

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explain was that this tension is part of the price that any museum pays for knowingly buying unpedigreed objects.

Mr. Noble did not persuade everybody. Carl Blümel, a German scholar, published a detailed article defending the authenticity of the horse and replying to all of Mr. Noble's objections about the casting method. Others shared Dr. Blümel's view. But Lewis S. Brown, an anthropologist, wrote a paper, in 1969, attacking the horse on anatomical grounds. Finally, in 1972, a thermoluminescence test was conducted. The laboratory results showed that the material was ancient, and last Christmas Eve the Metropolitan announced that the horse was an "irrefutably genuine work of antiquity." The announcement could hardly have come at a worse time for Mr. Noble. He had left the Metropolitan in 1970, to become director of the Museum of the City of New York. In December, 1972, he went to Boston to be interviewed by the trustees of the Museum of Fine Arts as a candidate to succeed Mr. Rathbone. The Metropolitan released the story of the horse just as he came under consideration in Boston.

However much time has been wasted in scholarly arguments over the authenticity of museum pieces, the fake factory acts, in a negative way, to defend the past. Money that might be spent on buying genuine, if stolen, art is diverted into the forgery market. And when a museum or a collector has been defrauded there is no one to blame, because without the original covetousness the purchase would not have been made. This circumstance led one museum worker, James L. Swauger, of the Carnegie Museum, in Pittsburgh, to write an article entitled "In Praise of Forgers." The author declared:

> It was with grim amusement the other day at lunch that I heard a comment of David Owsley, curator of decorative arts in Carnegie Institute's Museum of Art. He remarked that the number of experienced forgers producing excellent fakes has grown so large that buyers are becoming wary of purchasing antiquities; this to the extent that such buyers may soon demand certification of excavation by a reputable working field archeologist and processing of the transaction through legal channels.
>
> Ha! The sun rises. More power to the forgers. May their tribe increase! They, at least, harm no one and nothing but the buyers.

IT would be apt if the money that goes into buying fakes could be matched by funds committed to the conservation of the genuine articles. In Italy, however, one can surmise, far

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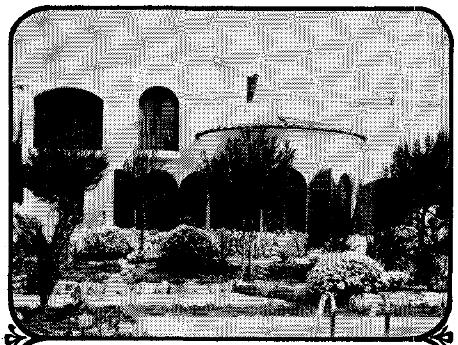

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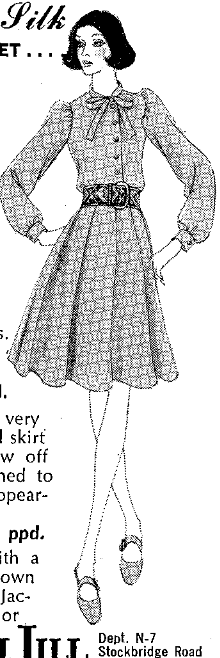

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more is spent in the fake factory, and this is just another example of the root problem that crops up at every point in our inquiry—the disordered priorities of the art world. To begin with, what happens to art should surely be viewed as an international responsibility. What Italy does with its patrimony is not of concern solely to Italians, and, in effect, this fact has already been recognized by the Italians themselves in their appeals for international aid after the flooding of Florence and in the effort to salvage Venice. The same impulse prompted Egypt to invite world support for its campaign to preserve the temple of Abu Simbel and other Nubian antiquities imperilled by the rising waters of the Aswan High Dam.

When it comes to commerce, the art world unquestionably has an international outlook. This is evident in the special pleasure that dealers and auction houses have lately taken in the entry of Japan into the market. "They're buying these things the way the Dutch bought tulip bulbs in the seventeenth century and the American bankers bought Impressionist works from 1890 to the nineteen-twenties," says the director of the New York branch of Christie's auction house. The estimate is that Japanese buyers acquired between fifty and seventy-five million dollars' worth of art during 1972, and that sales to Japan will be even bigger in 1973. At one Parke-Bernet auction, in October, 1972, the Japanese, it is said, accounted for a million fifteen thousand dollars out of a total sale of five million dollars. "No hammers go down nowadays either at Christie's or Sotheby's," a Japanese buyer told a reporter, "without at least one of us raising his pudgy hand." Hiroko Saeki, a Japanese dealer who buys art extensively in New York, told the *Times* recently that her clients acquire paintings not only for aesthetic reasons but also for social status. "Let's say Mr. Yamamoto buys a Renoir nude," she said. "So Mr. Fuji has to get one, too. The Japanese buy names regardless of quality."

Whatever their motives, no one should begrudge the Japanese their new place in the international salesroom—least of all the Americans. But one can be distressed by the contrast between the internationalism of the market and the frugal concern with sovereignty that appears as soon as preservation is mentioned. An obvious instance was the outcome of a UNESCO meeting held in Paris in April, 1972. The purpose of the conference was wholly laudable—to create a World Heritage Fund, modelled on the World

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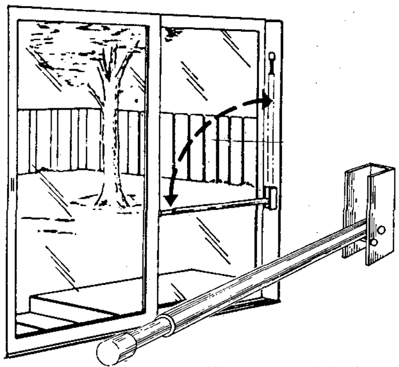

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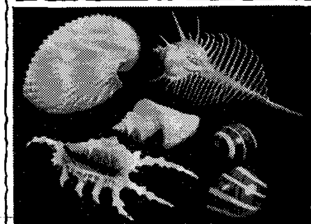

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Wildlife Fund, which could provide a steady source of revenue to countries caring for imperilled cultural properties. The UNESCO Secretariat had proposed that the fund be supported by compulsory contributions, fixed by periodic votes and not to exceed one per cent of any member nation's UNESCO dues. This would not have involved a huge amount: if all one hundred and twenty-nine UNESCO members had agreed to pay the full one per cent, the total tax would have come to about four hundred and six thousand dollars a year. At the Paris meeting, however, the Secretariat's proposal was decisively rejected; voting against it were the United States, the Soviet Union, and other wealthy member states. As a result, the World Heritage Fund will be financed on a voluntary basis, and a realistic budget is unlikely.

Another way of providing a steady flow of money into an international fund has been suggested by Robert Hughes, of *Time*. His idea is ingenious. In an article written in 1971, he proposed the imposition of a conservation tax of five per cent on every work of art sold at auction which fetched more than a hundred thousand dollars. Not only could this painlessly yield money to a suitably organized international fund but, as Mr. Hughes wrote, "most of all, it could mitigate the crushing sense of waste and meaninglessly flamboyant consumption that anyone who cares about art and its priorities is apt to feel" when reading about record auction prices.

An even bolder idea has been discussed by Hugues de Varine-Bohan, the brilliant director of the International Council of Museums, which is an affiliate of UNESCO. Though he is still in his thirties, he has held his job for nearly a decade, in the course of which he has visited more than seventy countries and attended many international conferences on the world cultural heritage and its preservation. He has seen at first hand the contrast between the rich museums and those subsisting on pennies, and when he was asked to comment, in 1972, on the financial distress of some American museums, he replied, "Your museums have deficits. You don't find deficit museums in Europe. You find starving museums." He did not have to make the further obvious point—that in Asia, Africa, and Latin America the financial plight of museums is often still more precarious.

During a Paris visit, I met M. de Varine-Bohan, and we talked about the problem. The idea of an international tourist tax arose, and he elaborated

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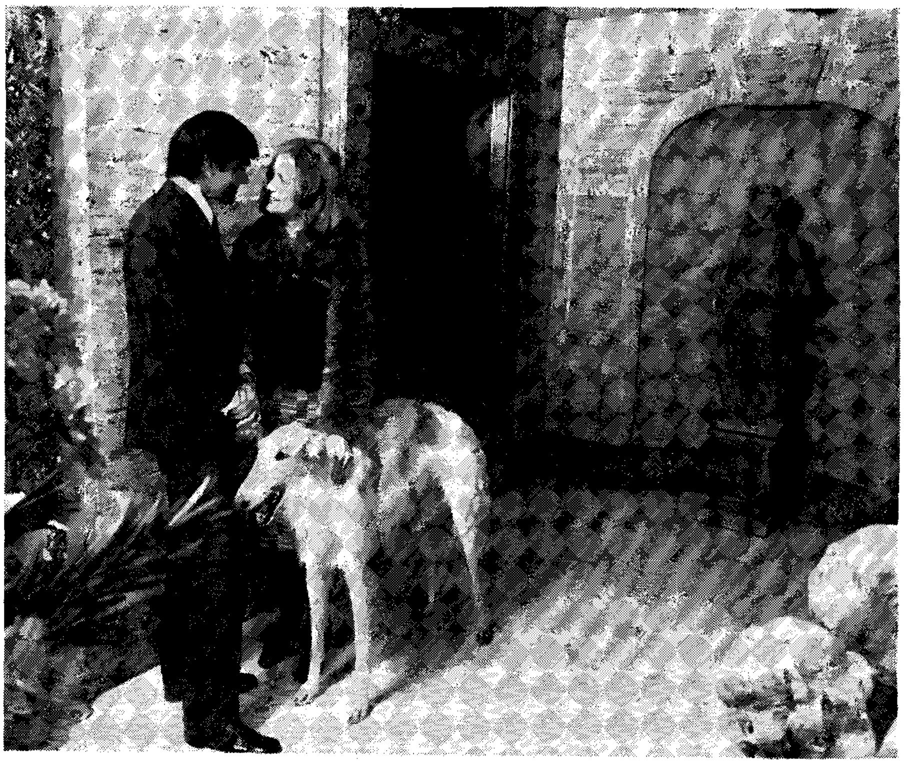

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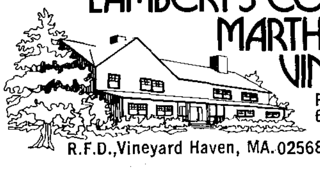

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upon it. "Suppose that everyone over twenty-five who is going on a pleasure trip paid a dollar tourist tax at the airport," he said. "Suppose that the money was split between an international fund and those countries the tourist was visiting—why, for the first time there could be sufficient money available to protect and restore precisely that which the tourist is travelling to see. In the process, the tourist would become aware of an otherwise invisible problem—the gradual degradation of our cultural patrimony. But"—and here his face clouded—"the idea is simply not politically feasible. Not now."

The reason that the idea is not feasible is that the past is an interest without a constituency; it has no effective lobby. As a Guatemalan with a concern for the devastation of Maya sites put it, "the truth is that stelae don't vote." Yet if the human past has a doubtful future, it is not because most people wish to see its remains destroyed or mutilated. Most people are not even aware that there is a problem. They don't understand, for example, that the past is menaced by the very civilization that has evolved from it. The point, however, has been made with visual brilliance in the film "Fellini's Roma." In one episode, a camera crew accompanies workmen who are digging a tunnel for a new subway under the Eternal City. They unexpectedly come upon an ancient Roman villa, a ruin filled with marvellous wall paintings. But as the cameras record the discovery the murals melt ineluctably away, their colors dissolved by the inflow of modern air. This fantasy had an actual counterpart at Lascaux, the site of the greatest of all prehistoric painted caves. The cave, discovered by schoolboys in 1940 and opened to the public in 1948, was attracting a hundred and twenty-two thousand visitors a year by 1962, and was thus the fourth most popular tourist attraction in France. The cave was equipped with fancy hatches, and its air was purified by elaborate machines, yet by 1963 it became apparent that something was drastically wrong. Studies established that Lascaux was being doomed by its admirers, whose shoes carried soil and slime into the cave, and whose breath made a chemical alteration in the paintings. Lascaux has since been closed to the general public. The London *Times* found in the event proof that culture and art are "the first victims of the revolt of the masses," adding, "What better symbol than the survival of the handiwork of Upper Paleolithic Man through fifteen thousand undisturbed

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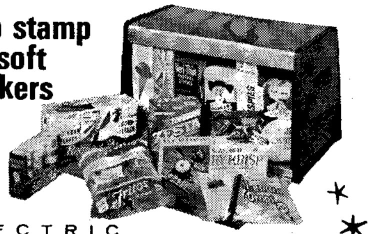

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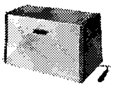

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years, so that it might eventually be silently obliterated by the steady footfall and hushed breathing of his remote descendants." This reproof is a trifle unfair, especially since some of the most deplorable destruction of world art has occurred with the full knowledge and complicity of the better-educated denizens of the art world. What the *Times* failed to explain fully was that simple lack of information is often responsible for what it attributed to the revolt of the masses.

A final illustration may help make the point. Few people are aware that the emissions of the internal-combustion engine, in combination with those of industrial and home-heating furnaces, are doing incalculable damage to the outdoor carved-stone art of the world. The acids formed by these emissions have done more damage to outdoor monuments in the past generation than the ravages of time extending, in some cases, over more than two thousand years. The effects are irreversible, since the loss of a millimetre of a carved surface can render sculptured detail unrecognizable. A scientist who is deeply concerned with the problem is Professor Seymour Z. Lewin, a chemist at New York University, whose specialty is the preservation of stone. In the past decade, he has travelled widely to study the diseases that afflict stone in Europe, Asia, and Africa, and in this hemisphere. His verdict is that the carved outdoor art of the world "is melting away like an ice-cream cone in the summer sun." Not only are cathedrals like Chartres imperilled but even remote Buddhist sanctuaries, such as Borobudur, in Indonesia, are visibly dwindling away. No foolproof protective film has been devised by chemists (though Dr. Lewin has invented a solution that he believes can save some monuments). What is lacking is money. Dr. Lewin's estimate is that for a million dollars—the price that the Metropolitan Museum paid for its krater—mankind could perfect a formula that would save many of its greatest civilized treasures from civilization itself. The conclusion is incontestable: the past has no future unless we are willing to pay for it.

—KARL E. MEYER

(This is the last of a series of three articles.)

•

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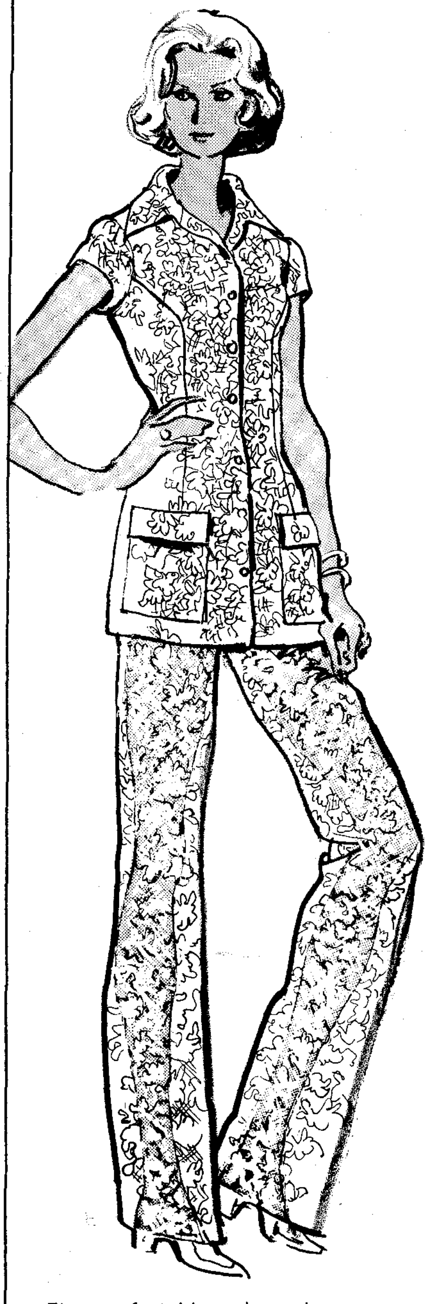

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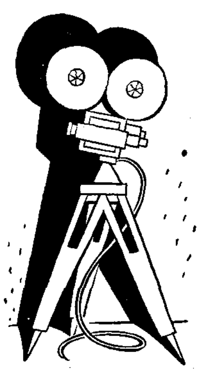
THE wording above is lettered on cans of the soft drink called Fresca, and has the nature of the new film of Mark Twain's "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," which has been turned into a movie by *Reader's Digest*, dipping its big toe into family entertainment for the first time. Along with the Fresca description, the quality of the film would have lain on Twain's tongue like ashes.



"Tom Sawyer" is often a wonderfully fine book. At its best, it uses modes of expression that could be produced only by Americans. It has some awkward transitions between speech and narration, but this may have to do with the reflection in Twain of the tug between an old period always unconsciously affected by the English and a coming period not animated by foreigners. It answers the age's unevenness in its use of an offhand drawl that hides clockwork comic timing, and of a humor that tends to the rankling. In its best passages, the book is a mixture of the saturnine and the freebooting, and it propels an abiding excitement about the commanding of frontier territories which may have had to do with Twain's early life as a pilot on a steamboat. (The steamboat in the film, called the River Queen, is a beautiful structure of white deck rails and stately paddles.) But Twain's "Tom Sawyer" (1876) also has a tendency to bolster commonplace virtues—a tendency compounded by the film—whereas "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" (1884), which has not yet been touched by the influence of the *Reader's Digest* notion of family entertainment, is a masterpiece. "Huck Finn" isn't a book for children, unlike "Tom Sawyer." It is a book about being a child. (Neither one of them is specifically for boys.) What gives even Twain's "Tom Sawyer" its note of imposed, goody-goody grown-upness is that the hero seems the ill-chosen one of the two boys, with the choice leading to an election of prose that corsets Twain in a false decorousness, intensified in the film. A fairly uneducated writer like Twain has so poor a literary vocabulary that his English is apt to seem bald when, as in "Tom Sawyer," he tries straight prose; Twain expresses himself best through a character speaking in some forming dialect or slang, as in "Huck Finn." In both the book and the *Reader's Digest* film of "Tom Sawyer," the choice of point of view—Tom's, not Huck's, and also a lot of the narrator's—seems wrong to a child or any other free spirit. Even in Twain's original, where Huck is relatively subdued, he is an infinitely more interesting character than Tom, being filled with the Twain mixture of the drolly contained and the revolutionary. His position is symbolized, on the one hand, by Miss Watson and her way of being; on the other, by Jim and the life of the raft. Neither hostile side quite accepts him. The Miss Watsons of the world are the breath of life to Tom, but his braver friend is one of the great outriders of fiction. He is in the class of Hamlet, Ulysses, Don Quixote, and all the other characters who embody piercing discoveries that man has made about himself. Tom is his opposite. You feel that Tom is going to grow up fast into a bourgeois. He always needs an audience. He has fallen into ruts of inseparability from Huck and of repeated enactments of small naughtinesses with his idealized Aunt Polly, who may fuss at him for being late for meals but comfortingly epitomizes the permissive aunt. These habits foster Tom's fancy for a public and for what you think of as a future of aspirations much like the ones of the dulled half of the actual Mark Twain: a happy domesticity of a conventional kind, some riches, communal approval and applause. The more defiant and greater half of Mark Twain, paradoxically more grown-up because more boyish and untrammelled, didn't give a fig for such things, which he must have felt to be an invasion of his solitary integrity. Huck Finn represents this young, Senecan side of Twain. He has qualities of uniqueness and shut-mouth quizzicality that show up the relative ordinariness of Tom Sawyer, who often has the note of some stunted adult in a cringing job that he is trying to hold on to.

Mark Twain's best writing has a clownish tendency to pretend to avoid

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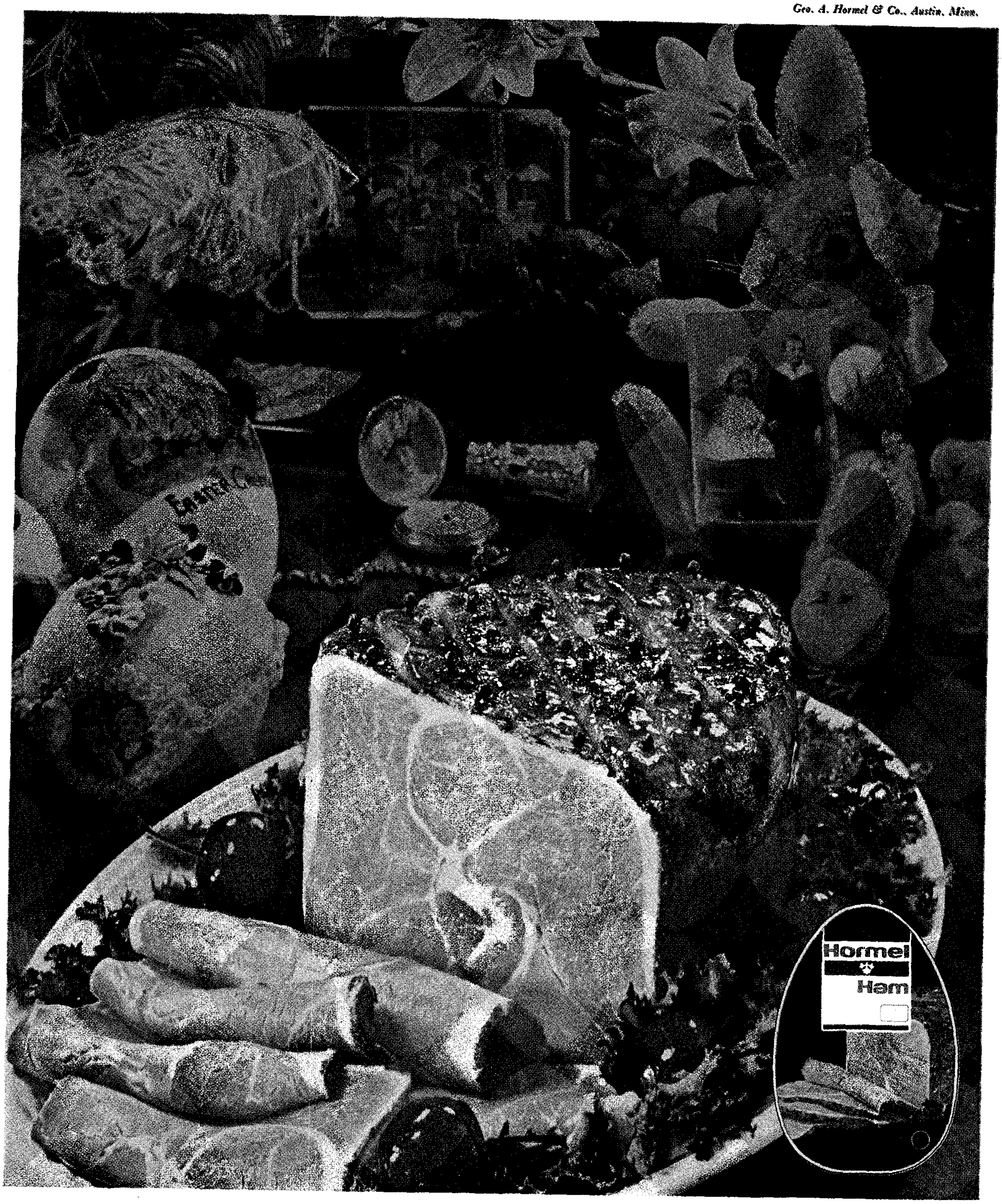
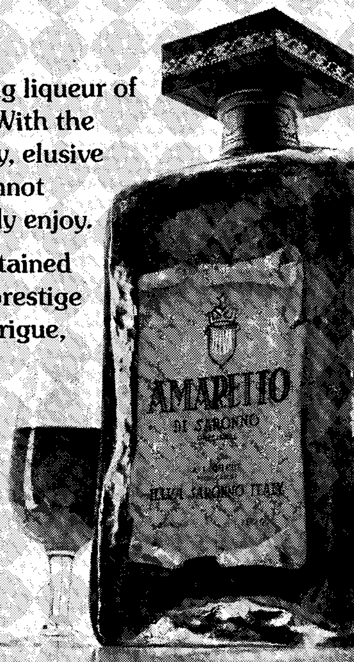


anything to cause discomfiture which allows him to be a considerable nihilist. The stoicism tinctured with exhausted rancor which Twain discharged into "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg" (1900) is not much apparent in "Tom Sawyer," but it is implicit often in the great passages of "Huckleberry Finn," which ends with one of the finest of all messages in famous books:

> But I reckon I got to light out for the Territory ahead of the rest, because Aunt Sally she's going to adopt me and civilize me, and I can't stand it. I been there before.
>
> THE END
> YOURS TRULY
> HUCK FINN

If this is writing for children, then it is one of the rare examples in literature of a just rendering of children's pessimism and their illusion of aged experience. Young men look to Nietzsche and Dostoevski, as Colin Wilson did in "The Outsider," for examples of rebellion; Huck looks at the world, and finds that he is without kin in it. Tom Sawyer is full of imaginings, but Huck is a seer. Tom may be orphaned, but he has an aunt, a secret blood brotherhood with Huck, and an environment clotted with addictions to unimportant rows and to friendship with Becky and to scares about Injun Joe. Huck, besides being at the center of one of the great pieces of writing for the voice, is not a social creature. His lonely observation makes the book a more eloquent allegation against slavery than "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He has a sometimes grim exactness in his drawing up of lists and his observation of moods changing. They make him the most potent and dignified person in his world.

One comes, with a pair of tongs, to the movie that has been made of Mark Twain's piece of work about Tom, here called just "Tom Sawyer," in which even Huck seems to be servile. The child actors in this sort of film often look like poor Dickensian midget adults dwarfed by being fed gin. Tom (Johnny Whitaker) is a tabby-haired boy with a long upper lip and a love of mischief which seems carefully calculated to appeal. Huck Finn (Jeff East) is an unrealized character whose resistance to the easy lures of camaraderie supposed to exist in the world is crucial in Mark Twain but is nowhere to be seen in the film. Celeste Holm plays Tom's Aunt Polly, who habitually picks him up by the ear like a jug and fills him with quack remedies fit to kill him or to caulk a boat. Miss Holm idealizes the character and takes twen-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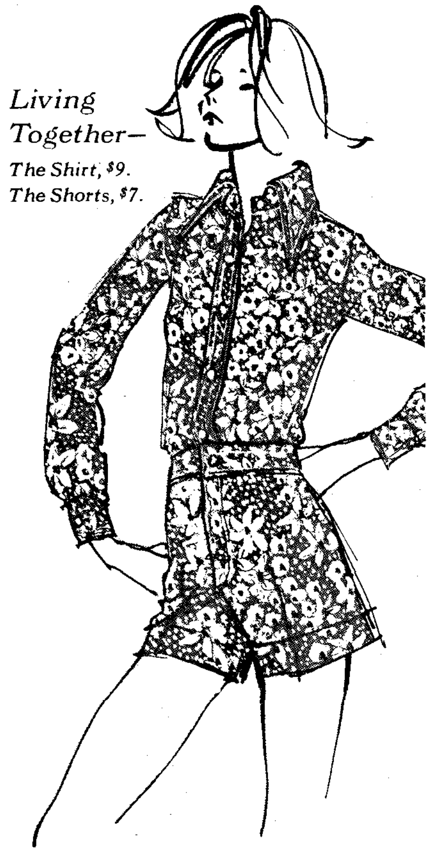
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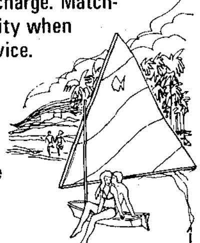

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ty years off her age, but she looks just auntly enough and very consoling. The director, Don Taylor, has thought it right to baby the film by sweetening it, as if he were putting a banana flavor into children's toothpaste. The movie hums along at a phony jog, with gang gatherings and picnics that are like a "Beyond the Fringe" version of the more uncomfortably merry aspects of "Oklahoma!" What with the music and lyrics (by Richard M. Sherman and Robert B. Sherman), the picture made an eight-year-old girl with me say, "It looks pretend, doesn't it?" She was particularly averse to a fence-whitewashing chorus, but she liked the speed of the suspense sequences and made a connection between Injun Joe and Long John Silver. There is a scene of making a fire and then catching and cooking fish and eating them whole which was wildly popular with an audience composed mostly of children, who perhaps saw the better parts of the film as an idealization of going to camp. The powerful metaphor of the river is very strong, even in a poor movie. But what a deformity that an American film of a Mark Twain classic should transmit so little of its American guts, and comprehension of chicanery, and slowness to judge a world that the best American books see as judging itself.

THE film of the Off Broadway smash called "Godspell" is a version of the Gospels designed to be read as show-biz literature by the Woodstock generation. The text comes mostly from St. Matthew (who gets no credit, being out of copyright and unlitigious). The named creators are Stephen Schwartz for the music and lyrics (Schwartz helped Leonard Bernstein on his "Mass") and David Greene and John-Michael Tebelak for the screenplay. The director is David Greene, who conceives the myth's rehappening in a summery New York that would certainly allow quick miracle healings of the mugged. A lot of the writing is pastiche that uses facile Biblical repetitions and leans on a happy-happy mode that seems peculiarly and maybe sadly dated. Woodstock is long over, and the bloom has gone off these flower children.

Bits of the text of St. Matthew are presented here in a fanatic stew of mood, mindless and eyes closed. Jesus does music-hall turns with Byzantine or clown tears drawn in makeup running down his cheeks. The Apostles are of mixed race and gender, nourishing current wish, if not accurateness of

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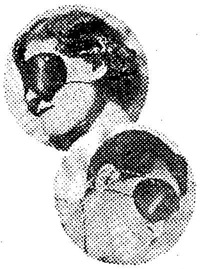

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source. The powerful anti-intellectualism of the film leads it to use as a location the Pan Am Building, on Park Avenue, which was so horrifyingly allowed to obstruct the latter-day sense of the beautiful long stretch up and down the Avenue, without the movie's apparently having a thought in its foolish head about the connection between Christianity and capitalism, though this is what the new evangelical movement surely must be about. I can imagine an analogous film showing a garbage strike so as to romanticize the Gospel spirit of everybody helping everybody and to convey the pleasing idea that pollution can dust New York City with a yellowy gleam.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*From the Guardian, London*]

A HOSPITAL fire alarm was set off yesterday by a junior doctor disgruntled at not receiving his early morning tea in bed.

Mr John Williams, the deputy group secretary, said the bell had caused a major panic at the Caernarvon and Anglesey Hospital, Bangor. There was a serious fire there in May, when some patients were evacuated by turntable ladder.

Mr Williams said that as soon as it was realised that there was no fire, calls were made to the fire station to prevent any turn-out, and to the wards to reassure staff and patients. He said the cup of tea had not arrived because of a change in the catering system. Four or five doctors did not get their cup of tea.

"As a result, one doctor deliberately rang the fire alarm bell. He admitted doing it and I warned him that if it happened again he would be prosecuted. What he did was inexcusable."

A member of the hospital staff said: "An early morning cup of tea in bed is one 'perk' the doctors really deserve because they work so hard and for such long hours."

•

Roebuck went to the house and caught Thompson after the beating and the theft of several rolls of coins. The intruder managed to escape and fled on foot, police said.

Thompson was captured in the 3500 block of E. Van Buren by a police patrol unit who heard the broadcast description of the attacker, police said.

The defendant had pleaded not guilty by reason of insanity, Hyder said.

In conclusion, the citation said: "You are a modest man, a stubborn man who never deviates from his high standards, and a highly respected and beloved teacher. For all your achievements, Yale is proud to award you the Certificate of Merit of the Yale School of Music."

—*Phoenix (Ariz.) Gazette.*

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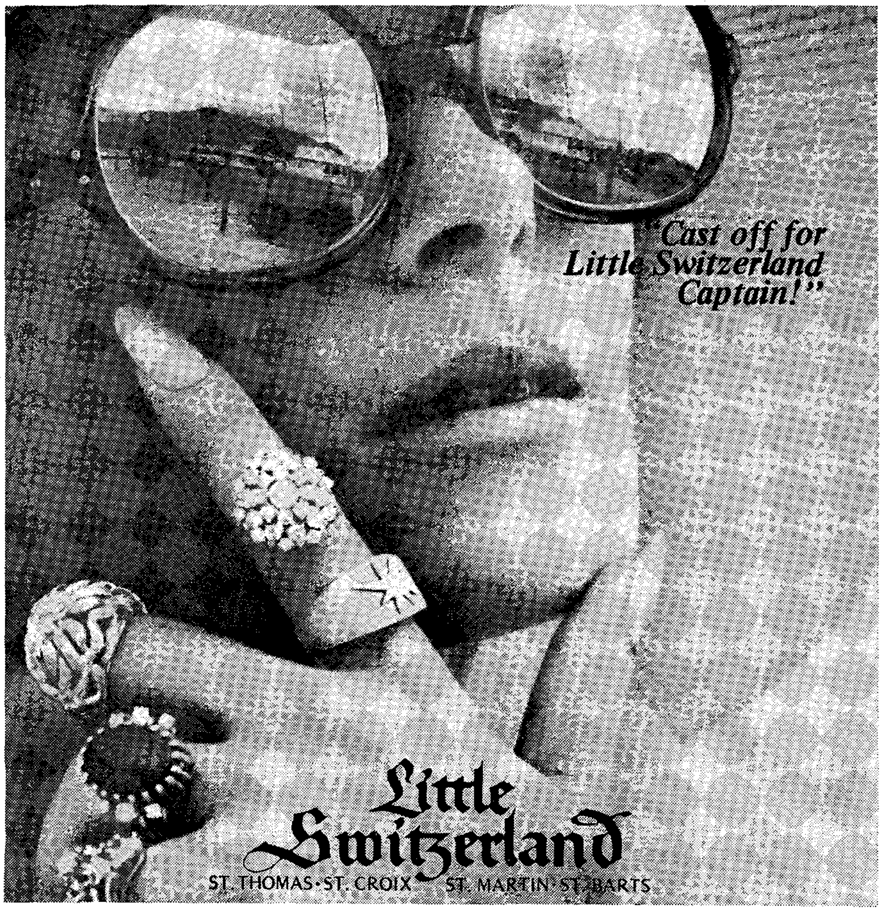

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MUSICAL EVENTS

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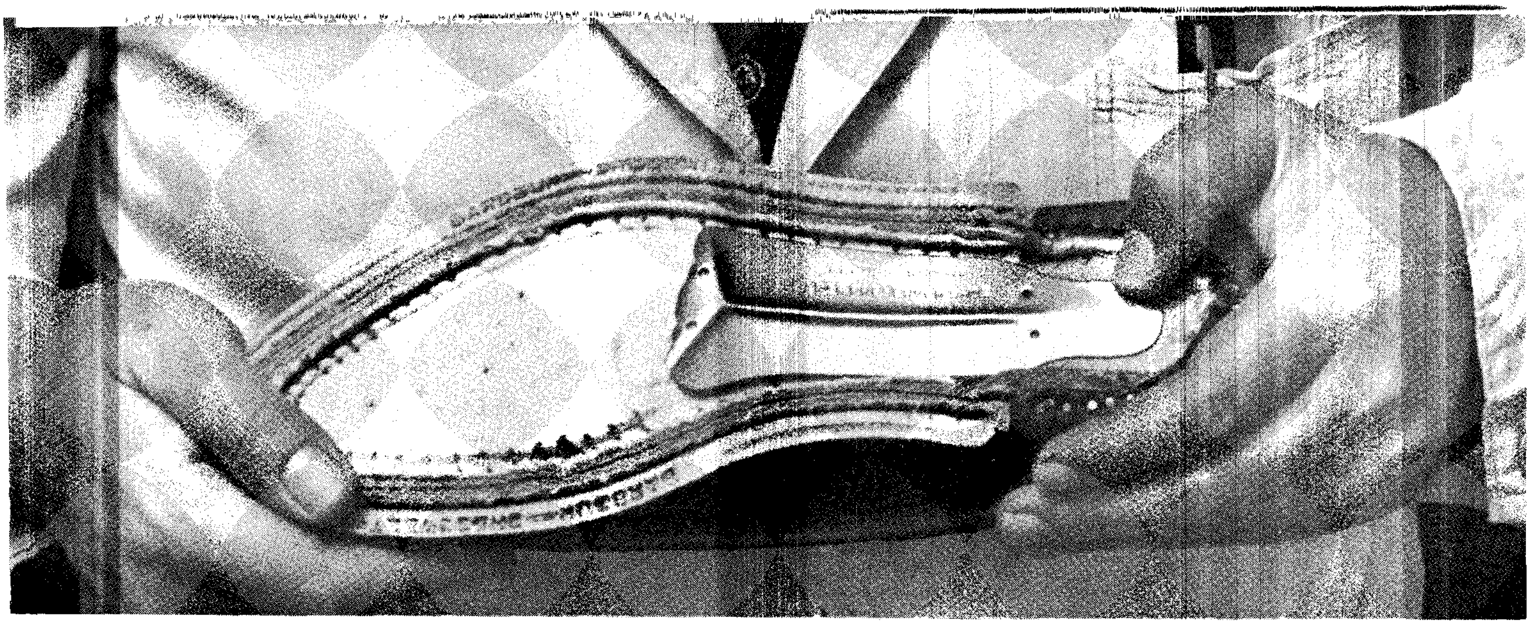
UNDER Julius Rudel, the New York City Opera has built up a repertory, wise, wide, and adventurous, that can bear comparison with any other in the world. All centuries and almost all schools of opera are represented in a nourishing mixture of the "classics" with less familiar fare. Of the six new productions this season, one has been from the seventeenth century, one from the eighteenth, two from the nineteenth, and two from the twentieth; the latest is Hans Werner Henze's "Der Junge Lord," presented last week. The level of execution, however, has been uneven and sometimes low. Any company adopting a repertory rather than a *stagione* system deliberately sacrifices, to some extent, excellence of performance to variety of offerings (*stagione* implies that fewer operas are done; each has a choice, stable cast, carefully rehearsed; and in any one week there may be no more than two or three pieces on the bill), and at the City Opera the disadvantages of the system have on occasion been compounded by eccentric and tasteless direction. But the production of "Der Junge Lord"—or "The Young Lord," since the piece is played in an English translation—shows the work of the City Opera at its best. Although only one of the principals—Kenneth Riegel, in the title role—was first-rate, the ensemble was admirable, and "The Young Lord," which contains some thirty solo roles and a great deal of elaborate chorus work, is largely an ensemble opera. Some things were wrong on the first night, but they were details of execution, not flaws of conception. Sarah Caldwell and Mr. Rudel, the stage and musical directors, have inspired their singers and players to a clear, true, and entertaining representation of a work that looms large in the modern repertory. This is the twenty-fourth production—the second in America—of an opera that had its première, in Berlin, only eight years ago.

Why has "The Young Lord" been so successful? In part, because it was skillfully planned to provide companies with something that they had lacked since Richard Strauss's "Arabella" (1933)—a large-scale new comedy that troupes equipped for "Die Meistersinger," "Falstaff," and "Der Rosenkavalier" could get their teeth into. The plot, drawn from an anecdote in Wilhelm Hauff's "The Sheik of Alexandria and His Slaves," written in the early nineteenth century, is slight, and can quickly be told: To the inhabitants of Hülsdorf-Gotha, a small German town, an Englishman, Sir Edgar, presents his lubberly nephew, Lord Barrat; the youth becomes the idol of local society; his uncouth manners, ascribed to British eccentricity, are enthusiastically aped by the townsfolk until, at a ball, the young lord's fine, fashionable clothes fall from him and he is revealed in his hairiness as—a trained ape! Matter, one might think, for no more than a satirical one-acter on the scale of "Gianni Schicchi." Henze and his librettist, Ingeborg Bachmann, have amplified it with episodes of small-town life—five of the six scenes involve a social gathering of some kind—and a romance that goes wrong when Luise, ward of the local baroness, becomes infatuated with Lord Barrat and abandons her poor-student lover, Wilhelm. The worthies are wittily and precisely characterized in their utterances (though some of Miss Bachmann's specifically German sallies do not travel). Still, a disagreeable practical joke at the expense of *Kleinstadt* mentality, mockery of the bustling, snobbish burghers and of the *précieuses ridicules* at their literary tea, and some lyrical love music are hardly enough to fill an evening. "The Young Lord" is about something more, something dangerous as well as absurd: the bourgeoisie's readiness to embrace bestial ideas when they are presented, from above, behind a glamorous mask. This theme gives substance to the comedy, and, while obviously it is of especial concern to thinking Germans (and "The Young Lord" appeared at a time when liberals detected a resurgence of Nazi ideology in the new West Germany), it has wider applications that can be internationally understood. Many of the operas of the past now considered most stirring were in their day specifically political pieces at least in part—dramas whose text and music were fired by a revolutionary anger and pity so keen that today they move audiences who are not themselves suffering social, civil, or religious persecution, or a tyrannous foreign rule. The passions of a great musician remain



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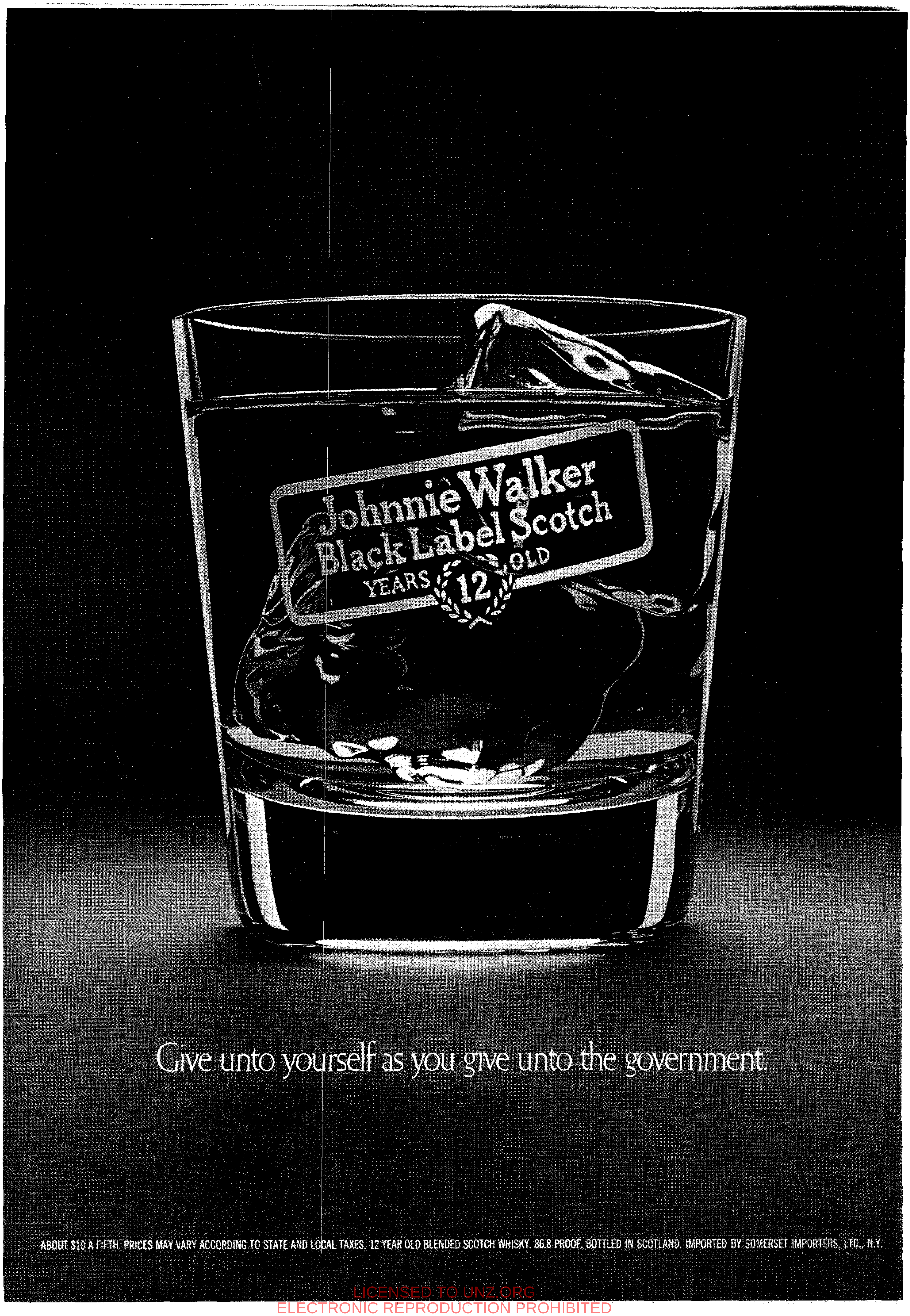
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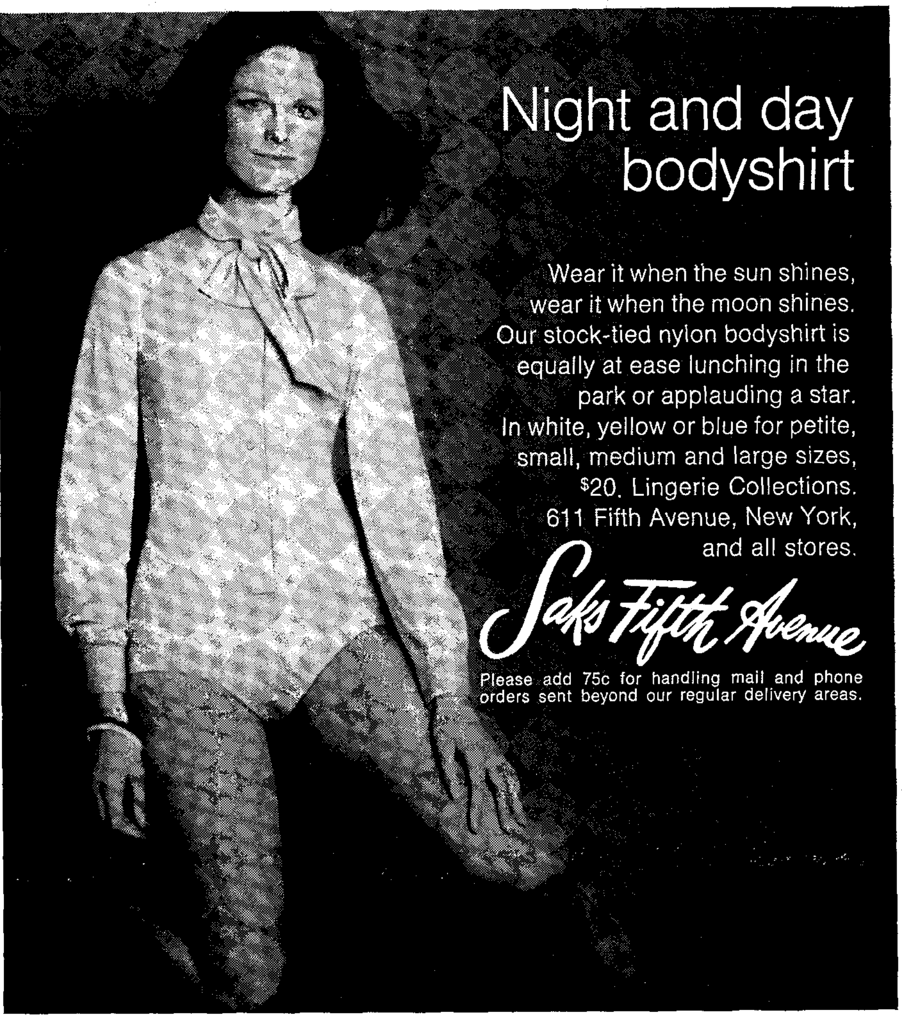
potent. Moreover, a fable may fit more than the particular circumstances that gave it birth. Analogues to Berg's Wozzeck can easily be found in non-militaristic societies. The old situations gain contemporary force when, say, "Nabucco" is played in a subject country, "Fidelio" in a state that holds political prisoners, "Don Carlos" in a mighty nation that, by broadcasting fire and death, seeks to impose its will on a smaller one, and even "Figaro" in a land where aristocratic privilege is still honored. The world of Kurt Weill's "Mahagonny"—of justice perverted by cash, conspicuous waste encouraged for personal profit, and public good sacrificed to private gain, decency to dollars—is all around us, reported daily in the papers. Music can be a very political art. Boulez' cantata "Le Soleil des Eaux" deals ostensibly with river pollution by industry—but only as a symbol of a wider pollution of human life. And "The Young Lord" tells of more than some fond, silly folk who mimicked a monkey. In his next opera, "The Bassarids," Henze treated the same theme—Dionysus is its Young Lord—but this time in tragic, not comic, terms.

At first, the political aspects of "The Young Lord" were overlooked. The piece was commissioned by the German Opera in West Berlin. It was the heyday of Visconti and his luxuriously elaborate stagings. The work was played in a loving, expensive re-creation of the little German town, designed by the Visconti disciple Filippo Sanjust, and hazed over with romantic nostalgia. Everything was realistic—except the ape, played by Loren Driscoll as an elegant lordling in no way simian. The audiences enjoyed the spirited comedy, and smiled indulgently to see their little national weaknesses so prettily portrayed. Henze, who had more or less shaken the dust of Germany from his feet twelve years before, was welcomed back to the Fatherland as a renegade reclaimed. It was some time before it became clear that "The Young Lord" carried the seeds of the composer's new and more radical revolt against his countrymen's way of life. I next encountered the piece in Dresden. Here all was fierce caricature except the two tenors, the ape and Wilhelm, realistically portrayed as poles of unreason and reason. A program note likened the town's reception of Sir Edgar to the *trunkene Landesorgie*, the besotted national orgy with which the West Germans had just greeted Queen Elizabeth. What Driscoll had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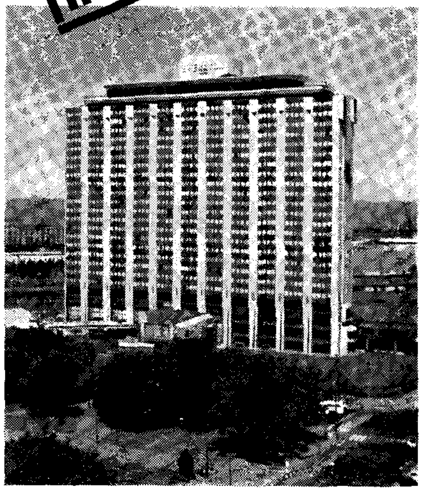
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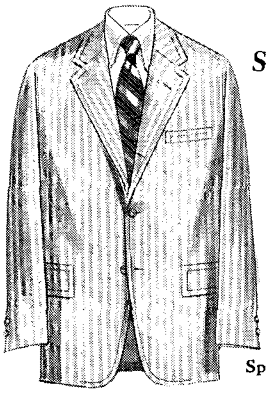

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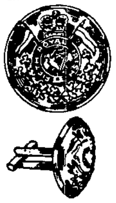

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uttered as graceful vocalise the Dresden ape screamed in agony while Sir Edgar tortured the beast into a semblance of human behavior. In subsequent productions, the emphasis has constantly shifted according to local circumstance. Wisely, Miss Caldwell has in her version concentrated on what is generally true of human nature, not specifically German, although with cunning touches she has made clear the social structure of the little town. Farce, fancy, and romance she has held in deft balance. Her handling is vigorous, inventive, and boldly individual. Twice only it failed us: at the start of Act II, when the children were not nearly cruel enough in their taunting of Sir Edgar's little black serving boy, and, surprisingly, in the crucial scene when the young lord's identity is revealed. This should come as a shock, but on the first night the lighting, grouping, and timing of the climax were so inept as to suggest that they had hardly been rehearsed.

With each hearing, Henze's score seems to grow in stature. It illumines—one might say that it embodies—the theme. During those moments when nothing of much consequence is happening on the stage, when people just appear to be waiting about, one should listen intently to the orchestra; plenty of dramatic action is going on there. The townsfolk are characterized by neoclassical music, often in C major, scored for a classical orchestra. A good deal of it is lifted bodily from Stravinsky, and the critic who found the derivations (which become especially noticeable in the setting of the State Theatre, where Stravinsky's scores are played more often than anywhere else) "uncomfortably close" got the point without realizing it. The discomfort is intended, deliberately induced by the composer's equation of Apollonian neoclassicism with the bourgeoisie; Henze is questioning *idées reçues*. The closed world of Hülsdorf-Gotha is then invaded, first by the new sounds associated with the arrival of Sir Edgar (although the Englishman never speaks himself, his secretary speaks for him in courtly Straussian arioso, while his exuberant Jamaican—in this production, creole—cook, Begonia, introduces a more exotic element), and then by the wilder, more extravagant timbres, rhythms, and "irrational" melodies brought by a travelling circus. The star of the circus is Adam, the all but human ape whom Sir Edgar later grooms as his jungle Dionysus. The different sound worlds interact. The secretary announces Lord Barrat's ar-

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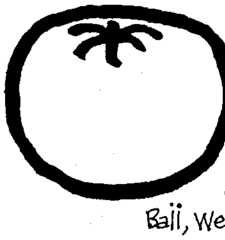

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rival in a civilized transformation of a circus tune, while Adam's cries are tamed into the two party sentences that his admirers find so exquisitely witty. Infection spreads—in the music, as in the fable. Stravinsky is swamped. The finale, which moves from monologue through duet, trio, and quintet to a Gadarene rout, is one of the most striking things Henze has written—a scene at once funny, tragic, and monitory. Mr. Rudel's direction of this score had all the necessary punch and vigor, and he kept the textures clear, avoiding the danger, noted at the Berlin première, that the flavors of the intricate ensembles "run together like those of a dissolving Neapolitan ice."

The work was not really well enough sung. (Listen to the Deutsche Grammophon recording, with the original Berlin cast, to hear what it should sound like.) Luise, Wilhelm, and the Secretary need the full, smooth, easily romantic voices of a Mimì, Rodolfo, and Marcello; Patricia Wise, Gary Glaze, and Richard Fredricks were vocally small-scale, rather mousy, but on the right lines. Betty Allen as Begonia and Muriel Greenspon as the Baroness Grünwiesel projected strongly but not stylishly. As already noted, Kenneth Riegel made a first-rate Young Lord, and by some clever device the subhuman quality of his "speech" was strikingly suggested. Sir Edgar was played, a little too nervously, by Sir Rudolf Bing. Most of the small parts were sharply and amusingly etched—by, among others, Ruth Welting (Luise's friend Ida), Barbara Hocher (Frau Oberjustizrat Hasentreffer), John Lankston (Professor von Mucker), and David Ronson (Ökonomierat Scharf). The words were made uncommonly clear. The published English translation had been thoroughly and effectively revised by

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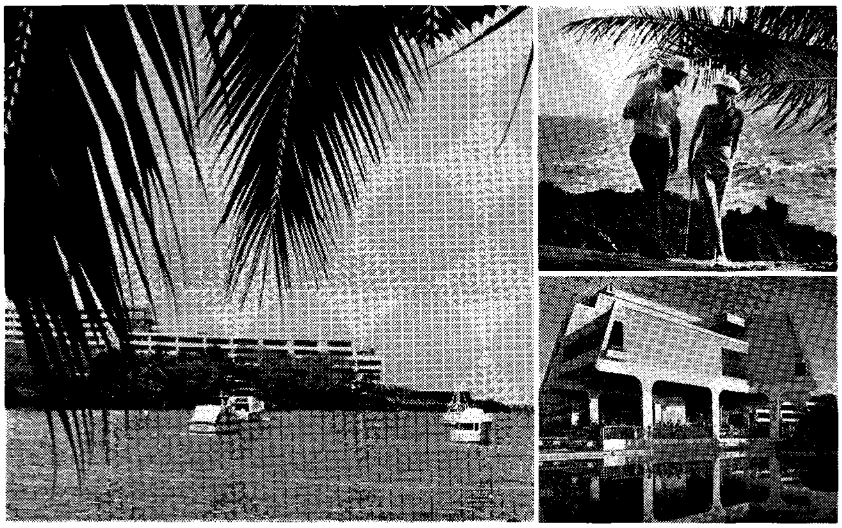

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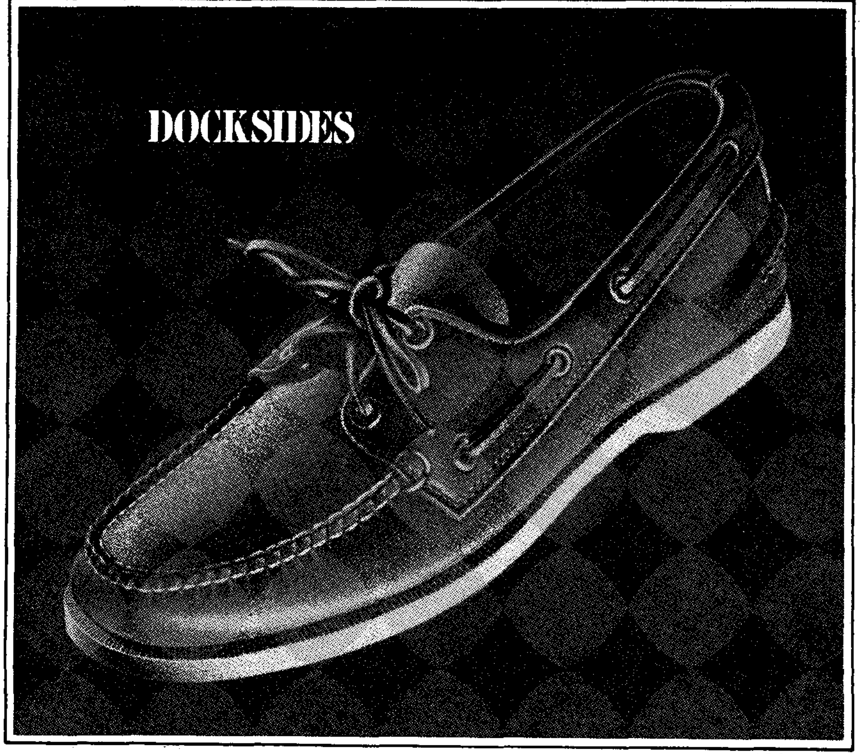

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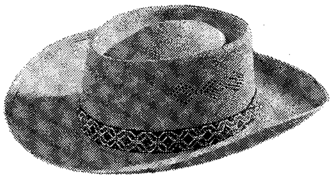

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Mr. Rudel. (One important line was lost, Wilhelm's declaration that the young lord behaves like a *beast*, whereupon all the ladies gracefully swoon; and "a mo . . . nkey" does not fit the notes Henze wrote for "*Ein Aff' ist's!*") Herbert Senn's scenery and Eleonore Kleiber's costumes are not smart, but dowdy in an apt and attractive way, and subtly colored. Economy may have dictated a return to the town square, instead of a ballroom, in the final scene.

—ANDREW PORTER

•

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He hasn't gone to work,
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The wife has gone home, mad,
with the baby on one arm.
Swaying on his good leg,
he calls out to the bare bulb
a name and opens his arms.
The old woman,
the beer gone from her glass,
turns back to the bar.
She's seen them before
with hard, knotted bellies,
with the bare white breasts of boys.
How many times has she stared
into those eyes glistening
with love or pain
and seen nothing
but love or pain.
Deep at night, when she
was coldest, he would always
rise and dress so as not
to miss the first streetcar
burning homeward, and she
would rock alone toward dawn.

If someone would enter now
and take these lovers—for they
are lovers—in his arms
and rock them together
like a mother with a child
in each arm, this man
with so much desire, this woman
with none, then it would not be
Hamtramck, it would not be
this night. They know it
and wait, he staring
into the light, she into
the empty glass. In the darkness
of this world, men
pull on heavy canvas gloves,
dip into rubber coats,
and enter the fires. The rats
frozen under the conveyors
turn to let their eyes
fill with dawn. A strange star
is born one more time.

—PHILIP LEVINE

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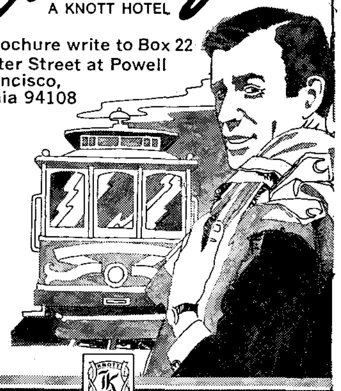

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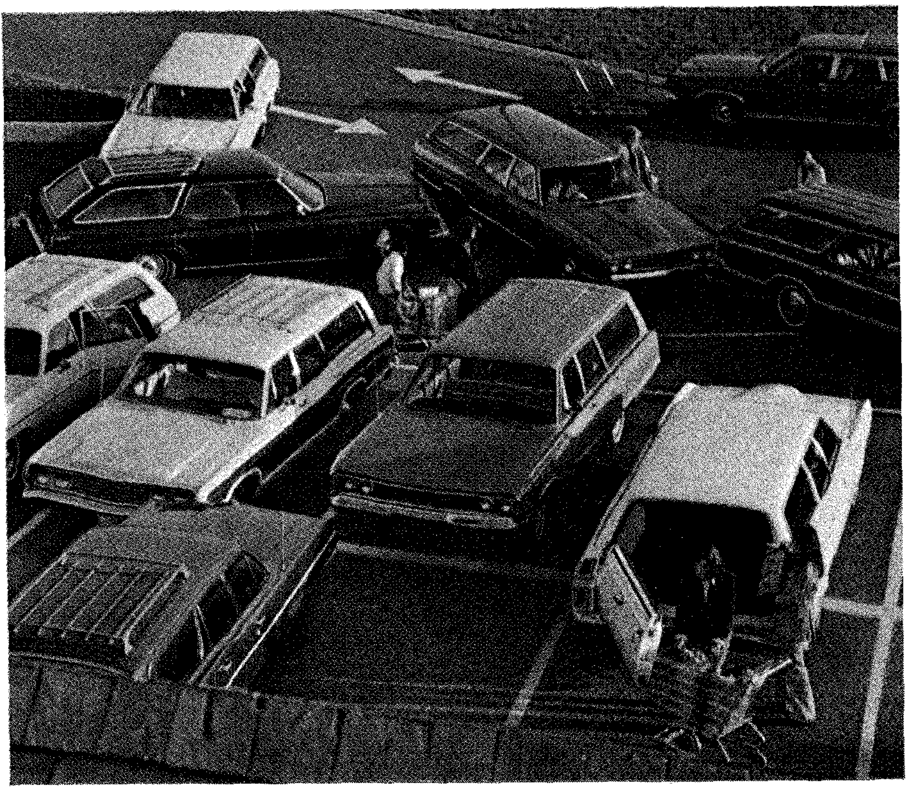

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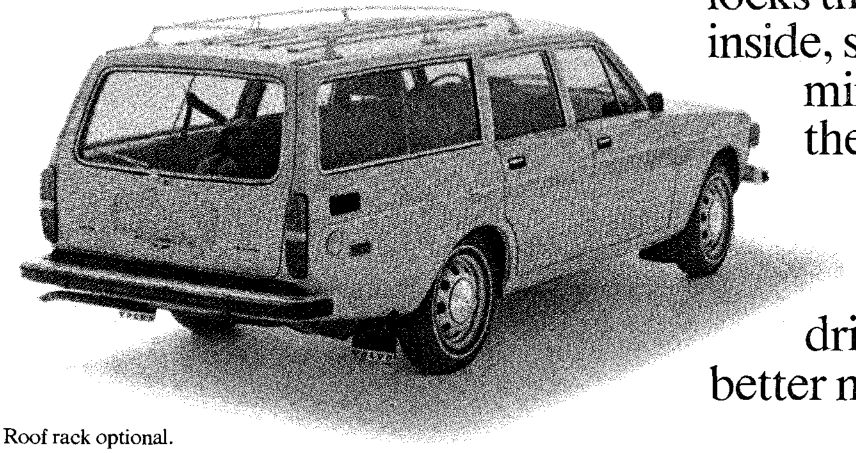

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THE RACE TRACK

Derby, Derby, Derby

THERE were three Derby Days last weekend, and as many big surprises. Let's start with the Santa Anita Derby, in which Sham beat Linda's Chief. There were only six runners, and at the break, from all accounts, Knightly Dawn crossed sharply from the outside to the rails and into the lead, pinching off Linda's Chief. Knightly Dawn continued to set the pace until Sham overhauled him on the far turn. From there, Sham fairly sailed, but Pincay, his jockey, was taking no chances and hustled him along as Linda's Chief came up fast in the last furlong. Baeza, who rode Linda's Chief, lodged an objection as soon as he weighed in, and Bobby Frankel, who trains the colt, lodged another. Since both Knightly Dawn and Sham are owned by Sigmund Sommer, both could have been disqualified if the stewards had decided that the interference of Knightly Dawn at the break was sufficient to warrant it, but they didn't. Later, Baeza said that it had cost his mount three or four lengths, and he was beaten by only two and a half. If anyone except his owner cares, Out of the East was third. Sham's next outing will be in the Wood Memorial, at Aqueduct on April 21st.

Royal and Regal, who lost his form last month—actually, he hurt his right front hoof, and he now has to wear a special shoe—found it again in the Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park, and led from beginning to end. Forego, who had been showing speed enough to make him the favorite, was second, three lengths behind, and Restless Jet, a stablemate of the winner, was third. According to the chart, Our Native, winner of the Flamingo, was in contention early, then tired. Jimmy Croll, who trains Royal and Regal, says he is aiming at the Run for the Roses. Croll has another flier in Aisco Farms' Mr. Prospector. In the race that followed the Florida Derby, the colt stepped six furlongs in 1:07⅗, to win by nine lengths.

The stunner of the afternoon came in the Louisiana Derby. When Lucien Laurin sent Angle Light to New Orleans, the race looked like an easy gallop for him, though there were ten other entries. And, indeed, he was in

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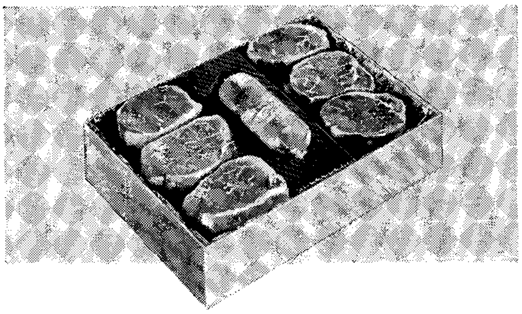

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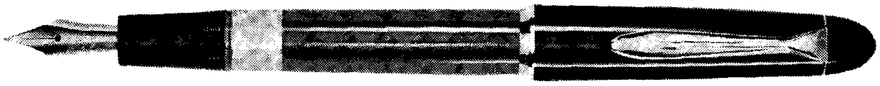

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front by three lengths turning for home. But he tired, and Leo's Pisces, a 50–1 chance whose victories you can count on your thumbs, swept past him to win going away. Navajo was second and Angle Light third.

There were Derby Day extra attractions. Santa Anita had a *concours d'élégance* for Rolls-Royces and Bentleys. Among the entrants were a gold-trimmed 1914 Silver Ghost town car, a 1936 Bentley tourer (the best model W. O. Bentley ever made, if you ask me), and a Rolls-Royce roadster with a body by Brewster, which I remember was the hit of the New York Automobile Salon in 1927. Gulfstream Park went all out, with parades of fashion models, water skiers doing stunts on the lake in the infield, and a race for aoudads. Wrong Horse Harry says he's never seen an aoudad except in a crossword puzzle.

THE opening line of Caliente's future book on the Kentucky Derby has Secretariat the favorite, at 9–5. Sham is 7–2, Linda's Chief 5–1, Royal and Regal 12–1, Angle Light 20–1, Champagne Charlie 60–1.

NORTH SEA was one of the better horses in Alfred Vanderbilt's barn last year. He beat Bee Bee Bee, winner of the Preakness, in the Minuteman Handicap at Liberty Bell during the summer. Back at the Big A, he won the Paumonok Handicap on opening day, and was an easy second in the Roseben. Last weekend, the floodtime of his success rolled merrily on. Ridden, as usual, by Robyn Smith, he won the Westchester Handicap. Following the pace of Forage for about three-quarters of the mile, he took the lead and went on to win by a length after a drive down the stretch, in which Miss Smith outrode Maple on Forage. (I'd put her among the top ten jockeys.) Summer Guest was third, four and a half lengths away; she began slowly and was unable to make up ground fast enough in the stretch. Vertee, who couldn't get to the front, where he likes to run, was fourth.

SECRETARIAT runs in the Gotham Stakes at Aqueduct on Saturday. Enough said. —AUDAX MINOR

●

The fool industry's advisory committee, named by President Nixon to watch over food prices, rejected the idea of a meat price freeze after receiving the study.—*Denver Rocky Mountain News.*

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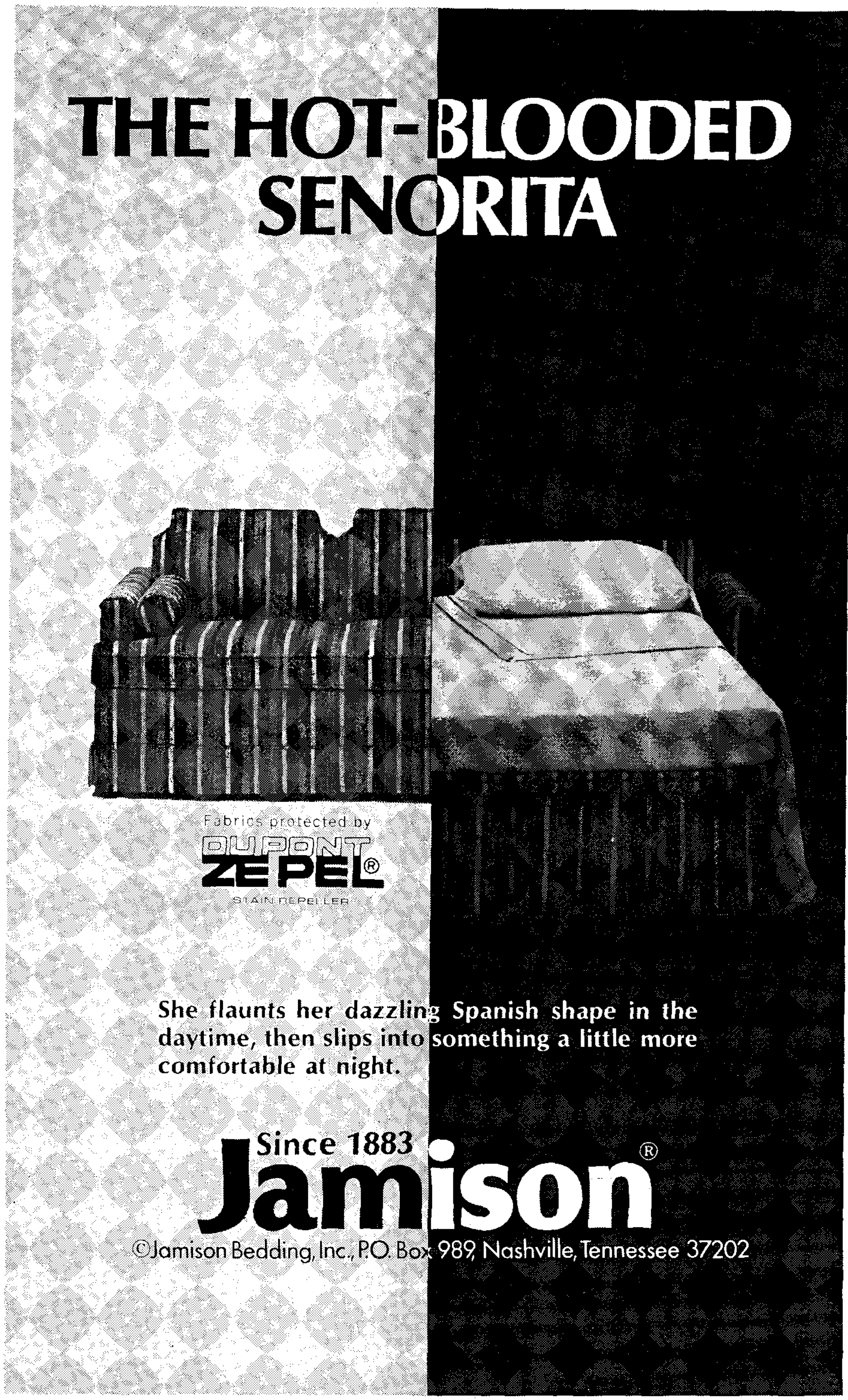

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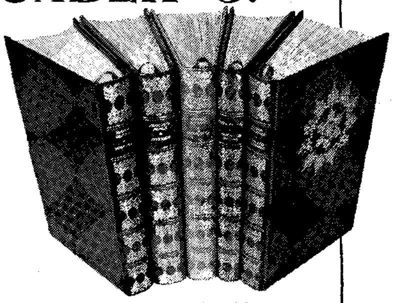


BOOKS

Most Distressful Nations

"MISTER DOCTOR BLO," by John Tyne (Houghton Mifflin), and "American Mischief," by Alan Lelchuk (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), are novels with similar themes—and almost nothing else in common. Both deal with the modern dissolution of empires—empires of territory, empires of hierarchy, empires of religious and ethical dogma—and the Humpty Dumpty profusion of irreconcilables that follows.

Alan Lelchuk has become a novelist, an anointed novelist, an archnovelist, by proclamation of the media, upon the publication of his first book. John Tyne is not a novelist at all—he's a doctor—except by virtue of the fact that he has, unlike Mr. Lelchuk, written a genuine novel. Mr. Tyne's brief, disciplined, modest, funny book deals freshly with the most recent turn in the devolution of colonies that have secured their independence. His country is an island, Banianok, in the Malay Archipelago. Freed from the paternalistic, beneficent rule of Great Britain five years ago, Banianok is now at the mercy of its own bureaucrats—cynical, inefficient sucklers at the public treasury—and those of such do-gooding nations as the United States and (as it happens) England.

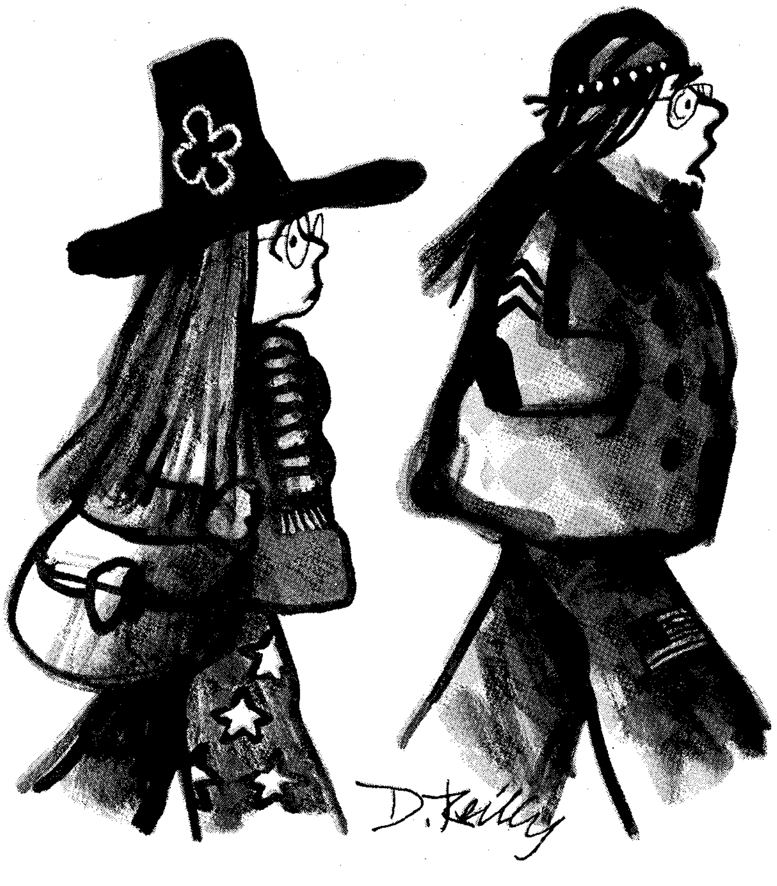
The story is told by James Reed, a British doctor who has come to Banianok to drown himself in duty after an unspecified trauma at home. By his own admission, he is almost an automaton, unable to feel emotion. This does not prevent him from running the medical services of Banianok almost by himself—or from observing the events around him with great objectivity and keenness. What he sees is a final confrontation between the flashy poltroon Abang Yusuf, commander in chief of the armed forces and son of the Malay sultan, and Dr. Arthur Brockley, called by the natives Blo Ko Lee, a Schweitzerish old British medical man who, contrary to orders, distinguished himself by leading his native headhunters against the Japanese occupiers during the Second World War, and who still enjoys the trust and reverence of the upriver Dayaks and Nayans.

The Abang fears and resents Brockley's power in the interior; raising six hundred thousand dollars in foreign-aid funds, ostensibly for the construction of a cross-island highway to "open up the interior," he diverts the money to the military budget and mounts an expedition upriver to intimidate the natives and remove Brockley from his jungle hospital. The expedition fails by reason of mass desertion; stealing into the army's camp at night, Brockley has switched the anti-malaria pills into an aspirin container, so scores of soldiers come down with fever and make their unauthorized way back to the capital. Nonetheless, the Banianok press proclaims a famous victory—and the Abang, sulking in his tent, must find another way to depose Brockley.

Meanwhile, Dr. Reed has been dealing with a series of the emergencies peculiar to client nations—especially, one gathers, in the Far East: he is repeatedly required to act as front man for his cowardly, sickly native boss, the director of medical services, who spends as much time as possible out of the country on cures or conferences; he is obliged to untangle a nasty spat between a native hospital orderly and a fat and truculent English nurse, Doreen Trimmer, a Volunteer for Peace in Banianok; and he is called upon to meet and find employment for the childish, unkempt, and unemployable Graham Brockley, who is the son of Doctor Blo and who has himself come to Banianok as a volunteer.

The comic permutations—Doreen's violent on-and-off love affair with the Abang among them—are reminiscent of Waugh in "Scoop" and "Black Mischief." With this difference: Waugh, pushing exaggeration of character and event to the edge of the surreal, made a universal statement about fallible humanity; Tyne, staying just within the limits of the real and plausible, makes a specific—and rather chilling—comment on the present and future of former colonies. For all the laughter, this book is a fine and disturbing piece of reporting about, as Anthony Burgess says in his comment on the jacket, "what it is like out there."

This does not mean that the dryly comic tone of the earlier chapters gives way at last to a serious, unvarnished message. The farce continues on one note until the end, when we realize that we have been witnessing a tragicomedy, if not a tragedy. Brockley's delicate hold on the fealty of the aboriginal Nayans is shattered by the death of one of them, whom he has sent downriver for treatment, and the old Doctor is injured in the jungle. His wound turns gangrenous, and Reed calls on the Abang for a helicopter to carry Brockley to the capital. Meanwhile, the Doctor, in semi-delirium, fancies himself in love with the



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raucous, lowlife Doreen; as he dreams of offering her his hand, she swinishly couples with the Abang in the Doctor's moonlit garden. At the end, Brockley realizes that his, and the Empire's, hold on the natives of the interior was a sin of pride—perhaps a fortunate sin, in some ways, for both parties, but one that can never be repeated. The new men to come, with new technologies and new inhumanities, will exploit the country and its people for no goal greater than their own gain.

Three sturdy characters animate this book: Brockley, a marvel of Georgian discipline and punctilio, standing in the equatorial jungle in bush shirt, shorts, heavy brogues, and a faded Trinity College boater; Doreen, a rough-tongued Wolverhampton scold with magnificent force of character; and Reed, the automaton doctor, who, in his involvement with Brockley, warms painfully to life again.

"AMERICAN MISCHIEF" is an enormously fat book. Its five hundred pages of small type are given over to an exploration of this country's breakdown during the last few years. In a pair of long journals, it presents the reaction of two generations to the dissolution of America's old standards: Dean Bernard Kovell, of what is called Cardozo College, represents the author's generation, and his flight from reality takes the form of sexual promiscuity with no fewer than six mistresses—a promiscuity that is lovingly, or lustingly, documented in a journal ironically entitled "Family Talk;" Lenny Pincus, a Cardozo student radical, who represents the young, annotates Kovell's confession, and goes on to tell about a series of student uprisings of which he is the ringleader. Occupying the Cardozo art museum and willfully destroying some of its irreplaceable contents, he comes into conflict with Kovell. But this is only the beginning of Lenny's intransigence; we are asked to believe that he has brought about, among other things, the murder of a famous writer named Norman Mailer, the destruction of paintings and sculpture in other museums, and the abduction of ten leaders (unnamed) of American life and their imprisonment—to be reëducated to share the aims of the student radicals at a New England commune. The odd thing about the transfer of the burden of narrative to the two principal characters is that the author abdicates his responsibility and leaves the book without a moral viewpoint. We are told only in a brief epigraph how

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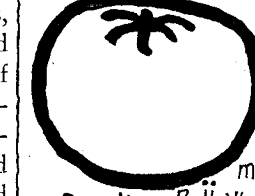

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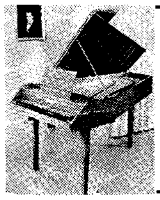

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the author might feel about the behavior of his characters. At the same time, the extreme knowingness of the narrators, their pleasure at shocking and titillating the reader suggest that the author *has* no serious viewpoint, that he is simply writing a send-up of both your houses.

That is not necessarily an unworthy aim. But Mr. Lelchuk, in his ambition to achieve a triumph and a tour de force with his maiden (if I may use that word in such an alien context) novel, may have relied too heavily on his unpracticed talents as a draftsman of character and a conjurer of scene. Though each of Kovell's six women is drawn with an earnest effort at distinction and differentiation, I found them undistinguishable—and interchangeable—by the end of "Family Talk." Kovell and Lenny seem composites, collated out of stray scraps of real people instead of being real people themselves. And the Boston academic-intellectual scene, though it is evoked by countless references and catchwords, is not one that I recognize. It, too, seems made up to make a point—a point that, seemingly by design of the author, escapes the reader.

Mr. Lelchuk's difficulties may proceed from the fact that he is simply not a very good observer. "American Mischief" is awash with little, nagging factual errors that keep undermining the narrative, and, because these errors are made with equal freedom by both narrators, I assume that Mr. Lelchuk is not intentionally imputing ignorance to his characters. Some examples: the Boston transit system, known as the M.B.T.A. for these ten years, becomes "the M.T.A.;" Mrs. Louise Day Hicks, the former congresswoman, is "Miss;" Sanders Theatre is "Sanders Hall;" Boston movie houses are said to possess smoking sections; the green-and-white destination signs on interstate highways are green-and-black; and so on and on.

Mr. Lelchuk has the marks of a writer, but one is also disturbed by a number of *bêtises* he, or his editors, should have caught: "orgasm" used as a verb, a reference to "tumulting emotions" (whatever they may be), "Professor J., the linguist, whom I had hardly remembered was with us," "Tough Thomas Huxley wrapping the knuckles of the sentimental Matthew Arnold," and "D.'s praise from the night before sung in my ears."

Finally, there is the awful archness, the confidential with-itness of the tone. Again, I think this is an attribute not of the characters but of the author, who

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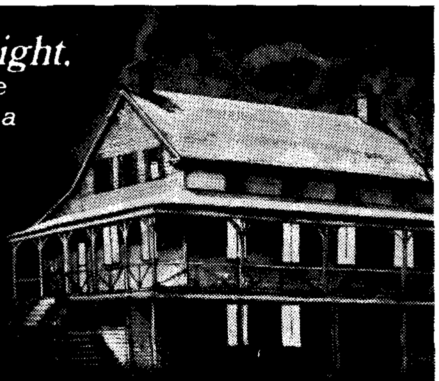
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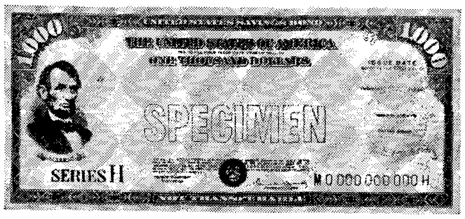

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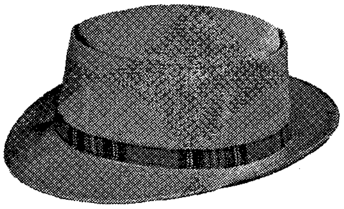

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is showing us how profoundly—and cynically—he understands the predicament of educated Americans today. A girl's genitals are (shades of a locker room in the thirties!) her "southern region;" we are treated to a description of (for God's sake) "Gwen's luscious curves;" we hear the impotent narrator refer to his penis as "my detumescent pal."

Enough. And too much. Mr. Lelchuk has been badly served by his proposers, his seconders, and his editors. But I think—and I'm sorry to use this phrasing—that he is not untalented, and that his first serious effort at compression and discipline will be well worth watching for.

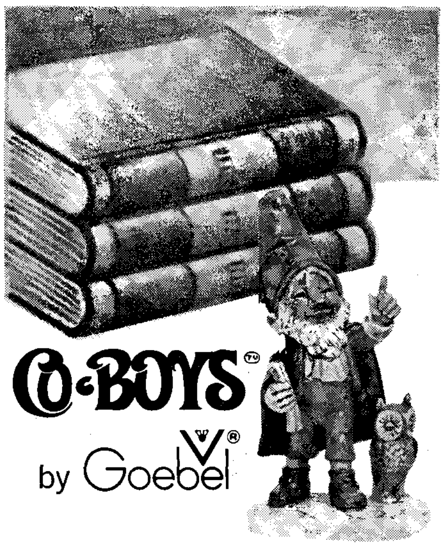
—L. E. SISSMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE DIGGER'S GAME, by George V. Higgins (Knopf). Another strenuous walk through the underside of Boston in the company of the knowing Assistant United States Attorney who introduced us only a year ago to "The Friends of Eddie Coyle." The principal sights this time are the Digger (the proprietor *and* bouncer of a seedy Dorchester saloon), his friends (all Irish, all louts, all thieves), and a circle of Mafia usurers to whom he finds himself in debt to the amount of eighteen thousand dollars plus the standard shylock interest (or vigorish) of four hundred dollars a week. Mr. Higgins is a tight, relentless writer but also a feeling one, and the tragicomedy of the Digger's struggle to save himself from a baseball bat across the knees and a mouthful of broken teeth is pure anguish and pure pleasure.

NO MORE REUNIONS, by John Bowers (Dutton). This well-written, supernostalgic first novel about the joys and sorrows of adolescence in the nineteen-forties is saved by its intensity and humor from being just another of the currently fashionable trips down memory lane. Mr. Bowers apparently feels about the northeastern Tennessee of his boyhood the way Proust felt about the *madeleine*, and there is nothing he does not remember, and share with us, about his friends' lives—their locker-room trials, their girl-craziness, their Wonder Bread patriotism, their do-or-die football and basketball games, and their sense of utter isolation from the adult world. Much of the book's interest lies in the author's observations on the refinements of Dixie



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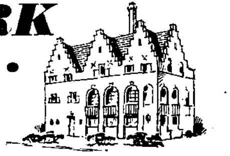

macho and on the cruelly self-effacing lower-class code of behavior hidden behind it. There is a chilling description, for example, of one schoolmate who died because, "being a good boy, not wanting to cause a fuss," he didn't think to tell anyone that he'd been bitten by a rabid dog. This is a slight book but a satisfying one, except for its tasteless and disingenuous ending.

FAIRY TALE, by Erich Segal (Harper & Row). "Once upon a time—or maybe twice—a thing happened" is the characteristic beginning of Mr. Segal's second effort at fiction. Compared to this goo, which mainly concerns some cute-as-a-button hillbillies and a tree that grows money, "Love Story" looks like a modern masterpiece. As Dr. Johnson put it, "There is nothing more likely to betray a man into absurdity than condescension."

GENERAL

THE CORRUPT KINGDOM: THE RISE AND FALL OF THE UNITED MINE WORKERS, by Joseph E. Finley (Simon & Schuster). This book is a tragedy, told by an intimate observer—a labor lawyer and writer. Mr. Finley begins in the nineteenth century, when brave and visionary men organized the miners not only for money and safety but as a step, they hoped, to a more noble society; these hopeful years were followed by dark ones, when trade unions were weakened, and many were destroyed, by legal, economic, and sometimes physical coercion. The heroic figure of this book is John L. Lewis, who revivified the miners' union and founded the C.I.O., and whose flaws, unfortunately, were as grandiose as his strengths. Lewis, Mr. Finley tells us, abolished democracy within the miners' union, using violence and corruption to attain, and keep, his dictatorial power. His successors inherited Lewis's failings and none of his virtues. Mr. Finley takes us through the murder of Joseph Yablonski, who ran for the presidency of the union against the incumbent, Tony Boyle, and fills us in on the litigation and prosecutions arising from the union officials' misdoings, but he never loses sight of his theme: that dictatorship degrades any enterprise it conducts.

A DETECTIVE'S STORY, by George Hatherill (McGraw-Hill). Mr. Hatherill recently retired as deputy assistant commissioner after a long

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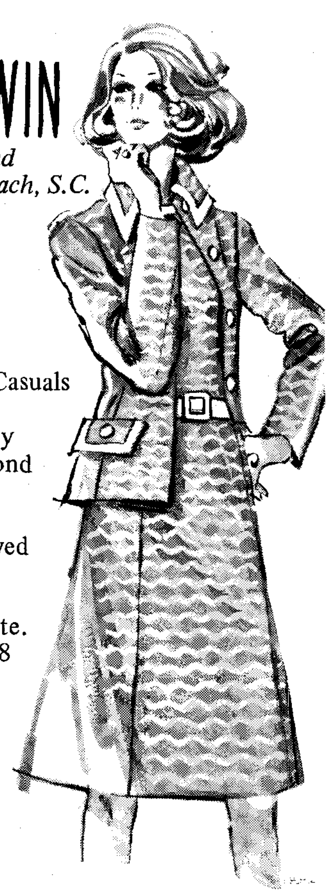

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career in the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard. He opens this professional memoir by declaring his dissatisfaction with the popular crime novel for its failure to emphasize the patient plodding that enables the real police to solve real crimes. He then settles down to recall some illustrative cases—a wave of counterfeit banknotes, a couple of bodies cast up on the beach, the savage murder of two schoolgirls, the mulcting of a rich moron, the Great Train Robbery of 1963—and although he indicates the endless inquiries their solution entailed, he is no more inclined to dwell on the humdrum than any of the entertainers he deplores. The result is thus highly entertaining.

THE COMPLETE "GREED," compiled and annotated, with a foreword, by Herman G. Weinberg (Arno). This large (nine and a half by ten and a half inches), expensive (fifty dollars), handsomely designed, and beautifully printed collection of stills from Erich von Stroheim's masterwork is an exciting visual experience and an important contribution to movie history. There are fifty-two "production stills"—i.e., pictures of Stroheim making the picture—and three hundred and forty-eight stills from the movie, mostly reproduced full page. These are superb photographic compositions—they would make a stimulating exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art. Their importance is that almost two-thirds of them don't appear in the drastically cut version of "Greed" which is all that has survived. "The Complete 'Greed' " now gives us, for the first time, some idea of what the lost original was like. The stills are excellently reproduced by a photo-offset process that renders the whole range of tonal values with a precision rare in movie books. Mr. Weinberg's introduction is informative and loving. It is a pity that he didn't include in his fifty-buck super-production the text of the original screenplay. For that, *vide* Simon & Schuster's Classic Film Script series, which recently brought it out.

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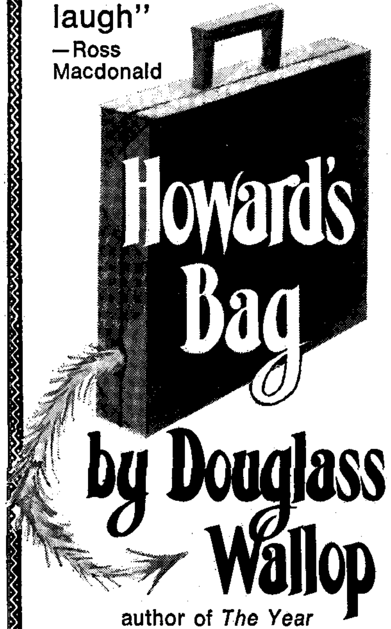

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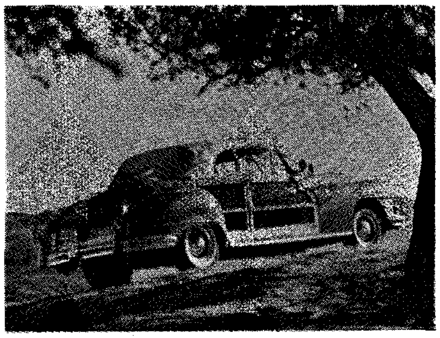

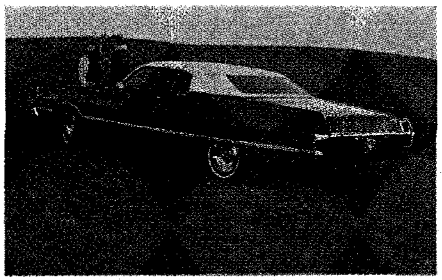

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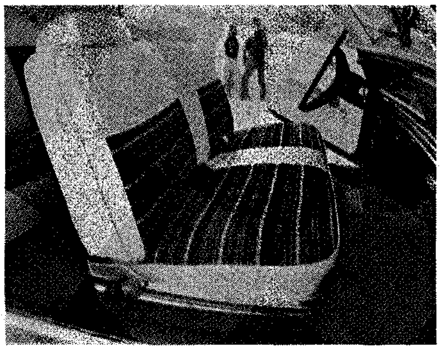

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